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SYDNEY



Rendezvous

WHERE the roses bloom in the garden
We shall keep our rendezvous
You will take my heart in your keeping
When I give my hand to you.

I have gathered flowers in my basket,
You have made a song for me;
We have found in beauty together
All the things that life may be.

—P. D. B.

VANDERBILT Couple are Lucky in LOVE

Good Mixers, They are as Rich
in Friends as in Money!

ON WORLD HONEYMOON TOUR

Specially Written for The Australian Women's Weekly

Youngest and most charming of famous millionaires to visit Australia are Mr. and Mrs. George Vanderbilt, who are making a sojourn in our midst as part of their round-the-world honeymoon. Typical members of the younger generation, this extremely youthful couple have delighted all who have met them during their stay in Australia, and fellow-travellers spoke with genuine affection of them.

To begin with, they have shown imagination in not making the usual millionaire honeymoon tour on a privately-owned luxury yacht. Instead they are travelling in a much less exclusive way, and are thoroughly enjoying the varied friendships they are making en route. There is, in fact, nothing to distinguish them from any other very-much-in-love and very youthful honeymoon couple.

THE present trend in America is towards youthful marriages. Co-education and the provision of widely-varied social interests for adolescents provide young people of both sexes with many opportunities for making friendships.

The result is that many of them marry while still in their teens. The Vanderbilt couple appear to have just left college. He is 21, but looks younger, and Mrs. Vanderbilt is some years her husband's junior.

A Love Match

DURING their trans-Pacific voyage the young couple joined in all the ship-board games, and passengers came to the conclusion that the bride was born under a lucky star. The bride was almost invariably a winner, and her luck held good at the shipboard House and fruit machine diversions. She also won a diving contest.

There was noticeable just a slight air of reticence about them both, as if they had been advised by some elderly friend of the family that it would be wise to go carefully about admitting strangers to their intimate circle.

It is obvious that the marriage of the youngest member of the millionaire Vanderbilt family to the girl of his choice was a love match, and by no means influenced by family considerations. The two show a marked preference for each other's company, and spend hours on

and reading in the sun and basking to the deepest of him.

Swimming and diving are Mrs. Vanderbilt's chief hobbies and she excels at them both. The day at Honolulu was spent entirely on the famous beach at Waikiki, and while they were in Sydney they visited the surfing beaches.

So deep a hue has Mrs. Vanderbilt acquired that Sydney surf maidens look pale beside her. For this reason the colors of her gowns have to be most carefully chosen. One clinging evening gown of silver lame suited her to perfection.

Mrs. Vanderbilt is an inveterate chewer of gum, and is seldom without a packet of her favorite sweet.

Naturally, with millions of dollars to play with, the Vanderbilt couple travel de-luxe. They carry with them a magnificent gramophone with an automatic record change-over and a vast case of the latest fiction. Both are great readers. Their trunks must be numerous, judging by the amazing array of beautiful gowns worn by Mrs. Vanderbilt, who seldom appears in the same frock twice.

An amateur photographer of no mean order is Mr. Vanderbilt. His bride is the chief, but not the sole, subject of his studies. His cine-kodak "snaps" every object of interest between here and America, and thousands of feet of film have been taken to record the tour.

A few days ago the travellers left for a visit to the Great Barrier Reef, and after that will visit Japan. Then on to big-game hunting in India.

A CHARMING study of Mrs. George Vanderbilt, bride of the famous young millionaire.

—Dorothy Welding



WAR CORRESPONDENT Bitterly Disappointed with War

But His Aeroplane Had
A Bullet Hole In It

By Cable from Addis Ababa from H. R. KNICKERBOCKER, Special War Correspondent to The Australian Women's Weekly in Abyssinia. World Copyright.

I have just returned from my first flight over the war zone from the Ethiopian side with one bullet in the aeroplane but delighted to escape from the Italian pursuit planes.

As we rose and circled over the capital on our outward flight I saw how absurdly easy it would be to bomb Addis Ababa.

THE eucalyptus groves, which conceal it from the ground, conceal nothing from the air. The Emperor's Palace and railway and wireless stations stood out as perfect targets. The country out to Dessaye is slashed with innumerable gorges, and around us rose savage peaks with worn-down tops. On these I saw dozens of tiny villages of round mud huts like pill-boxes.

Dessaye, the home of the Ethiopian Crown Prince, is perched like a Tibetan monastery on the top of an imposing peak.

We landed on a wide plain and rode for three hours on mules towards the town through gaping natives, most of whom had not seen whites, and reached the Prince's Palace.

Over Enemy Lines

WE visited the hospital, where there were 21 wounded. They were natives from Britira, and deserters from the Italians who, when endeavoring to join the Abyssinians, encountered the Gallas tribesmen, who, being unable to speak Amharic, mistook them for the enemy, and a fierce battle ensued.

These wounded despise the Italians, and are anxious to fight for the Emperor. At the same time, they are also anxious to fight the Gallas, who are part of the Emperor's army.

We left Dessaye at dawn and flew on, scanning the horizon with field-



AN UNUSUAL study of Fred Perry, world's champion tennis player, who intends returning to London early in the new year to have a back injury treated by an osteopath.

glasses for Italian planes, when suddenly the pilot shouted "Makalle." We were over the Italian lines. This town, which is unimpressive, is scarcely more than a village, with two compound walls, one round the church, and the other round the castle.

We saw Italian soldiers running excitedly, but there was no shooting. We were exactly six minutes over Makalle. It seemed longer.

We then flew towards Adowa, over territory that seemed impossible for an army to march over. Adowa was another disappointment—just a circular village of mud huts. We flew straight towards the town, when the pilot tilted sharply, as from the earth puffed upwards little white globes of smoke like a lady's powder-puffs, but powder-puffs which give aeroplanes an unpleasant sort of dusting.

We left in a hurry. Italian pursuit planes appeared on the horizon, but they lost us in the mountains. We also flew over Aksum, where the obelisks of the city gave a different appearance to

the usual circle of mud huts, circled once, and then turned towards Dessaye.

"Is that all?" I shouted to the pilot. He nodded. "What a bitter disappointment," I yelled. He replied merely with a grim smile.

The bullet-hole which I saw in the plane when we landed showed that the flight might have been more exciting than I reckoned.

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LET'S Talk About—



DISTINGUISHED KNIGHT

SIR WALLACE BRUCE, well known in Australian business circles, started the Adelaide firm of insurance brokers and secretaries, of which he is now senior partner, over 30 years ago.

A former president of the Associated Chambers of Commerce, and a trustee of the Savings Bank of South Australia, he is also chairman of the S.A. Harbours Board and director of a number of companies. Sir Wallace has been chairman of several Commonwealth Commissions, including the Coal Commission in 1932, the committee that made a survey of the economic problem the same year, and the Industrial Peace Conference, which focused attention on peaceful methods of dealing with industrial disputes.

A member of the Adelaide Corporation for 14 years, he was Lord Mayor in 1927-8 and was knighted at Canberra by the Duke of York.



TROUBLE AHEAD?

VICTOR R. RIDDER, who succeeds Hugh S. Johnson as Director of Works Progress Administration for New York City, will certainly find it hard to keep smiling all the time when he assumes office.

What with taxpayers screaming about relief, reliefers yelling for more relief, and striking when they don't get it, and Reds trying to upset the entire relief apparatus. Mr. Ridder will need all the experience he has and all the co-operation he can get. But apparently Mr. Ridder is not worried by the troubles of the position, for he announced recently that he was "ready and willing" to take over.

Mr. Ridder is a prominent publisher, and is co-owner, with his brothers, of the New York "Journal of Commerce" and numerous other papers.



YOUNG CARICATURIST

ALAN REEVE, young New Zealand caricaturist, at present in Sydney, is well-known both in New Zealand and in Australia for his clever caricatures of prominent local celebrities, whom he interviews, sketches, and (with their permission) caricatures.

He first discovered his talent for caricature at the age of 20 and published his first drawings in Wellington in book form under the title, "Lions and Lambs." He toured New Zealand, interviewing and caricaturing leading people for a second book, "Politicke." Since leaving New Zealand he has exhibited caricature-portraits of prominent local celebrities both in Brisbane and Melbourne, and is now working in Sydney for his Sydney show.

HONEYMOONING MILLIONAIRES



BIG GAME HUNTING is included in the round-the-world honeymoon of Mr. and Mrs. George Vanderbilt. They are seen here examining a newly-killed hyena.



A VERY CHARMING BRIDE.—Mrs. George Vanderbilt, whose marriage was celebrated in New Jersey recently. She and her husband are at present in Australia on their world honeymoon tour. (See story, Page 2.)



GOLF AND BATHING served to while away many pleasant hours for the honeymooners. The snapshot of Mrs. Vanderbilt in her bathing-suit was taken by her husband, who makes a hobby of photography.



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Mrs. F. Allan, W.

"I have been using it for little over a week now, and can feel and see the difference in the bust already. They are getting firmer and rounder."
Mrs. C. Clark, W.

"I am very pleased with the reduction. My bust is quite small now."
Miss L. Peller, A.

"I am very delighted with the result."
Mrs. D. Rock, W.

"There is a great improvement."
Miss R. Heath, B.

"I am thrilled with the results and have already lost over a stone in weight since starting."
Miss M. Castle, F.

"My busts have become a better and firmer shape."
Mrs. Rossing, A.

NOTE!

These letters and many more are open for inspection at my office any time.

NO MORE Mannish Modes for MARLENE DIETRICH Shirley Temple "in Love" ... and Other Hollywood "Sensations"

By Cable from Our New York Representative

With the arrival in New York of H. G. Wells, the famous British author, historian, and publicist, film moguls claim that the last literary giant has "thrown in the towel" and capitulated to the talkies.

Bernard Shaw, who said that he was not interested in "mechanical toys" when first approached for a "talkie" scenario, has long ago changed his mind and has visions of film versions of his books and plays. The desire of Wells to discuss films is another great step forward for the film industry.



SHIRLEY TEMPLE may not look temperamental, but she is. What's more, she's "in love."

HAILED as the greatest mind of the century, Wells' interest in science and invention caused him to lean a little to the new art, but this is the first definite step made to confer with the film magnates concerning new material.

As a consequence of Wells' visit the talkies have gone all "literary." With Shaw and Wells to be filmed, and with the Shakespearean experiment, "A Midsummer Night's Dream" so outstand-

ingly successful, the way is paved for a gigantic step forward, and the last barriers have been broken down.

Lillian Gish, a star of the silent days, who looks no older than when she appeared in "The Birth of a Nation" eighteen years ago, has returned to Hollywood. It is rumored that this wistful and one-time popular actress will once more make a film—another indication of the coming of the literary and spectacular film.

Her return was probably strengthened by the outstanding success of de Mille's "The Crusaders," a film along similar

lines to the ones in which Lillian made her name.

Hollywood's most successful child actress at the moment, excepting, of course, Shirley Temple, is Edith Fowles, who appears as the stepchild in Claudette Colbert's latest picture, "She Married Her Boss." Edith is nine years old and has appeared in hundreds of pictures. She has now signed a seven years' contract with Columbia.

Marlene Dietrich has laid aside the masculine pose and is devoting



MARLENE DIETRICH has said "good-bye" to mannish modes, such as that in which she is pictured above, and has decided to become truly feminine in her frocking again.

herself to the new home decoration fad which has struck Hollywood. Her new villa has been done out entirely in black and white. The rooms are geometrically designed in squares, triangles and diamonds.

Marlene, who has had her personality charted, insists that her temperament demands black and white backgrounds, and at home she wears black, white, and yellow gowns to match the decorations.

Ian Hunter, a British-Australian actor who appears in "A Midsummer Night's Dream," had mapped out a career as a squatter in Australia. At the last moment he decided in favor of the films, because he thought it would be a more exciting life than sheep-raising. Nevertheless he has happy memories of Australia, and talks of visiting the country some day.

Brave Woman

FRANCES DEE denies the persistent Hollywood rumors that she is planning to divorce Joel McCrea. She says that she is the most happily married woman in the film colony, and is still ardently in love with her husband. She is now awaiting the arrival of her second baby.

Katherine Alexander has been termed the bravest girl in the world by Miriam Hopkins. When Katherine was notified that her husband, Will Brady, jun., theatrical producer, had been burned to death, she stuck to the best traditions of the stage and screen and remained on the set to complete the film instead of flying at once to New York for the funeral. The delay would have cost the producers many thousands of dollars.

The much-discussed matrimonial affairs of John Barrymore are again the main topic over Hollywood teacups, for he has returned to the film colony hopeful that the breach with his wife, formerly Dolores Costello, may be healed. He says that he and Dolores are both wild about the children of the marriage, and on this plea he hopes to dissuade Dolores from instituting divorce proceedings.

Up to the present Dolores is proceeding with the divorce, but has dropped the cruelty charges. She has also accepted a property agreement and the custody of the two children.

What is looked upon as a hopeful sign for a reunion is the fact that Barrymore's protégé, Elaine Barrie, who caused all the trouble, has gone back to New

York after an unsuccessful pursuit of Barrymore's train.

Shirley Temple, the world's darling, is in love. Her mother complains that Shirley is despondent, and losing her appetite, refusing to eat her spinach.

The romance started during the filming of the dancing scene in the "Little Rebel." The director, falling under the effects of the lassie's well-known charm, in a weak moment told her she could select her own partner, and from a group of 39 juvenile extras she unhesitatingly picked Dickie Jackson—dark, slender, and curly-headed.

But unfortunately the story called for a fat boy. After the scene was taken Shirley sat in a corner with Dickie holding hands. She threatened an exhibition of temper when the producer suggested that he would put another boy in the part.

Chaplin's latest picture, "Modern Times," is arousing the keenest interest



LILLIAN GISH, a star of the silent pictures, who has undergone film rejuvenation.

in America. It portrays the Charles of old, wearing the well-known tiny moustache, big shoes, and whimsical smile, in the role of factory-worker. The stark realities of life are freely mixed with scenes of perfect buffoonery.

Paulette Goddard, who plays feminine lead for Chaplin, has shown great talent in adapting herself to the unique technique of a Chaplin film. The excellent pantomime effects make the absence of dialogue unnoticeable.

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Ingredients:

- 1 cup Sugar
- 2 tablespoons Butter
- 2 tablespoons Cocoa
- 1 Egg
- 1 cup Sour Milk
- 1 teaspoon Soda
- 1/2 teaspoon MUMS Baking Powder
- 2 cups Flour

Method:

Cream butter and sugar with the cocoa, add the egg, and add flour mixed with Baking Powder alternately with the milk, mixed with the soda. Bake in 5 layers in a moderate oven, and fill with chocolate butter filling. Or use sweet milk and three teaspoons MUMS Baking Powder in place of sour milk and soda, and double the amount of cocoa.

MUMS BAKING POWDER

"Where is This War?" Asks Woman Writer

By cable from Addis Ababa from FAY GILLIS WELLS, War Correspondent for The Australian Women's Weekly, and the New York "Herald-Tribune." World Copyright.

WHERE is this war? For a month I have been traveling, and have covered 2000 miles in trains and trucks, on mules and camels, and in steamers, in search of the long-ballyhooed war, and have returned to Addis Ababa to find the situation precisely as when I left. There has been sporadic fighting among groups on the northern and southern fronts, but nobody knows exactly where and when, I have "wangled" permission to "go

places," but although I have departed in high hopes and amid the annoyance of less fortunate colleagues I have not been able to find any actual warfare.

There are great military activities everywhere—at Jijiga, Harrar, Dire-dawa, and Bohelech—but beyond Italian planes flying at great heights and inspecting the defenses of these points there is little incident.

These towns—really villages—nightly expect "warbirds" to bomb them. All lights are doused and the populations live on short rations and in constant fear. They are suffering all the discomforts of war without anything spectacular happening.

MEN and ANGEL

Angela read the telegram from Talmadge. She looked at Neville. "It is from a man I met on the boat." "Not from Horace: 'All is forgiven?'" said Neville cynically.



ANGELA, the heroine of the story—Angel to her friends—tired of having her life planned for her by her wealthy grand-father, Andrew Todd, and her equally wealthy but unimaginative lover, Horace, decides to break with it all. She returns her ring to Horace, and goes to Paris. Part of her idea is the urge for liberty, the other part is a memory of the face of her dear Neville, in Paris. Neville is Horace's scapegoat brother who lives in the French capital.

On the boat Angel meets Captain Talmadge, allegedly a woman-bater, but on leaving the boat he kisses Angel good-bye, and then goes away. Angel's charm had broken up his reserve, and he is more than half in love with her.

Then comes Paris—and Neville, a delightful if dangerous companion and the same flirtatious Neville who sent her a birthday cable, "Happy birthday, darling," which started the trouble at home.

Paris intrigues and frightens Angel. In her rather dingy hotel bedroom she wonders about Horace and home. She thinks the doubts herself. "I do not know my own mind! I wanted to get away from him, and here I am."

Now read on:

THERE she was—walking along the Quai with the scorching, shadeless sunshine burning her shoulders and arms through the thin stuff of her frock, burning her face beneath the narrow brim of a hat she and Betty had bought together. She crossed the Pont Neuf where Henri Quatre rode his proud bronzed horse beneath dusty green branches. To the right lay the Place Dauphine. Almost as shadowy at the midday as at evening, Neville's face in the shadows of the Place Dauphine—ardent, slightly derisive. Angela was meeting Neville for luncheon. Meeting him at the bank where she meant to ask for letters.

As she went she thought a good deal about Neville, her thoughts curiously interrupted by familiar forgotten things like the gaily crowded flower-beds before the Louvre, pink geraniums, purple asters, yellow roses.

She did not see Neville waiting for her. He came forward lazily.

"You look cool enough to eat."

"More than I feel," said Angela. She had not really expected any letter. She was startled when the clerk handed her a slimy blue envelope.

Neville watched with indignant curiosity while she tore open the flap. Dramatically he suggested: "Come back! All is forgiven—Horace."

Angela read the message twice. She said: "It's a wire from a man I met on the boat. He says: 'Ordered on shore tour at Berlin, Rome and Paris.'"

"Nice of him to keep you informed," said Neville suavely.

"Hope to see you before returning London," read Angela slowly.

"Casual acquaintances," said Neville. "Always the devil to get away from."

By FANNY HEASLIP LEA

"But he's really not like that at all," said Angela. "Always the kind you wouldn't be caught dead in a ditch with normally," said Neville. He smiled had a kind of resentful malice in it. Angela thought: "He's really annoyed."

From the bank they went to a little restaurant on the east side of the Place de la Madeleine, where, in a narrow room, with a brass-railed staircase leading to the floor above, five or six tables were set against the wall.

"Food here's not bad," said Neville. "I like the red carpet on the floor," said Angela.

"Gives the place tone," said Neville solemnly.

THEY had almost finished luncheon before she said to him the thing which had been in the back of her mind all the morning.

"Neville, will you help me find somewhere to live?"

He lifted his eyebrows slightly.

"The Birron impossible?"

"Not impossible. But it isn't what I want. If I could have a little more space."

He looked amused.

"It's always been the Crillon before this, hasn't it? Or the Maurice—something of the sort. Fleishpots and palaces."

"I don't want that either," said Angela, "even if I could afford it. I was thinking of a kind of studio—"

"Has anyone a garret?" murmured Neville amiably.

"No, but really, don't people ever sub-let here?"

"Oh, yes," he said, oddly hesitant. "I suppose they do, but—"

"Where would they be likely to advertise?" said Angela.

She picked up a Paris paper from the seat beside her.

"We'll have a look," said Neville. "Just for the fun of it."

He took it from her hand and turned to the back page.

At a little before five of that same afternoon Angela sank wearily upon a bench in the Luxembourg Garden and stretching out her feet regarded them with pained surprise.

She said: "Are you as tired as I am?"

"I don't know," said Neville. "How tired you are, but I am dreaming dreams and seeing visions. Gosh—I didn't know there was so much bad taste in the world! If I live to totter upon a stick I shall never be able to forget that place near the Etoile—those jagged mantelpieces, those puffy, musty beds, the crowds of terrible chairs, the funeral dining-room table."

He groaned aloud.

"But from one window you could see the Tour Eiffel," Angela reminded him plaintively.

"It needed only that," said Neville. "Now, the one on the Boulevard Raspail—you could see from the balcony pretty well all Paris."

"And pretty well all Paris could see us," said Angela. "Have you forgotten that the bath was on the balcony—and no blinds?"

"Hard to please, aren't you?" said Neville sadly.

He said, beating gently upon the toe of his shoe with the end of his stick. "It's a sickening job—trying to find a decent hang-out. You might secure Paris for weeks and have no better luck than you had to-day."

"I won't believe it," said Angela. But she faltered in saying so.

"I know," said Neville. "I'm telling you—"

He stopped, looked at her for a moment, and went on as if only just deciding something in his own mind. "If you're really serious about this—"

"What on earth do you think we've been doing all the afternoon?" asked Angela. "Of course I'm serious."

"Then I may be able to help you. I know a couple who've been living in a place on the Ile St. Louis—"

"On the river?"

"Near the point on the Island. House three hundred years old. No lift, mind you—it's a walk-up. Five flights."

"That wouldn't matter," said Angela. "They can't afford to keep it any longer," said Neville. "He's a songwriter, or thinks he is. And depression has got to the skylark."

"You mean they might sub-let?"

"I think they've been trying to."

"But, Neville, why didn't you tell me at once?"

"Business," said Neville, reaching for a cigarette, "was ever unwise among friends. I expect I'm a fool to tell you now."

"When do you suppose I could see it?" said Angela. She sprang up, forgetting her weary feet.

Neville followed more slowly. "I could telephone—"

"Now? At once?"

"If you like."

"I can't understand why you didn't tell me about this to begin with," said Angela.

"Neither can I," said Neville. He added, smiling wryly, "After all, as well as last."

Near the point of the Island, as Neville had said. A grey old house with a wide new door. Before the door a narrow paved Quai, beyond, a low stone wall; below, the sleepily flowing river.

"You haven't told me the name," said Angela, mounting the first flight of stairs. The stairs were narrow and worn and steep.

"Mr. and Mrs. Eugene Morgan," said Neville.

On each landing two closed doors, one straight in front, one right. The walls were old and yellow. With the third flight Neville began to breathe hard.

velvet-covered chair of almost the same color as the carpet.

"Nice place," said Neville, "isn't it?"

"And the trees," said Angela. "And the river."

As she spoke an unearthly scream tore the air.

"Don't be alarmed," said Mr. Morgan in a nasal drawl. "That's only the voice of a large—bearing comment, or what you will. Begins at six o'clock in the morning."

"As a sub-letter of flats," said Mrs. Morgan. "Gene is just about un-equaled."

Angela said: "Now that I know it isn't a lost hyena, I don't think I'd mind. Might I see the other rooms?"

She felt a current of hostility flowing round her, not touching her, nothing

Angela thought: "He's not very fit, really." She felt an apprehensive qualm.

At the top of the fifth flight Neville stood for a moment before ringing. "Can't go in—snoring like a damned porpoise," he muttered. In the wall beside the door there was a small barred window set about six feet from the floor.

Neville, seeing Angela look at the window, said, "Kitchen." Then rang the bell.

Almost at once footsteps crossed the floor. The door opened, and a woman in a red and white print looked out. She was big-boned and lanky and dark with fine frank eyes and a generous mouth. On her left cheek there was a dark mole like a beauty-patch. It gave her a look of unconscious coquetry.

"Hello, Neville!" she said. "Come in."

NEVILLE said: "Hello, Matty! This is Miss Todd."

"How are you, Miss Todd?" said Mrs. Morgan pleasantly. She led the way into a room overlooking the Quai and the river.

A loose-jointed, discontented-looking man with a pipe in his mouth was lounging on the wide window-seat. He rose, and his wife introduced him.

Angela said: "It's awfully good of you to let me come up. It must be a dreadful bore having people barge in on you like this."

In the first swift glance she wanted what she saw. No jig-saw mantelpieces here. Instead, under a low ceiling, cool pale walls. A wide old mirror over the fireplace. At one big window, curtains of some faded gold stuff. Faded dull violet carpet on the floor. There were bookcases on each side of the mantelpiece.

A wide couch covered in worn velvet with cushions of grey and black and gold. There was a screen made of yellowed old maps. A carved desk with a big pale-shaded lamp on it. A deep

she caught his restless look, and smiled. She fancied he nodded. Although the next moment he was saying casually to Mrs. Morgan, "Cigarette?" And lighting it for her.

"How is the bedroom?" said Angela with defensive practicality. "And the bath?" She had, however, in the moment of visioning the lounge, made up her mind.

It appeared that the bedroom and the bath were all that was necessary. A double bed stood with its head against the deepest mirror yet. In the bathroom, mirrors were only three. Mrs. Morgan said, "You can lie in bed and look at the towers of Notre Dame."

"And the gargoyles," said Mr. Morgan acidly, "can look back at you. Splendid for both."

"I've seen sunrise on them," said Mrs. Morgan as if Mr. Morgan had not spoken.

"Not often, I expect," said Neville blandly.

"No, not often," said Mrs. Morgan, "but wonderful when it happened."

She smiled at Neville with a fine display of white teeth. Angela thought she had never seen a healthier-looking woman. In contrast, her husband showed lean and shrivelled, like a man dried by the heat of a secret flame.

Mrs. Morgan said capably: "The concierge would find you someone to come in and clean by the day."

"It seems just the sort of thing I want," said Angela.

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Illustrated
— by —
Boothroyd



Angela said in a voice she scarcely knew for her own: "After that, I think you had better go."

Grey House & Sleepy River

"Neither can I," said Neville. He added, smiling wryly, "After all, as well as last."

Near the point of the Island, as Neville had said. A grey old house with a wide new door. Before the door a narrow paved Quai, beyond, a low stone wall; below, the sleepily flowing river.

"You haven't told me the name," said Angela, mounting the first flight of stairs. The stairs were narrow and worn and steep.

"Mr. and Mrs. Eugene Morgan," said Neville.

On each landing two closed doors, one straight in front, one right. The walls were old and yellow. With the third flight Neville began to breathe hard.

velvet-covered chair of almost the same color as the carpet.

"Nice place," said Neville, "isn't it?"

"And the trees," said Angela. "And the river."

As she spoke an unearthly scream tore the air.

"Don't be alarmed," said Mr. Morgan in a nasal drawl. "That's only the voice of a large—bearing comment, or what you will. Begins at six o'clock in the morning."

"As a sub-letter of flats," said Mrs. Morgan. "Gene is just about un-equaled."

Angela said: "Now that I know it isn't a lost hyena, I don't think I'd mind. Might I see the other rooms?"

she caught his restless look, and smiled. She fancied he nodded. Although the next moment he was saying casually to Mrs. Morgan, "Cigarette?" And lighting it for her.

"How is the bedroom?" said Angela with defensive practicality. "And the bath?" She had, however, in the moment of visioning the lounge, made up her mind.

It appeared that the bedroom and the bath were all that was necessary. A double bed stood with its head against the deepest mirror yet. In the bathroom, mirrors were only three. Mrs. Morgan said, "You can lie in bed and look at the towers of Notre Dame."

"And the gargoyles," said Mr. Morgan acidly, "can look back at you. Splendid for both."

"I've seen sunrise on them," said Mrs. Morgan as if Mr. Morgan had not spoken.

"Not often, I expect," said Neville blandly.

"No, not often," said Mrs. Morgan, "but wonderful when it happened."

She smiled at Neville with a fine display of white teeth. Angela thought she had never seen a healthier-looking woman. In contrast, her husband showed lean and shrivelled, like a man dried by the heat of a secret flame.

Mrs. Morgan said capably: "The concierge would find you someone to come in and clean by the day."

"It seems just the sort of thing I want," said Angela.

Please turn to Page 14

A GOOD TIME

A
COMPLETE SHORT
STORY

"You can't tack a father's rottenness on his child," said Chip quickly.

"No, but pitch can't touch you and not leave a mark," Bill warned him.

"But I know Bridget's different," Chip retorted, "and if she'll have me I'm going to marry her..."



"THAT'S pretty final," Chip said under his breath. He read the letter through for the umpteenth time: DARLING CHIP—I suppose when you've read this, you'll think I'm every sort of a beast. And I suppose I am. It's no use my telling you I really care and shall only care, always, for you—but it's true. I am going to marry Harvey Keene tomorrow. I can't be poor—Lila.

Chip had a bitter vision of Keene's handsome, self-satisfied face, Keene's excellently smart clothes, Keene's cars and servants.

He got off the bed and began to pace to and fro, and his angry, unhappy eyes raked the room with savage amusement. Item one, dilapidated table, say, four-and-six at a sale! The bed, five bob; and the ends of his best pair of trousers, visible beneath the mattress, proclaimed to a curious world Chip's lack of a press.

Lack of everything! Chip thought furiously, billet, home, people—and now, Lila.

Of course, it had seemed a million times too wonderful to be true that, really, she should have loved him, promised to belong to him.

But she had promised on that sparkling silver-and-rose evening up on the Heath; the taxi which he had kept

My Favorite Poem

DEATH, when you come to me,
tread with a footstep
Light as the moon's on the
grasses asleep,
So that I know not the moment
of darkness,
Know not the drag and the
draw of the deep.
Death, when you come to me, let
there be sunlight,
Dogs, and dear creatures about
me to play;
Flowers in the fields and the
song of the blackbird,
Spring in the world, when you
fetch me away.

—GALSWORTHY.

Sent in by Miss M. Hargan, 48
Milton St., C3 St. Kilda, Mel-
bourne.

waiting had cost Chip all his dinners for the rest of the week.

But you could not take Lila on a bus—

That had been five months ago. His glance fell on her photograph; he went across to it, and stood staring down at it—mouth that he had kissed and kissed; soft eyelids he had kissed down over her eyes so often shy with passion—laughing eyes, tender eyes; thick, scented hair against which he had leant his cheek, and felt thrilled through and through by its touch, its faint perfume.

He put the photograph down suddenly, and his hands gripped the iron edge of the mantelpiece until the knuckles showed through the skin—Well—that was all finished.

A clock struck ten, he must get a move on, go down to Hallenger's; he began to pull on his coat; his breakfast tray, the breakfast on it untouched still, littered up the table; he had forgotten all about it.

He went out of the room, and down the little steep flight of stairs, banged through the open door and started at a run across the street, heard a yell, the wild shriek of a horn, and felt a violent blow.

Then darkness shut down on him. "It's Mister Lomax," the charwoman said. "E lives 'ere."



Illustrated
by
FISCHER

To say that Lady Moira threw Biddy beneath Chip's car two days later would be an exaggeration.

"Carry him in, carry him in," Chadwick ordered quickly; he took Chip's hat from the chauffeur's hand and walked behind the small procession up the narrow stairway.

Chip was laid on his untidy bed, and Chadwick, waiting for the doctor, studied the room worriedly.

"Most unfortunate that young Lomax should have charged into his car of all cars, wretched coincidence indeed. However—"

A doctor entered, made a careful examination, and Chip opened his eyes and muttered indistinctly. "Couple of ribs broken," the doctor said, "and his right wrist—nothing very serious for a chap as fit as this one—he's as hard as iron."

SEDGELEY CHADWICK, drawing the doctor aside, said: "I am a solicitor, and I had driven here to see young Lomax and to tell him extremely pleasant news. He has inherited the fortune of a relative. Do you—consider it would be detrimental to him were I to await his return to consciousness and tell him of his good fortune?"

"Do him good, I should think," the doctor said, with a grin. "It would me, if I'd broken a set of ribs!"

So Chadwick waited and told Chip he had been left a fortune, a very considerable one, and Chip went off into another dazed daze, in which he dreamt he was rich and married to Lila.

He began to heal up almost at once; as Dr. Parsons had said, he was as hard as iron and in splendid condition.

When he could walk a bit, Lila had been married a month, and he had been given details of the extent of his fortune.

It staggered him rather. "You'd better get a car and get away to the sea," Parsons said later, and Chip nodded and said: "All right."

Chadwick drove him to buy a car, and he bought a beauty, and a day later rolled away in it to Chisleton, which was gay and packed, and festive hands played most of the day and the sun shone on all of it, and the Downs were heather-scented.

Chip felt a little flicker of happiness as he walked down to the beach; he was twenty-eight, and he had an income he would find extremely difficult to spend, and he had healed up splendidly.

He thought, looking at the endless "twas" all over the place:

"If Lila were here with me—!" The bitterness had all gone, he only felt a sense of loss.

Of course, he made friends with men at the hotel, and the men had sisters; Chip fitted into the easy happiness of holiday life.

Someone had read of the fortune which had become his, everyone was extremely nice to Chip.

He used to grin at himself sardonically as he tied his tie, one of the Jermyn St. ties which he had only possessed as presents in the days of his poverty, and of which now he had a string; he liked all his new luxury sufficiently, but somehow the flavor had gone out of life, he didn't care much about anything.

He had one hideous moment: he was standing beside his car when Keene's Rolls parked alongside and Chip looked for an instant into Lila's eyes, then Keene's voice hailed him: "Fatty!"

"Hull-o—look who's here! Stayin'?" We're at Brighton, just blew over for a spot of lunch. Join us? Come on, do. I hear you had a stroke of luck. Graters, I'm sure!"

Keene was a cheery soul, courteously good-natured.

Chip lunched with him and Lila; she was jewelled to the last degree. She asked him:

"Is it true you've come into a fortune?"

"Yes," Chip said, "very true. A big un."

He felt it was vulgar, but he had to say it.

Lila looked at him under her long lashes when Keene was studying the bill; she had never realised how she had loved Chip until now—he was so deadly smart, too, in the right way—and he was so tanned his fair hair looked almost golden.

WHEN he stood up he towered over Keene, and though Keene was by no means small, Chip made him seem insignificant. Somehow Chip's fitness, his obvious, clean strength made Keene's immaculateness,

in fact, now. Here's to 'im," he lifted up his glass and drank deep, set it down with a broad, happy smile. Keene hadn't known of the secret engagement.

Once outside, the "good-lookin' feller" was getting into his car rather quickly, keen only to get off, away somewhere, anywhere, alone. He felt extraordinarily miserable, and—he couldn't for the life of him think of any other word to describe it—empty.

He tried to puzzle it out, driving along slowly, his absent gaze on the almost empty road—empty and cold—why?

Then suddenly he knew: his memories, his dreams had been torn from him by Lila's slender, over-jewelled, strong little finger, her too-clever glances whenever Keene hadn't been noticing. All the while—Chip knew it now—Lila had been that sort, greedy of soul, cheap all through. Only he'd been so in love he'd seen, realised nothing; he'd believed in her utterly.

Even after her letter breaking off the engagement he'd loved her in a queer, agonising way, wanted her, ached for her, gone on idealising her—

It was the end now, at any rate; today he had finished utterly with the very thought of Lila and in the future he'd cut her clean out of life.

After all, he was rich now, he needn't worry about anything but having a good time—and he'd see he had it, and see, too, that no woman tangled up his scheme of things! From now on he'd give 'em as good as they gave him—perhaps!

But believe in 'em—believe nothing! They were all just pretty little

of which three other men were in part cognisant and with which they were also entirely out of sympathy.

It had all been about a hand of poker, a game at which Buck Carter cleaned up a good part of his income.

He had left Lady Moira with real regret; whatever the failings of either—and they had many, and all of them major ones—as man and wife Buck and Lady Moira were a model to all.

Some people seem born un-straight, fated to go wrong, and enjoy the process; Buck and Lady Moira were a couple of natural born crooks, with breeding, looks and delightful manners. Their only child was Biddy, who was seventeen, and would be a tearing beauty when she wasn't quite so thin.

Biddy was her parents' plum. They intended, all going well, to retire on Biddy, as you might say; that is, they meant to marry her to a rich man and bleed him for an income. They had hatched lots of plans, but, so far, the scheme itself had hung fire, and now Buck's enforced retirement to the Oaks was a distinct set-back.

The Carters had come to the best hotel at the most popular seaside place on purpose to launch Biddy, and an extremely good-looking, genial father is a distinct asset in such a scheme.

Lady Moira had said: "I'll carry on, darling, as best I can. And if there's nothin' doin' we'll shift to Deauville."

"Too much good competition," Buck said worriedly.

Now Chip dawned on Lady Moira's horizon, and her heart sang within her. It sang but a brief psalm, for there followed him into the lounge the very men Buck had fled from.

And Lady Moira knew they knew her and would be certain to tell this good-looking, young and admittedly rich man what they knew and warn him. She trailed out of the room, untried and out of the hotel as gently, and that afternoon she took a dear little house up a country lane.

To say that Lady Moira threw Biddy beneath Chip's car two days later would be an exaggeration, and it is conceivable that in the stress of the moment she saved herself at Biddy's expense by pushing instead of pulling. It had taken Lady Moira two mornings and nearly two afternoons to bring off this little coup, and as Chip leapt out and lifted Biddy in his arms she felt all of the strategist's thrill at a victory hard won.

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Natural Born Crooks

Keene's air of wealth seem a little ridiculous, gave a suggestion of puminess to Keene in some way.

He made his adieux, never touched Lila's hand, just said pleasantly: "Well, so long!" smiled his quick, white smile, and was off, moving leisurely down the crowded room, being hailed from a good many tables enthusiastically.

His very walk, the set of his big shoulders stung Lila's heart in some way.

"Well, Lomax has struck oil all right, girlie, what?" Keene said, his mouth full of cheese and biscuits. "Good-lookin' feller, too. Got all the packet

schemers, out for what a man could buy for 'em, save 'em from."

HE turned and drove back to the hotel and went in and had a nailing big drink, and felt better for it, and came under the exceedingly astute inspection of Lady Moira Carter who, clad in that supreme simplicity which means supreme expense, was just finishing a pretty stiff brandy and soda whilst she studied the racing news.

Buck Carter had left that day, as unobtrusively as possible, for France for reasons best known to himself, but

FORCED Landing

Witchcraft is still all-powerful in the African jungle—except against the wits of a woman.

— BY —
Dudley HOYS



Illustrated
by
WEP

Firth, who would have given years of his life for the revolver he had left in the cockpit, turned furiously to resist.

I must have been an appalling thought to the two captives that in courting safety they had brought themselves under the very guillotine of danger. They had left London in their plane, the Swallow, on the fifth of the month, and the Press had given great publicity to the projected flight to Capetown by way of Lisbon, the Canaries, Dakar, Lagos, and so forth. David Firth had a reputation as a sane and sensible airman. His companion—and fiancée—Mollie Walton, had secured her "B" certificate, and done well in the previous year's King's Cup race.

On the overland flight between Dakar and Lagos they had noticed a petrol leakage. It was a minor defect, but they had another three hundred miles of wild country to cover, and Firth's motto was to avoid risks. So he decided to land and patch up the trouble. It would take only a few minutes.

Below them was jungle. Mollie stared at it, then at the instruments and the map. According to calculations, they were near a place marked as Mekhuna, about half-way between Timbuktu and the coast.

She peered down again, and her hazel eyes widened eagerly. Ahead lay a bald, yellowish patch among the sombre greenery, a patch big enough for landing.

"Good for us!" bawled Firth. They came down beautifully. As they taxied to a halt, they became aware, for the first time, of the huts in the fringe of the jungle. Firth was not alarmed. On several occasions he had made forced landings in wild areas, and had no trouble with his barbaric hosts.

Before they could get out of the plane about fifty blacks had emerged from among the trees. They were big men, almost handsome in a grotesque fashion, their skins glistening with oil. And their friendliness was expressed by their smiles.

Firth waved cheerfully, and pushed back his goggles, a grin on his lean face.

"Quite harmless," he said to Mollie. "But we don't want them to be too inquisitive, or they might damage something."

They scrambled out of the cockpit, and at once became the centre of a good-humoured and curious crowd, who stared at the plane and gesticulated and jabbered in a dialect that somehow suggested the gurgling of water poured from a narrow-necked flask.

Mollie was amused, a little excited. She tried to talk to them by means of gestures. In their shining blackness and size they towered over her like

saplings above a neat, efficient lily.

Firth said: "Look! Must be their chief! Podgy old boy!"

A respectful lane had opened through the crowd to admit a big and enormously fat man whose paunch awayed as he walked. A fringe of white ostrich feathers decorated his head, and he wore thick anklets of dull gold. His teeth gleamed in an amiable smile. Gluttony, laziness, and good-nature were written all over him. He was accompanied by a native dressed in a tattered French army tunic and the rim of a bowler hat.

Mollie found it hard not to roar with laughter. They were so ridiculous. The chief gave a series of affable grins, and to their amazement the man with the tunic spoke in queer English.

"Yendi speak welcome." "Yendi good!" said Firth. "Where did you learn?"

The man with the tunic gave quite a smart salute. His name, he told them, was Geleba, and he had served with the French Colonial Army in France, and had picked up English from the British soldiers. Yendi, their chief, greater than a roaring lion, wiser than an eagle, welcomed his guests. They could have food and drink.

Geleba rambled on, Firth answering here and there, and Geleba translating for the benefit of Yendi. It was all friendly and reassuring.

"Decent lot of ruffians," Firth said quickly to Mollie. "But I'll get on with that patching. Better give 'em a present before we go. Something small." A sudden and curious stillness came over the crowd. It parted again, and Firth noticed that the smiles of Yendi and Geleba were now tinged with uneasiness.

Mollie said abruptly: "Heavens! What a horror!" The creature advancing through the human avenue was undoubtedly the local witch-doctor. He was small and shrivelled. Across either temple three diagonal white lines had been painted,

and his exposed teeth were filed to points. A tattered cloak of some skin hung from his shoulders, and around his neck was a string of bones.

These evidences of the macabre might have been merely comic, apart from his eyes; they were glittering, malignant.

Firth turned to Mollie. "Looks as if he means mischief," he said in a low voice. "Get off as quick as we can."

Geleba murmured: "Tibarawen." There was awe in his voice.

The witch-doctor came right up to them. Yendi glanced at him sheepishly. They jabbered for a minute, and the chief's uneasy defence was noticeable.

Geleba, who had a fine, intelligent face, turned a warning look on Firth. "It is not good."

The next second Geleba was recoiling from a curious hissing projected at him by the witch-doctor.

Firth pressed Mollie's arm.

addressing the chief and his tribe. His high voice rose and fell. At first the tone had a kind of sullen moderation. Gradually it became snarling and passionate, and his skinny arms waved in the air and made signs. Geleba looked frightened, and doubtful. As for the rest of the blacks, the change in them was ominous. Their smiling friendliness had vanished. Their eyes rolled, and their faces worked. Twice they moaned in unison, and the moan was a hideous undertone.

Firth cursed mutely. It was plain that Geleba and Yendi and these big, childish, friendly people stood in superstitious dread of their witch-doctor. Any one of them could have crushed Tibarawen with a single hand. Yet he had awayed them from good humor to nameless savagery. Left alone, they would have treated himself and Mollie as honored guests. Now—

TIBARAWEN seemed to have reached the climax of his speech. His hands pointed to the sky. He howled out a crescendo of words, and the crowd's reply was like the menacing cry of some night-beast. Four blacks stepped forward. Two

case, the spirits would visit the living with sickness, destroy their maize, and make sundry other punishments. Tibarawen would consult the spirits.

At dawn to-morrow he would plant a seed in the dust. If it grew before their eyes, a young plant rising out of the ground, then the meaning was that the spirits had taken offence, and thus must the tribe rise and destroy their visitors. But if nothing occurred, they could go in peace.

Mollie said evenly: "How could a seed grow up in a few minutes? If he meant to kill us, David, I should have thought he'd arrange the signs the other way round."

"No." His face was hard and set. "I can follow the old jackal's reasoning. These niggers are a tremble crew, friendly to us. He knows it. He wants to kill us, but he's afraid he can't work them up enough without a magic sign. He'll use some trickery, and—"

He broke off and stared grimly at Geleba.

"Tell them that if we are hurt soldiers will come, and machines like this that drop death upon them from the air."

Geleba wagged his head and moved his hands helplessly. He was watching the witch-doctor like a rabbit fascinated by a snake.

Tibarawen pointed at Firth and Mollie, described a sign, and retired through the crowd with a queer, stufing dance. On the edge of the jungle he parted a curtain of vines marking the taboo'd trail and vanished into his sanctuary of shadows.

A couple of blacks took Firth by the arms. It would have been suicide to resist. He and Mollie were led across the clearing. Their captors were not rough, only firm and solemn. There was no attempt to search them. Four men were left on guard around the plane.

They were conducted to the fringe of the jungle, and here they realised they were to be separated.

Firth called out to Geleba, but the interpreter pretended not to hear, and slunk away with his corpulent chief, whose indolent cheerfulness had given place to a hang-dog manner.

Mollie smiled gallantly. "We can't do anything yet. But they won't dare—"

"Of course they won't," said Firth, with an equal show of confidence.

They took Mollie off some fifty yards to a hut of branches and mud. Firth was led into a similar hut, and they brought him a bowl of some stuff that looked like rice and goat's meat, and another of water. Six men remained on guard outside. The crowd had melted into the fringe of the jungle, and silence came down with the heaviness of a blanket.

IT seemed to Mollie that she was caught up by an absurd dream. For a while her mind refused to accept reality. That mind of hers was essentially tidy and logical. It was its clear-cut, quick perception that had taken her so far on the mechanical side of flying. Firth had often insisted that she was his superior as a mechanic. He admired her knack of analysing and grasping detail.

And these very same qualities were at present flitting at fantasy. They could not believe that in this world of gliders and helicopter talks and television, to-morrow at dawn her life and David's would hang on the black magic of a witch-doctor.

Why, only a few hours back she had been sipping iced lemonade in the French club at Dakar, with a crowd of immaculate officers drinking her health, and waiting her luck on the flight. And a mere three hours ahead lay Lagos, a landing ground, stores, petrol, ships, civilisation, solid, mundane modernism.

Witch-doctors? Voodooism?

Please turn to Page 53

Complete Short Story

"We must hop," he whispered. "Don't like the trend of things at all. Have to patch up later."

HE was backing gradually towards the plane.

But the witch-doctor had screamed out something, and the way was barred. A dozen blacks had run to his bidding, and the plane was surrounded.

Firth said sternly to Geleba: "Tell them to stand aside."

The man did nothing. His eyes were frightened and apologetic.

Mollie was pale but calm.

"What does it mean? What shall we do?"

"Can't do anything, my dear. If we tried to rush this gang—we'll hope the chief won't listen to the old horror."

Tibarawen, the witch-doctor, was

ranged themselves on either side of Mollie, and Firth, who would have given years of his life for the revolver he had left in the cockpit, turned furiously to resist.

Geleba muttered hurriedly: "Not to move."

There was friendliness in his frightened eyes. Firth lowered his arm.

"What are they going to do?" he demanded.

Geleba spoke humbly to the witch-doctor, as if asking permission for something. Tibarawen grinned hideously and made liquid noises.

"Please you to listen," said Geleba, and explained in his halting English. What he said gave them a cold dismay.

Tibarawen, it appeared, had proclaimed the arrival of these two visitors, might have offended the familiar spirits of Mekhuna. In that

The Fashion Parade

by Jessie Laif,
sketched by Petrov

For Your Holidays

Cruising, Surfing, Rusticating, Dancing
... make a happy choice of play clothes!
Fabrics and Styles are Pleasantly Varied

HOLIDAY-TIME is drawing near. Whether you have several weeks or just a few days at Christmas — and whether you are choosing the country, the seaside, or a cruise, sports clothes are the most important things to take along. Evening clothes are the same as those in town.

THIS year you will certainly need shorts or the combination outfit that includes shorts, skirt and shirt. These you will wear on the beach or for tennis. Shorts are both tight and full; the full-pleated ones are the best looking, as they have front and back pleats—these are good for tennis, whilst tight ones will be popular for beach wear.

The latter in colored linen, seersucker, gingham, or printed cotton usually have accompanying wrap-on skirts and matching or contrasting shirts. For tennis, white linen or pique shantung; the matching shirts are often made in one with the shorts.

Uncrushable linen is the favorite fabric for these frocks—in white, yellow, blue, pink, green, cream, or pale grey. Checked and spotted cottons and linens and piques are also used.

For golfing at the seaside you might wear shorts, or the shorts, shirt, and skirt combination. See that you take along short woolly socks to wear with your white or brown-and-white rubber-soled shoes, and a trimmed sports hat—usually panama or stitched linen.

For non-active wear still keep to sporty-looking styles, plainly made dresses with pleats, short sleeves, belts and buttons—any of the cotton materials except voiles. Plain, light colors or prints. The same panama hat will go with everything; have different colored handbags.

Low-heeled white canvas sandals will be cool and comfortable, and can be worn on the beach as well.

Three-piece Frocks

IF my holiday were to the seaside, I would be content with several three-piece frocks in linen or seersucker; if the colors are well chosen, the shirts, skirts, and shorts can be interchanged. For example, three ensembles, one a navy linen skirt, white shorts, and white shirt; the second red-and-white spotted linen skirt, red shorts, red-and-white spot shirt; the third red, white, green, and blue striped seersucker shorts and shirt, a white linen skirt; these will give you innumerable changes. Have the skirts made to button down the centre-front. Wear one of these sets for the beach, for tennis, for golf, or any daytime occasion.

With this type of dress your legs must be bare, therefore, no suspenders. There are plenty of elastic panties that will take the place of your usual corset; these, together with a brassiere, are all the underclothes you will need.

For travelling to and from your holiday, or for motoring from one place to another, there are printed cotton suits—really a dress and short jacket, the dress in one color with a print or plaid jacket or the other way about. Then there are tweed linen suits, to be worn with blouses or light wool sweaters; white or pastel shades are best.

It would be as well to take along a woolly sweater and cardigan and a sheer wool skirt; you will probably be glad to wear the cardigan over your thin frocks on chilly evenings, so see that the color is suitable for this.

BATHING COSTUMES, of course, you will need if you are bound seawards, and backless beach dresses if you are keen on sunbaking—these, again, are made of cotton or terry towelling, or perhaps you prefer wide-legged pyjamas or a towelling dressing-gown.

If you require semi-evening dresses there are several novel ideas to choose from. The shirtmaker dress sponsored by the U.S.A., a floor-length bias-cut skirt, a bodice with short sleeves fastening high to the throat with a shirt collar and buttons down the front. These are made of printed crepe and even printed chiffon.



P E T R O V

PARIS Snapshots

THERE will be white pique hats everywhere this summer—large ones for street wear, and small ones for sports.

HAWTHORN—pink, baby-blue, orchid-mauve, and primrose-yellow are summer dress colors.

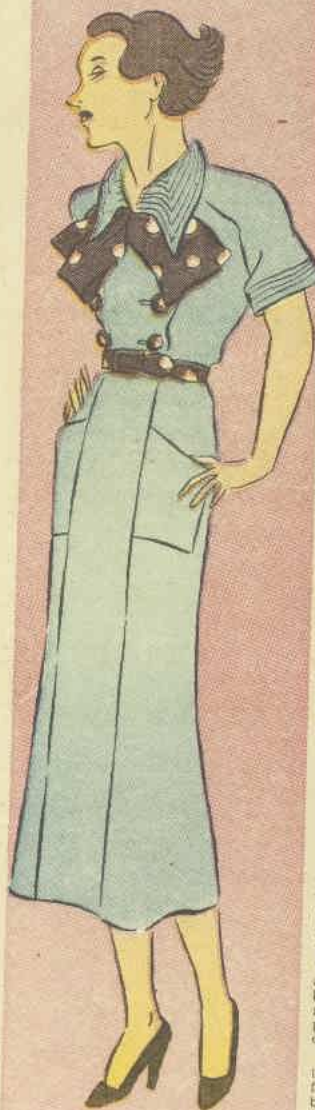
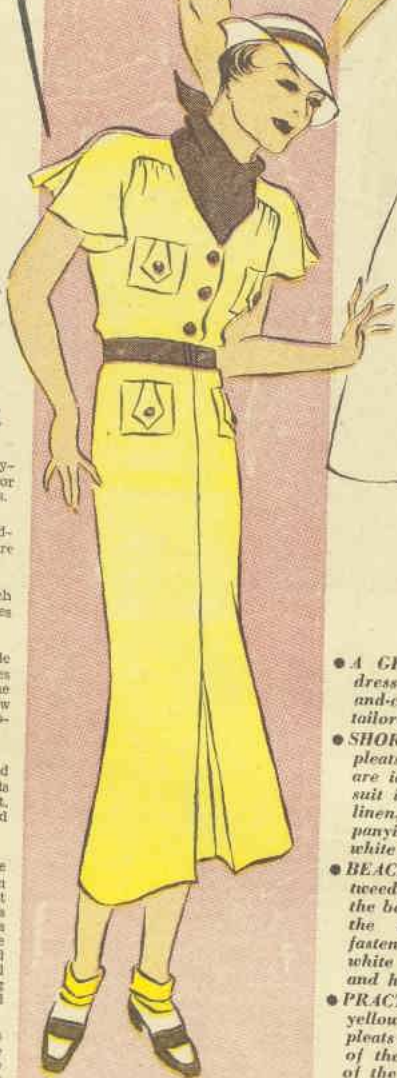
MOLYNEUX brings the simple beach pyjama back into fashion, and does away with beach skirts and shorts.

VERY wide and very long sashes made of taffeta and satin are important notes on Molyneux evening dresses. Some dresses have jewelled belts. A new material is chiffon woven with cellophane to make it stiff.

PARIS milliners show lace-trimmed hats for summer. Black lace bands make stripes on a natural fedora hat. Some brims are lined with lace and some hats have lace flowers.

PASTEL-COLORED and white lace swaggar coats to wear over slim evening gowns are picturesque. Most of them have round, high, boyish collars held in place by a single button. Sleeves are semi-full or long and fitted. The flaring fullness is in the back. Quilted glazed chints in small patterns on pastel grounds make three-quarter evening coats with long wide sleeves and full hems.

DOTTED Swiss dance frocks are fresh and summery. Some have huge puffed sleeves that reach the elbow, deep square necklines front and back, yards and yards of material in the skirt, stiffened around the hemline with horse-hair. Colored belts or sashes accompany these pastel frocks.



● **A GREEN** cotton backless dress is covered by a green-and-cream plaid seersucker tailored jacket.

● **SHORTS** made with full pleats to look like skirts are ideal for tennis. This suit is made of white silk linen, and has an accompanying skirt of red-and-white spotted linen.

● **BEACH** dress of white tweed linen. One side of the bodice is left open, and the skirt is split and fastens with clips. Red-and-white printed cotton scarf and hat.

● **PRACTICAL** golf dress in yellow crepe linen. Inverted pleats at the back and front of the skirt and the back of the bodice.

● **PALE BLUE** french cotton crepe dress. Double-breasted with a stitched collar and cuffs.

SCULPTURED LINES... and Classical Draperies!



● LUCIEN LELONG designed this interesting trained black evening gown. It has a cape of black tulle trimmed with narrow velvet bars. Sheer capes of this type are the very latest decree from Paris.

● THE DELICATE DRAPERY of a Tanagra statuette is recalled by the lovely lame gown at the right. This is a Jodelle model. Frocks of this type are at their best on the young and slim. They are very deftly moulded to the figure, and their voluminous folds, be they ever so skilfully placed, are definitely not kind to curves.



● STATUESQUE BEAUTY is the keynote of this draped model from Bruyere. Made of cloth of gold, it obviously owes its inspiration to ancient Greek art. The accompanying coat is of dark red duvetyne.

● PALE BLUE and sapphire-blue velvet fashion the charming frock and cape at the left. This, too, shows the prevailing feeling for draped lines. This creation is from Jodelle.

GRECIAN BEAUTY in MODERN RAIMENT

Shimmering Folds of To-day's Designs Recapture the Delicate Charm of Famous Statuary.

THE ageless beauty of a marble statue, classic in its conception, noble in its proportions—or the delicate loveliness of a Tanagra figure—have been captured and expressed in gleaming satin folds and in the soft frailty of chiffon by the world-famous designers of the French couture.

For the first time in years they are able fully to demonstrate their art in its highest form, and most of them have triumphantly risen to the occasion.

IT is no wonder that women everywhere are eagerly accepting these gowns, because their subtle drapery lends itself so perfectly to the revelation or the disguise of feminine contours, and they are extremely kind to every type of figure. Their folds give grace in movement and beauty in repose.

Because skilful drapery is so utterly independent of time it never goes out of fashion or looks exaggerated, and that, after all, is one of the great secrets of good dressing.

Classical drapery, of the type that one sees on old Greek and Roman statues, has found a place in practically every collection. Madame Bruyere does a won-

derful model in cloth of gold with the draping in the front of the skirt, a wide, crushed belt of the same material, and a surplice bodice with draped sleeves. Over it she puts a circular cape of dark red duvetyne which makes a marvellous foil for the richness of the frock.

Roman Mode

DILKUSHA, who has just been appointed dress designer to the Soviet, does a hostess dress in madonna-blue crepe. A Roman matron would have felt quite at home in it, for it has a wide panel shirred to the waist and then hanging loosely to the floor, where it is looped and carried up the back to finish as a drape round the shoulders so that

one arm supports the entire width while the other is covered only by a tiny portion of the material.

This is a line which is used on many dresses this season in one form or another, and it has the advantages of adding both height and suppleness to a figure.

Jodelle's velvet gown in pale blue with its draped bodice and supple drapery in the straight skirt has a scarf effect of sapphire-blue velvet which is almost wide enough to form a cape. Here again, as you can see from the photograph, is a line which gives tallness and slenderness to the wearer.

The gold lame gown, from Jodelle, also, might have been copied from a Tanagra figurine, so delicate are its lines and so lovely its simplicity. Unrelieved by any contrast of trimming, the beautiful fabric looks as if it might be draped in one piece on the figure.

Lastly we have Lelong's black velvet dress, more straight in outline, with all the fullness at the back. The cape is a miracle of workmanship, for it is of net, with a yoke so finely shirred that it seems impossible that human hands can have touched it, and down its entire length run sunray stripes worked in chenille. A conservative frock, with daring accessories to give it life. A true friend that one would not quickly cast aside.

"ALL THOSE DISHES...
AND STILL YOUR HANDS
ARE LOVELY"



"SHALL I TELL
YOU WHY? I WASH UP
WITH LUX!"



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Washing-up, washing-up—three times a day. But with Lux in the washing-up bowl that's three beauty treatments a day for your hands! Lux suds are so gentle, so soft, and they make dish-washing twice as easy.

LUX
for dishwashing

An Editorial

NOVEMBER 23, 1935.

"...AND WOMEN MUST WEEP"



WHEN Woman broke into the field of Adventure and emulated Man in practically all his feats of achievement, she perhaps hardly realised that she had placed herself in the position of not only "calling the tune," but "paying the piper" as well.

But in only the former respect is this a novelty. Right down through the ages Woman has been forced to do the suffering—she was made to suffer as it were. For history has been built on women's hearts.

Man goes forth to create a record, to annihilate distance, to discover new land, fired by the spirit of adventure. Enthusiasm inspires him to great achievement, and in almost every instance the enthusiasm of a mother, or a wife, or a sweetheart is his greatest urge. He knows the risk and takes it gladly, and there cannot be any doubt that in the accomplishment of those things that make history his great inspiration is the knowledge that his success will be reflected in the happiness of his women-folk.

There is an old saying that "many a smile hides an aching heart," and what is true of yesterday is true to-day, and will be true to-morrow. For while Woman was created to inspire, she has always been the silent sufferer and has ever had to pay the penalty of Progress with her suffering.

Not for Woman the glow of achievement, the thrill of action. Hers but to wait and hope and keep on smiling. Ask any wife or mother who sent a husband or son to the Great War. Ask any Digger who was the greater sufferer. Ask him if he would have changed places with the Woman at home. The answer would be a hundred per cent. "No."

But while Woman realises all this, she is ever ready to spur her Man on to greater things.

And what may be said of Woman generally applies with greater emphasis to Australian Woman. She is of the same "stuff" that inspired heroes through the ages, and while she realises that in the making of history she has to play a tearful part she would not have it otherwise if it meant backwardness for her country.

—THE EDITOR.

POINTS OF VIEW

Seeing the Light

"WHY should not a comedian see the light?" inquired Mr. Ivan Menzies, star of many comic operas, when talking to an interviewer the other day. Why, indeed? The fact about comedians worthy of the name is that they see the light more clearly and reflect it more abundantly than do the majority of people.

Mr. Menzies' question suggests others. Why is it that men at the top of the tree are so often unable to see a light that is visible to those down below?

Mussolini, for example—there are lights all round him, flashing from Europe to Africa, warning lights, red lights, beacon lights, that he doesn't seem to be conscious of at all. If he were he wouldn't talk about "paying off old scores," which is the way to start a really big blaze.

A comedian who sees the light knows where he is going and remains a comedian. The man who won't see is a tragedian off the stage.

Woman and War

H. G. WELLS has aroused rather a hornet's nest among feminists by his recent declaration that women, since their emancipation, had done nothing to outlaw war.

Considering that "this freedom," so far as woman is concerned, is not a century old, the novelist expects women to encompass something immediately that men have been unable to achieve throughout the centuries.

It's rather a tall order, but, despite Wells' remark, women are doing yeoman service in outlawing war. They are doing it quietly and silently—in the home rather than from the platform. The seed is being sown—and the after years will reap the harvest.

That is how woman has ever planned. Not for this generation, but for the man to come.

Two Voices

"RECORD-BREAKING is idiotic. Why can't people make a nice, comfortable, easy trip like we did?" said F. R. Maguire when he arrived in England after a flight from Australia.

Comfort goes against the grain of some intrepid travellers, however, and at the time of the remark Miss Jean Batten, the young New Zealand airwoman, was dashing across the Atlantic on a record-breaking flight from Africa to Brazil.

Still, it is a matter for wonder whether the risk is worth it. After all, it is only another record, and a further challenge to someone to lower it.

Concerning Marriage

IN Adelaide the other day there was a wedding of more than ordinary interest when the daughter of an Anglican bishop of that city married the Bishop of Melanesia.

This is the kind of marriage that meets with general approval. A union of interests, of tastes, and of social and spiritual aims; the kind of marriage, in fact, that would be approved by the Lord Chancellor if, as Dr. Johnson suggested, the business of finding eligible couples were left to him.

The remarkable fact is that so many marriages of another kind—hasty, improvident, and with the parties no more than children—can and do take place in Australia. There are legal prohibitions in almost every walk of life; in this, the most important of all, there are none.

His Wife Or His Dog

WHAT is a man's most cherished possession—his wife or his dog? The Divorce Court supplied the answer in at least one case recently, when the petitioning wife complained that her husband had left home—taking the dog.

To add insult to injury the man took his dog to Hollywood—and what woman doesn't dream of a trip to the film capital? It is to be hoped that the publicity given to the suit will not cause too many of this sort of divorces.

Alienation of affection because of a husband's devotion to an Alsatian would add a new angle to the time-worn triangle upon which his Honor is called so frequently to adjudicate, but it would be a problem a Divorce Judge would not be keen on having to solve.

With Outspread Wings

PROGRESS, with outspread wings, will soon be flying high over the empty and half-empty spaces of Australia. At least that is what will happen if one branch of the Country Women's Association has its way.

It has proposed, and carried with acclamation, that an aeroplane be purchased for the use of the president and other officials when on duty. It is an inspiring idea!

But stop a minute! There is a danger. Romantic people may get a shock.

The young station hand, dreaming of his lady love in the city, and murmuring to himself, in the words of Barcroft Boake, "Will she spring with a blush from the arms of Dawn," rushes out to the station fence when the plane appears against the sky-line. "In another minute," he mutters, "she will be here."

And then the awakening! "Strike me," says the boy, "if it isn't the Country Women's Association coming to talk over the price of wool."

Why, Oh Why?

TIME was when the G.P.O. was the butt of every so-called humorist who, justifiably enough, capitalised the weird and wonderful workings of Red Tape in that department.

Nowadays that terror of Government institutions has been more or less strangled by Efficiency, but there are still a few things that leave the Public, who have to pay the piper



THIS IS NOT a Robot, or a deep-sea diver, or even a fire-fighter about to enter a gas-filled building. He is merely a modern ship's fireman equipped with every apparatus for every emergency. He is a member of the crew of the *Sirathmore*, the largest and latest of the P. & O. fleet.

without being permitted to call the tune, wondering.

For instance: A telephone subscriber may have any number of initials included with his name in the Telephone Book without extra charge. "Smith, J. A. C. E." invokes no departmental interest, but should "Smith, Jack" be desired, an additional 3/- a year rental is charged. Of course, the regulations say so, but WHY?

Also, why penalise the public for progress? The best service is supposed to be provided. In fact, the G.P.O. boasts on this score. But in the same breath it insists that subscribers may have only second-class unless they pay another 7/6 a year rental. In other words, that is the extra charge to have the most up-to-date telephone set in your home.

King Hands Over Palace for New Prince

Where Ghosts of Britain's Monarchs Haunt the Corridors

By Air Mail from MARY ST. CLAIRE, Our Special Correspondent in London.

After only a few weeks' residence there, the Duke and Duchess of Kent are finding that their house in Belgrave Square is not at all a suitable home for the new son and heir.

Modern mothers, the Duchess of Kent among them, demand that their babies shall have peace and quiet and fresh air, and still more fresh air—and, alas, No. 3 Belgrave Square has no garden where the small Royal Highness may lie undisturbed in his pram.

SO rumor has it that His Majesty has already given his youngest son a wing on the south side of the lovely Kensington Palace, where Queen Victoria and the present Queen both first saw the light of day and spent their early childhood.

These rooms look out on a rolling stretch of lawn which extends some 300 yards to the famous Kensington High Street. Here, in a garden where age-old trees give ample shade and there are lawns that have been tended for many centuries, the little Prince will be able to grow undisturbed and romp at will.

Kensington Palace, which is surrounded by Kensington Gardens, and adjoining Hyde Park—once the playground of kings, and now the playground of the people—first became a Royal residence at the time of William and Mary. Indeed, Mary's ghost is still supposed to haunt many of the corridors and the beautiful oak-paneled room where she died of smallpox.

Queen Anne spent all her life at Kensington. Here she had the famous quarrel with the Duchess of Marlborough, and here, too, her 19 children were born and died.

It was at Kensington, too, that she was placed in her almost square coffin—her excessive bulk being due, so they say, to her great love of drinking chocolate.

George III was the last monarch to live at Kensington. Since that time the Palace has been the residence of near relations of the Royal House and their families. It was here that Queen Victoria feared of her accession, and here, too, her bed-rooms and nurseries are preserved as nearly as possible as they were when she was living in them.

Until the little Princess became a Queen she was never allowed a room to herself, but always slept with her mother, the Duchess of Kent; and she was not allowed to go up or downstairs without someone in attendance on her for fear she fell.

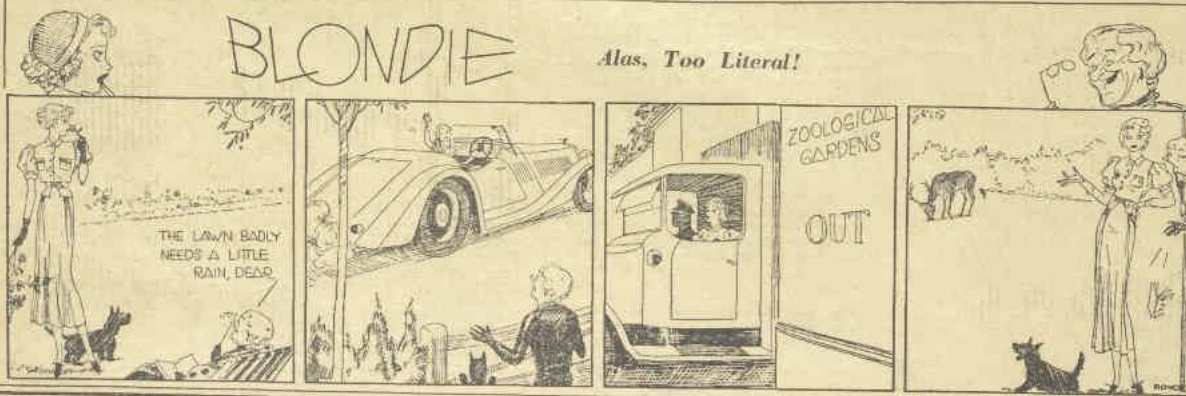
Queen Mary, who loves Kensington Palace, has spent a lot of time and thought on making Queen Victoria's rooms just as they used to be. She herself has arranged the china and toy cabinets where the little Victoria's treasures are now on view.

At the moment the Palace is partly a museum and partly a series of separate residences. The King's aunts, Princess Beatrice, mother of ex-Queen Ena of Spain, and Princess Louise, Duchess of Argyll, both have their entirely separate establishments here, each comprising some thirty to forty rooms. The Earl and Countess of Athlone also live here, as do Lady Muriel Davies, Lady-in-Waiting to the Queen, and Lady Milford Haven, the widow of Admiral Lord Louis Mountbatten, who was responsible for the fleet being on the spot at the beginning of hostilities in 1914.

Here, then, are coming another Duke and Duchess of Kent—for it will be remembered that Queen Victoria was the daughter of the last Duke and Duchess of Kent. Here, in these lofty rooms, of which there are some 3000, another Royal youngster will romp and grow strong.

He will be close to his great-grand-aunts, who will spoil him and fuss over him, and always there will be Mrs. Keating's comfortable rooms to visit when there is a chance of escape from the nursery.

For Mrs. Keating is the presiding genius at Kensington Palace. She is the housekeeper, and under her jurisdiction are all the art treasures and public rooms.



REMOVING as an Inexact SCIENCE

Let "Lower & Lower" Move You
and You'll Never Move Again!

By L. W. LOWER

Australia's Foremost Humorist

Illustrated
by
WEP

When I had finished my studies and got my degree of Bachelor of Removalism at the Pantechanical High School I took Athelbert into partnership and started my own practice. Athelbert is my grandfather, of course, and it was a proud day when we hung up our plate, "LOWER & LOWER. REMOVALS & STORAGE. BESPOKE FURNITURE SHIFTERS."

We charged £3/10/- for our first job. Worth it, too. I worked it out afterwards that it was £3 for putting up with my grandfather and 10/- for moving the furniture.

STARTING on the light stuff first—crockery, and so forth—it was very sad to witness the breaking up of a home. As a matter of fact, when we were only half-way through the job the owner of the furniture was sobbing his heart out at the back gate.

And then, all of a sudden, we were taking down the pictures.

"What do you think of that?" I asked Athelbert.

"Stag at Bay?" he said. "I can't see any bay."

"Do you like this one, 'Monarch of the Glen'?" Or 'A Faithful Friend'? Does that convey any message to you? See the noble dog keeping vigil over the little child on the river bank; doesn't it stir you?"

"Star as I can see," replied Athelbert,

peering at it, "the dog is an 'art-bred' Shetland pony which, 'aving bitten the kid to death, is now waitin' to get his breath back."

"Slung it in the van," I said, wearily. Athelbert has no soul for Art. He doesn't even like Wep's drawings. That'll show you how low he's risen.

We had to blast the wall of the dining-room to get the sideboard out. When the smoke had cleared away we couldn't find the sideboard. This saved a great deal of trouble. But it was the piano which was the bugbear. All right, bugbear. Have it your own way.

After I'd been juggling with it for ten minutes I let it drop and, wiping the sweat from my brow, inquired of the householder as to the whereabouts of my grandfather.

"He is under the piano," he replied in a weak voice.

Just like Athelbert. He always was fond of music. He was a bugler at the

battle of Waterloo, and so infuriated the troops by indiscriminate bugling that they rose in their wrath and, failing to catch Athelbert, fell upon the enemy and smote them wondrously.

After I had extricated Athelbert I went into consultation with him. Ever been in consultation? Beautiful place. Drives, date palms, mosques, mosquitoes, pyramids.

However, he suggested that he should get the piano out by sections, taking the white keys first, then the black ones, strings, pedals, etceteras, and, as he pointed out, by the time we'd got the main parts out whatever was left over could be put into a bag and slung over the balcony.

"Have you got an axe?" I asked the householder.

"I wish I had," he replied in what I thought was a rather ominous manner.

We procured a saw and converted the piano into two harmoniums. At this stage Athelbert had a marvellous idea. Seeing that we had blown the wall out of the dining-room, why not back the van into the house and just shovel everything into it?

Our brakes are not too good, and one of the mudguards got weighed in the kitchen sink, necessitating the removal of the sink, but, as I explained to the man we were moving, there was bound to be a sink where he was going so it made no difference. Getting out of the van, I inadvertently smashed the wardrobe mirror.

"That's seven years' bad luck!" I sighed.

"Smash another eight and then you'll know what to expect!" said Athelbert. "Save yer livin' a life of futile optimism. 'Smatter of fact," he added, "there's only one mirror left. All the rest seem to have got broke!"

"Smash it," I said. "It looks too untidy among the others."

Hide-and-seek

WE had a bit of a fight about who was going to take up the carpets. You never know in the removal game what you'll find under carpets.

We found two pawn tickets, a cash order book which was a complete surprise to the husband of the house, and a letter which my grandfather was reading out aloud when the householder snatched it from him. People have no manners these days.

There was some difficulty in getting the linoleum off the dining-room floor because the lorry was on it, but we managed to cut around the lorry and got quite a lot of it. Mostly in small pieces, but very handy for tacking on shelves and in cupboards.

Unfortunately there were a frightful lot of doors left over when we had finished. Have you ever counted the doors in your house? It's surprising, when you get them all in a heap how many there are. And they look much bigger lying down than when standing up.

Talk about fun getting the van out of the house! Laugh! I thought I'd die. Wish you'd been there. Part of the balcony fell on Athelbert, and just as we were bumping over the kerb on to the roadway, all the furniture fell off the van.

The man who owned the furniture, he was laughing, too—laughing and crying at the same time. A strange sight.

When I asked him for the £3/10/-, he trembled all over and broke down. He



Converting a piano into two harmoniums by the Lower method.

seemed to be upset. Didn't like leaving his old home, I suppose. He had a look at his furniture and then asked me if he could sleep in the van for the night. I covered him over with a piece of linoleum and left him to sob himself to sleep.

Do you know, for weeks after we had moved that man we kept finding odd

pieces of chair and things in corners of the van.

We are still in business, and if any of you want to make a bolt for it remember "Lower and Lower. Civility, courtesy, cleanliness, promptitude and despatch."

Don't rush your orders in too early, as my grandfather is suffering at the moment from acute balcony of the neck.

Have you her Fashionable SLIM FIGURE

SHE'S the kind of figure which shows off the latest summery dresses to perfection—but once she'd a tendency to put on weight, to lose those graceful lines, until a friend recommended her to take Bile Beans. Now her figure's as lovely and slim as it ever was.

Don't envy her, but get that slim, fashionable figure for yourself by taking Bile Beans nightly. These fine vegetable pills tone up the system, ensure internal health, and melt away all surplus fat.

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"I put on so much weight that it greatly reduced my energy and made me short of breath. But the nightly Bile Beans have removed all my surplus fat. I now weigh sixteen pounds less and am in better health than ever before."—Mrs. W. Thompson.



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Some time ago she pointed out the value of "Vi-Lactogen." I recommend it to all mothers unable to feed their infants.
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"Vi-Lactogen" is the only satisfactory food I have used. Two babies each weighing 4-lbs. at birth are using "Vi-Lactogen" for tablets each weighing 4-lbs. At birth I have won at the Hospital weighing 14-lbs. at birth, they have been one week on "Vi-Lactogen" and each has gained 1-lb.

Yours faithfully, C. A. A.

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NEW BOOKS

CONDUCTED BY JEAN WILLIAMSON

Hans Fallada's New Book Now Translated "ONCE WE HAD A CHILD"

It is a significant thing that some of the best work in novels that post-war Europe is producing is coming out of Germany—a country that has gone through revolution, great economic hardship, and terrific political stress. It is possible that this whirlpool of events has stimulated the artists who were swirled around in its many currents, but, whatever the reason, Germany has as fine a group of young novelists to-day as any nation in the world.

Of these, some have enjoyed a reputation for a number of years; others are comparative newcomers. Among the latter is Hans Fallada, whose "Once We Had a Child" has just been translated into English and published by Putnams.

FALLADA is, of course, well known for his two earlier works, "Little Man What Now" and "He Who Eats Out of a Tin Bowl." Both these novels gained for him a world-wide popularity among readers of a certain class, and, despite a certain tinge of sentimentality, were books far above the average in quality.

Although this novelist has not yet attained the stature, as a novelist or artist, of such writers among his countrymen as Thomas Mann, Sudermann, or Wassermann, he is yet a figure in modern fiction. There is a quality of bitterness about his novels that must make them notable, no matter how many faults—and there are some—critics may be able to point out.

"Once We Had a Child" is set on the peninsula of Fiddichow, portion of the island of Rugen, on the Baltic. Here the Gantschows have lived for generations, farming their land and breeding men as wild, untamed, and unpredictable as the surroundings in which they are born.

Fine Conception

AROUND the story centres mainly Johannes Gantschow, to account for his turbulent nature and ruthless, tragedy-capped life, opens the novel with an account of the earlier members of the family, and, in doing so, creates some magnificent figures. But the full significance of their introduction does not rest on their individual eccentricities and gigantic follies. Gradually, as one follows Johannes' career, one sees that he, the last of his line, is living out once more the destinies of his ancestors. He is his grandfather, his great-grandfather,

and others still further back; they have bequeathed to him their vices, their follies, and their virtues—even their tragedies.

It is a splendidly worked-out conception, even although the time taken in getting it under way is rather long. That, if anything, is the major fault of the book: right through it is marked by a rather Teutonic heaviness in movement. This will be no bar to those who have become accustomed to the German school of novelists, but, even others, who may be deterred by this defect, will find the book more than worth while proceeding with.

Childhood Friendship

THE most charming section is that dealing with the boy and girl friendship between Johannes and the young Countess Christiane. This is finely



HANS FALLADA, one of the younger German novelists, and author of "Once We Had a Child."

handled; there is a fresh tang of the outdoors about it; it has all the idyllic qualities of a relationship between two children not yet sufficiently grown-up to be aware of any of the complications between those of opposite sex.

Johannes Gantschow is a figure towards whom many people will find it hard to feel sympathetic. But all must feel keenly the tragedy that, eventually, overtakes him. Imagine a man who has never really loved anybody in his life, who has ruthlessly swept aside his wife, has been next to a really great love and who realises it only when it is taken away from him.

"He discovered, too late, that he was capable of love, and must now submit, in fetters of his own making, to be devoured by the rats of remorse. He found . . . a woman, and that woman was, for him, now dead. And his chest contained no more than his grandfather Dullman's chest: some worthless rubbish, and a child's frock, unworn." (Putnams. All booksellers. 7/6.)



SHORT REVIEWS



"WOMAN OF GLENSHIELS," Lennox Kerr.

This is a stimulating book, despite the fact that the author has written some of the most depressing things in the world—sickness, suffering, privation, and death. Throughout it all one feels the strong, indomitable spirit that was Mary Bassett triumphing, even when to all accounts and purposes she is a beaten and broken woman. Lennox Kerr can write of working-class people better than most. Their hopes, their aspirations, their faults, and their follies are portrayed with what one feels is a sincere understanding. One felt this in "Glenshiels," and again in his latest

novel, "Woman of Glenshiels" is the record of Mary Bassett, starting her working life in a factory the day after her fourteenth birthday. She had a pride, a courage, a fighting spirit which nothing could break down, and one closes the book with a mental picture of Mary, clear-eyed and resolute as ever, though her material world was wrecked about her feet. (Collins. 7/6.)

"SECRET HEART," Olive Wadley.

Mary Leslow and her daughter, Anne, were happy in the state of comparative poverty that is the everyday state of fourth-rate theatricals on tour. When news came that Anne had inherited a fortune amounting to a million pounds Mary Leslow was not without regrets for the changes it would bring. But she joined Anne in her venture into a new world of wealth and luxury, and just how satisfying that new world proved the reader will decide for herself. (Cassell. 3/6.)

"SACKCLOTH INTO SILK," Warwick Deeping.

This story is reminiscent of "Dorrell and Son" inasmuch as it treats of the same theme—the unselfish love of a parent for a much-beloved child. Karl Slopp, a highly-strung, imaginative child, was the son of an invalid, impractical theorist with revolutionary tendencies. His mother was a fat, kindly, and hard-working Jewess who supported the family with her old clothes shop in Islington. She had visions and dreamed dreams about her youngest son, and spared no pains to make them become realities. Karl eventually becomes a successful playwright, changes his name to Charles Keateven, and has a country estate. His mother, with imagination, understanding, and boundless energy, keeps pace with him and is his constant companion. But success spoils Karl, and it is not until she is stricken with a fatal illness that he fully realises the realities of life. Mr. Deeping has depicted a fine mother type, and the story is one to enjoy. (Cassell. 7/6.)

"HUMAN DRIFT," By Leonard Mann.

Love and the gold lust, strong instincts in human nature, animate the lives of the characters in the novel, "Human Drift," by Leonard Mann. The eternal triangle is always rich in scope for drama, excitement, thrills and adventure, and the author has handled his situations so skillfully that the result is a story packed full of human interest, and sidelights on human psychology. There are stirring descriptions of the danger surrounding the lives of the gold diggers, and impressive passages of the Ballarat riots. (Angus and Robertson. 6/-.)

BRAN TUB No. 31

A JERK AT THE STRING. AND

BERT

EU

AT

HE

ED

W

QUICK

FOLL

OWED

EH

BRAN TUB

£50

MUST BE WON

Can You Solve This Simple Puzzle?

Don't miss this splendid one-week competition! It is just a short and easily-remembered paragraph about BEES, which appeared in an Australian paper some time ago, and has now been put into puzzle form by our artist. The opening words, "A jerk at the string . . ." will tell you what it is all about—and, for the rest, the wording is simple and the sense of the sentence will help you. Each picture or sign may mean part of a word, one, two, or three words, but not more than three.

Solve the puzzle carefully and write your solution IN INK on one side of a sheet of paper. Add your name and residential address, and post the entry to:—"BRAN TUB," No. 31V, Box 4155X, G.P.O., Sydney.

READ THESE RULES CAREFULLY

All entries must be postmarked not later than FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 29. The First Prize of £50 will be awarded to the competitor whose solution of the paragraph is correct, or most nearly correct. In case of ties, the prize money will be divided, but the full amount will be paid. Sealed Solution and £50 Prize Money is deposited with The Australian Women's Weekly Sydney. A postal note for 1/- must accompany each initial entry, and 6d. each additional entry. (Where postal notes are not obtainable, 1/2 in stamps will be accepted in lieu of 1/- postal note.) Any number of attempts may be sent on plain paper. Alternatives in single entries will be disqualified. Post Office addresses not accepted. Results will be published on Saturday, December 14.

£50 WON

RESULT OF "BRAN TUB" No. 28

The Winning Competitors in this contest are:—
Mrs. J. THOMAS, "Esperance," Katoomba Street, Katoomba, N.S.W.
Mr. A. TATLY, 52 Mand Street, Goulburn, N.S.W.
Their solutions were the only correct ones received, and the prize of £50 in cash will be divided equally between them. Prize money will be posted on Friday, December 6.

SOLUTION TO "BRAN TUB" No. 28

The affrighted animal, still attached to the conveyance, galloped down the gradient, and being unable owing to the impetus gained to sheer off, toppled headlong into the river.



Any Time is TEA TIME

*"Relax--and drink
good, hot tea"
advises 'Andrea'
(The notable English writer)*

"When I've worked solidly through the morning, how I welcome my cup of tea at eleven—the best pick-me-up that I know! It's so grand to relax and drink good hot tea—to feel energy flowing back again, mental cobwebs being whisked away, relief from the tenseness of thinking and striving for the right phrase. Tea is undoubtedly the most refreshing of all drinks, for any hour of the day.

Overseas, of course, iced tea is a regular favourite and THERE'S a sensible Summer drink for you—cool and thirst-quenching, and the next best to hot tea for real refreshment."

Try it one day — it's easily made.
RECIPE FOR CREAMED ICED TEA

2 tablespoonfuls good quality tea, 1 quart boiling water, 3 ozs. castor sugar, $\frac{1}{2}$ pint of cream (or $\frac{1}{2}$ pint milk), 1 lemon.

Put tea in teapot, previously heated, pour the boiling water over the tea, allow to infuse for 5 minutes then pour off into a jug. Place jug in freezer for two hours, then mix the tea, with the sugar and cream (or milk) and place in freezer and chill. Serve with thin slices of lemon. Always strain tea carefully.

FREE RECIPE BOOK
Now available giving you lots of hints on Iced Tea. Write for a copy to the Tea Market Expansion Bureau, Ryrie House, Macquarie Place, Sydney, enclosing a 1d. stamp to cover postage.

Hot or Iced

RECIPE FOR CARAVAN ICED TEA

Put two teaspoonfuls of a good quality tea (to each $\frac{1}{2}$ pint of water) in a jug and then pour the necessary amount of COLD water over same. Place the jug in the refrigerator or Ice Chest overnight. To serve—first stir the leaves thoroughly—then pour through strainer into another jug. Serve into glasses with slice of lemon. Add icing sugar to taste. This recipe produces a beautifully clear and palatable Iced Tea.

ISSUED BY THE TEA MARKET EXPANSION BUREAU

1500

good TEA stimulates
quenches

MEN and ANGEL

Continued from Page 5

IN a moment alone with Mrs. Morgan, while Neville retrieved his hat and stuck from the small salon, she learned the rest. "I can't afford to sub-let for less," said Mrs. Morgan.

"I'll let you know almost at once," said Angela.

Mr. Morgan had disappeared and did not return. When Neville said good-bye, Mrs. Morgan put her hand on his arm.

"Thanks very much, Neville, for bringing Miss Todd to see the place," she said rather nicely, said Angela, going down the stairs.

"Oh, Matty's all right," said Neville carelessly. "She has a pretty thin time with that lyric love of hers."

Angela said: "Let's go somewhere and talk about the rent. That's all I'm uncertain about."

So Neville took her to a small cafe in the Place St.-Michel called the Boule d'Or. It was just sunset, and the great fountain at the head of the Place flowed coolly into its basin. Nearly all the little tables on the pavement were full of tired people, easing off after work.

Angela had a citron presse with as much ice as she could get.

"Double fine," said Neville.

The waiter had shown them to a table against the wall.

WHEN Neville had drunk half the cognac, he set down the glass and shook his head like a man clearing his night.

"Well," he said, "what did she ask you?"

Angela told him.

"Not bad," he said slowly. "Not bad."

"Not bad at all," said Angela. "The only thing is, I've got just so much—no more. Can I afford—"

phone Mrs. Morgan that I will take her flat, and I am going to see she understands that it is I who am paying for it."

Neville smiled to himself.

"That might not, in any case," he said, "be a bad idea."

"Before what money I have now is gone," said Angela, "I'll find a way to make more."

She faced him with an assurance she was far from feeling.

"I'm going," she said.

"May I go with you?" said Neville politely.

HE paid the waiter and followed. Although sunset yet stained the sky and the unrippled reaches of the river, lights were coming on.

In the middle of the Pont St.-Michel Neville stopped. He drew Angela with him until they stood next to the wall of the old grey bridge, looking downstream.

Since they left the Boule d'Or neither had spoken.

Angela thought: "What will he say now? How can he possibly explain—"

She might have known Neville better. Suddenly he laughed.

"Well, no hard feelings, eh?"

For a moment Angela stood silent; then she said sweetly:

"No feelings of any sort at all. Why should there be?"

She might not have been so sure of her lack of any sort of emotion if, when Neville left her at the door of the Hotel Birron, she could have followed his errant footsteps first into a telephone box, where he stayed briefly, then back in a leisurely way to the Boule d'Or, now less crowded, and so decidedly better adapted to the purposes of private conversation.



Asking FATHER

"What's alimony,
Dad?"

"Another war debt
a lot of ex-husbands
would like to see
cancelled."

"Mean to say you've no allowance from the grandparents?"

"They haven't even answered the note I left for them when I came away. I don't expect them to. Why should they? I've upset every plan they had for me."

Neville said, unexpectedly direct: "Just, what plans have you for yourself?"

"I thought," said Angela, "I'd try to do some modelling." She flushed.

"Jim Wheeler thought I might."

"Wheeler again?" said Neville.

Angela put more sugar in her lemon.

She said:

"I've told you before—"

"When you're angry," said Neville gently, "your face goes cold and still, like a frozen river. Ever try a self-portrait?"

Angela did not answer him. She sat looking off across the Place where buses and taxis and trams passed in a dull roar of sound.

"Angela!" said Neville. He put his arm along the back of her chair, round her shoulders. When, melted by his touch, she turned to him, he said: "You ought to have the flat. It suits you."

"I love it," said Angela. "I can just see—"

She did not finish. She was thinking that she could see wonderful evenings with Neville in the window where Mr. Morgan had sat.

"You needn't worry about the rent, darling," said Neville.

Angela said: "What do you mean?"

She looked at him out of wide, puzzled eyes. She saw what he meant before he said:

"Let me help you."

"That's insulting," she told him tell.

"Not in the least. Take it or leave it. This is Paris, you know."

"But you and I," said Angela. She couldn't believe—

"Speak for yourself," he said.

Then it was true what she had felt about him. Changed. Not yet done with changing. She picked up her bag and her gloves.

"Where are you going?" said Neville.

Angela said: "I am going to tele-

In the telephone box, upon getting his number, he had said merely: "Hi—Hi—I want to talk to you. Meet me in five minutes at the Boule, will you? You can do it if you try."

At the Boule he sauntered to the same table against the wall, pulled out a chair and sat down while over a glass of coffee Mrs. Morgan watched him anxiously.

She said: "I ordered this for you, too."

Neville snapped his fingers at the waiter. "Double fine."

"Oh, Neville, coffee is much better for you."

"I'm not looking to better myself at the moment," said Neville, irritably. After he had drunk the cognac he relaxed into a faintly satiric smile.

"You're a good sport, Matty. Tell me that for you. But I know you'd want to know more."

Mrs. Morgan said: "I slipped out while Gine was having a cold bath. He lives in the bath this weather. I can't stay but a minute. Tell me quickly. What's it all about? Who is she and why are you—"

"I know her people," said Neville.

"And I thought you'd be glad of a chance—"

"I am—of course I am—only—"

"She's nothing to me—if that's what you mean," said Neville.

Mrs. Morgan flushed deeply.

"What's she doing in Paris, anyway—on her own like this? She's not the sort. She has sheltered woman written all over her."

Neville said: "She thinks she can sculpt. She's got a letter from a chap named Wheeler to some artist Johnny with an atelier."

"Neville—is that all really?"

"You're a jealous busy," said Neville.

He added thoughtfully:

"That red and white stuff is good on you. You look like Pomona—or something."

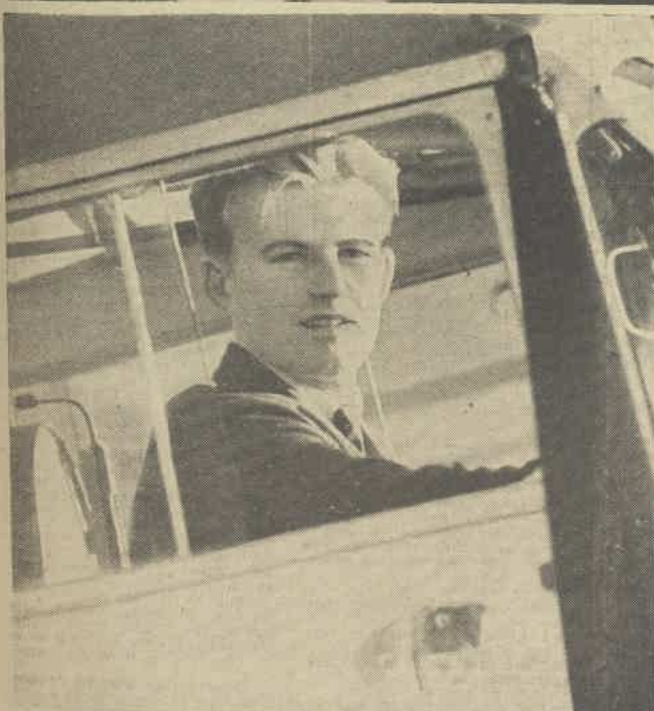
"I've got to run," said Mrs. Morgan. Her eyes were humid. "He'll be wild if his dinner's not ready in time. He's so nasty nowadays, Neville. I don't know how I stand it."

Please turn to Page 16

IMMORTALS of the CLOUDS



SIR CHARLES AND LADY KINGSFORD SMITH with "Smithy" jun. A hitherto unpublished study taken by The Australian Women's Weekly shortly before "Smithy" sen. left for England on his last trip.



"GREATER LOVE HATH NO MAN than that he risk his life for his mate."
"Jimmy" Melrose in the cockpit of the plane in which he went in search of Kingsford Smith.

If He Be Gone

If he be gone, a memory
remains
Of one who blazed new
highways in the sky;
Counting the honor only,
not the gains,
Winning a laurel riches
cannot buy.

If he be gone, to us and to
his wife
And little son, each sorrow-
laden breath
Still holds this comfort:
that a hero's life
Has had its ending in
heroic death.

—Stewart Howard.



TOM PETRYBRIDGE, hero of many aerial adventures, and "Smithy's" co-pilot and "cobber."

UNDERARM SHAVING IS DANGEROUS

Delicate parts can be permanently harmed by the rough scraping of razors. Razors both coarsen the skin and make the hair grow thicker and stronger.

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CRÈME La-nê-ta REMOVES UNWANTED HAIR



DON'T NEGLECT A CUT
DALZO
STICKING PLASTER
FOR FIRST AID
ALL CREMISTS

"BETTER run along, then," said Neville. "Tell him you just run down to get a nightingale's tongue for his supper. See you very soon," he added, preparing to leave her.

Mrs. Morgan shaped a kiss with her honest mouth.

Angela stood next a stall on which great red tomatoes, silvery-green artichokes, purple egg-plants, and creamy heads of cauliflower were tidily set forth. Beside her Neville waited, a huge paper parcel in the crook of one arm. Angela was consulting a list.

"Lettuce," she murmured. "Mayonnaise, pickles, white wine, langoustine..." the dinner which, with her first look at the furnished gold wallpaper, she had dreamed was coming true.

More than a week since she had decided to take the flat on the Ile. Already she had been for two days installed there and now she was having a house-warming—with only Neville for guest.

"Have I forgotten anything?" she demanded.

"Bread," said Neville triumphantly. Watching Angela out of narrowed, smiling eyes, he shifted the parcel and leaned upon his stick.

Not a man, she thought, to carry parcels. It made one feel quite tender towards him.

MEN and ANGEL

She said: "I'll get bread on the street behind the Quad. There's a boulangerie. You can drop me after we cross the bridge."

NEVILLE signalled a passing taxi. They got in and sat down, laughing.

"Hot!" said Neville. He set the parcel on the floor of the cab, took off his hat and wiped his forehead. "Must be almost six and still hotter than blazes."

"I should have got these things this morning," said Angela remorsefully, "then they could have been sent."

"What's the matter with Neville the Special Deliverer?"

"Nothing. He's remarkable." Rattling through endless hot and dusty streets the taxi came at last to the Ile side of the Pont Louis Philippe. There Angela gave Neville her key and got out.

"Go on up," she said, "when you get to the house, and put the langoustine and wine to keep. I shan't be fifteen minutes." She hung back to add: "I

Continued from Page 14

hate you to carry so much stuff up all those stairs."

"On your way, woman," said Neville tenderly. "Who am I doing it for?"

He climbed the stairs in a leisurely way, and stood as usual for a breathing space upon the fifth landing before putting Angela's key into the lock.

Once inside, he dropped his burden precipitately upon the dining-room table and threw himself into a chair, swearing softly.

Across the court in the back a woman was singing—or it might have been a gramophone—that haunting song of foreboding. "Ne Dis Pas Toutjours." "Say not always, indeed!" grumbled Neville exhaustedly. Presently he got to his feet and began to open the parcel.

The food safe stood in the bathroom, because there was no room for it in the kitchen. It held already butter, eggs, and a small fragment of melon.

After showing away the lobster and the wine so that the door of the safe would close, Neville went back into the dining-room, took off his coat, dropped it on a chair, took off his tie, laid it on his coat; opened his collar and rolled up his sleeves.

HE was standing in the kitchen holding the just unwrapped head of lettuce when the door bell trilled.

"Damn—thought I left it open for her," muttered Neville. He called carelessly: "Just a minute, darling!"

It was not, however, Angela to whom he opened the door.

The young man waiting on the landing was clean-cut and cool-eyed, with a small reddish moustache. He said in slow, careful French: "I am looking for Mademoiselle Todd."

As he regarded Neville, careless, tieless, open-collared, to all appearance a man at ease in his own home, he added with a slight frown: "Perhaps a mistake."

Neville did not instantly reply. His mouth twitched and his eyes gleamed with outrageous understanding and amusement, before he inquired with an impeccable English inflection: "Angel?"

The young man stared coldly. "Sorry to have troubled you," he said with a certain degree of impatience. He was turning away when Neville called him back. "Miss Todd's first name is Angela. Come in, won't you?"

He was all hospitality. The young man hesitated. "She just went out on an errand," said Neville. "Be back in five minutes or less."

"My name is Talmadge," said the caller. He came into the little hallway.

"Come into the sitting-room," said Neville. "Bit cooler in there." The sun was dropping fast. But even so the room was not cool.

"Captain Talmadge, is it?" asked Neville—"or Major?" He offered a cigarette. "I've heard Angel speak of you."

Talmadge said: "Captain. Thanks, not just now." "Sit down," said Neville. "Been a terrible day. Can I offer you a drink?"

"No trouble at all," said Neville. "Matter of fact I was just about to have one myself."

The bell rang again. Neville called: "Just a minute, darling. Excuse me, will you?" he said to Talmadge, before he went to the door.

Talmadge got up and walked to the window. He stood there looking out through the poplars at the towers of Notre Dame. He was standing there when Angela came into the room with Neville behind her.

"I'm so glad to see you," said Angela. She gave Talmadge her hand. He shook it impersonally and released it.

"Get the bread, Angel?" said Neville. He knew she had got the bread. He had just taken it from her and laid it on the kitchen table.

He said to Talmadge: "Most forgetful little woman the Lord ever made." "Little woman!" said Angela jolly. She thought: "Neville is possessed. I could kill him for this."

NEVILLE rolled down his sleeves and buttoned them. "Sorry I have to be running along for a bit, Angel."

"Sorry," said Angela bitterly. "You must let us see something of you while you're here, Captain Talmadge," said Neville with his most charming smile.

"Thanks," said Talmadge with entire disinterest. "I'm going back to London to-night."

While Neville was putting on his coat and knotting his tie in the dining-room, Angela said to Talmadge: "Aren't you going to sit down?"

She sat at one end of the couch, he at the other.

"Do you like my little flat?" she asked him.

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Ladies' Powder Box. 1/6.

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Please turn to Page 18

Some NEW LAUGHS

Conducted by L. W. LOWER "Most jokes were old and mellow when we were seventeen. When we are old and mellow, they'll still be evergreen."



JUDGE: Eleven years.
PRISONER: What, sir, eleven days?
JUDGE: Yes, eleven Christmas Days.



BURGLAR (to householder): The next time you have a suit made, get navy-blue. My wife doesn't think light grey suits me.



"Slowaway!"
"Yeah! What about it?"
"Are—are you comfortable?"



A.B.: It's just as well the boys can't see me saving your life, Captain. They wouldn't half kill me, would they?



TENNIS STRAINS & FOOT TROUBLES

For Sure Relief Use

Zam-Buk

A STRENUOUS set, and you won't ... but what of your feet? Sore, hot, aching? Then they need Zam-Buk. Don't spoil your game by putting up any longer with foot troubles. Get the best out of your tennis by caring for your feet in the following simple manner.

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are quickly relieved by Zam-Buk. Hard skin, corns, and bunions are softened. Joints, ankles, toes and feet are made easy and you can enjoy your sport in comfort. Start with Zam-Buk to-night!

1/6 or 3/6 a box. Of all Chemists & Stores

Rub ZAM-BUK In Every Night

Brainwaves

A prize of 2/6 is paid for each joke used.

HUSBAND: We've only one more payment to make and this furniture will be ours!

WIFE: Good! Then we can throw it out and get some new stuff!

YOUNG WIFE: Harold is so slovenly; half the buttons are generally missing from his clothes.

Severe Aunt: H'm. Perhaps they are not sewn on properly.

Young Wife: That's just it. He's awfully careless about his sewing.

"AND where did you first meet your wife?"

"I did not meet her. She overtook me."

"OH, doctor, they tell me these spots were caused by biting insects. What shall I do?"

"Stop biting insects."

FIRST GOLFER (concluding fishing story): And he was about as long as that last drive of yours.

Second Golfer: Oh, I say, really?

First Golfer: Yes, so I threw him back.

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Illustrated is the popular Bra-Tie (front and back).



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CONSTIPATION
the one, safe, certain way!

NO matter how serious the condition—no matter how many medicines and purgatives you have tried in vain, Laxettes will quickly end constipation. Even the most chronic sufferers can obtain relief from weakening, unhealthy, poisonous constipation. Laxettes have proved, in thousands and thousands of cases, to be the one pure laxative that ends constipation without upsetting the system.



FORM NO HABIT—DOUBLY EFFECTIVE—DOUBLY ECONOMICAL

LAXETTES

**MOTHERS!
BEWARE!**

WORMS may be robbing your child of health. Worms are a health-wrecker. They cause bad nerves, night terrors, loss of weight and weakness. Baxter's Worm Tablets will definitely overcome the most stubborn case of worms and will do it without harm. Baxter's Worm Tablets do not contain santonin or any compound irritating, injurious or upsetting, and are definitely guaranteed as a worm-killer and expeller. Write for authoritative literature to 366 Swanston Street, Melbourne.

FOR YOUNG AND OLD!

Laxettes are the ideal laxative for children, and men and women of all ages. Delicious to taste, Laxettes can be the means of bringing you new vitality; Laxettes can free you for ever from the horror of constipation. Laxettes are not expensive. Any chemist or store-keeper can supply the big tin at 1/6d.



**WHY LAXETTES
are so successful!**

Some medicines have a disastrous effect, acting violently, suddenly, explosively. Others give temporary ease only. Laxettes, alone, act naturally, gently, without pain or purging. The secret of the phenomenal success of Laxettes, lies in their consistently high quality, in the absolute purity of ingredients, skillfully compounded to make Laxettes safe, yet efficient. They're far more effective than cheap and nasty imitations—far more economical.



BRUYERE chooses navy-blue taffeta with polka dots to fashion this charming afternoon gown. The dainty blouse is of Swiss embroidery, and the belt of navy-blue leather with a fancy buckle.

MEN and ANGEL

Continued from Page 16

FROM the door Neville called back clearly: "Angel, I've left the things for dinner in the safe."

When the door had opened and closed, Talmadge said grimly, looking at her with speculation:

"Your little flat is delightful. You didn't waste much time finding one, did you?"

Angela sat and looked back at him with rage and helplessness in her heart. The rage was for Neville who had known very well what picture he was painting, but the helplessness was in his way a new experience.

"Neville," she said, "is such a clown." The wrong gambit. She knew it directly the words were out of her mouth.

"I didn't get that impression," said Talmadge.

"Of course, I've known him so long—"

—said Angela.

Talmadge said: "Why explain?"

Angela said: "I'm not explaining."

She colored hotly. "There's no one in this world to whom I owe an explanation—of anything I may choose to do."

"Have I questioned that?" said Talmadge.

concoquely.

"It's merely," said Angela, "that I dislike being misunderstood."

Talmadge said nothing at all.

"Cigarette?" said Angela. She thought if only she could get past his bitter, withdrawn contempt—

"Thanks, I've got some," said Talmadge. But he made no move to light one.

"Let me mix you a drink?" said Angela.

"Thanks," he said again. "Nothing for me."

That last morning with him on the boat—had it really happened? Like looking into a lightning flash. Now this ice-bound impassivity. Somehow unendurable. After all, they had for one moment been strangely close. If he had not wanted to see her again, why had he come?

She said: "I am so glad to see you. How did you get my address?" Trying to sound just natural and friendly.

"Your bank. They said they had your permission to give it to anyone asking for you." The ironic apology in his voice.

"They had," said Angela, trembling with anger that was more than half-hurt. "Why shouldn't I have told them?"

He said: "You know your own affairs best." He stood up.

ANGELA was instantly beside him. She said: "What are you thinking?" She laid her hand on his arm to force him to look at her.

"You might," she said, "come out with it to my face. Not just stand there saying to yourself: 'One more woman—not worth killing.'"

"It is not my business," he told her imperturbably, "what you do. Nor with whom you do it. I'll be pushing on, if you don't mind."

Angela did mind. With an inten-

sity that surprised herself. She took her hand off his arm. She locked her fingers together before her. She said with her pale gold head well up: "You think I'm living with Neville."

That for an instant unsettled his stony calm. She thought: "He didn't expect me to say it." She went on recklessly: "Well, I'm not."

"If you were," he said, "it would still be none of my business."

Angela said: "I tell you I'm not!"

She wanted to beat on him with her fists. She had never known such impotent rage.

"And I tell you," he said all at once, no less blackly furious, "that if you are not now, you will be."

Two flames leaping towards the quiet ceiling could not have come more suddenly alight, burned with a deadlier heat.

Angela said in a voice she scarcely knew for her own: "After that, I think you had better go."

Talmadge bowed stiffly. At the door he turned once.

"Say good-bye to your friend for me."

Then he was gone.

Angela walked to the window and stood there leaning against the side of it. Staring out into a roseate sky laced with green branches.

She thought: "I should never have let him kiss me that morning—I'm getting only what I asked for."

"Don't—unless you want to," he had said to her. And she had held up her mouth to him. Wanting to—he had then apparently concluded—with any man. Tears dried on her cheeks.

Humiliation chilled her to the bone. And less than half an hour before she had been so happy. Coming up the stairs she had been singing to herself—like a fool.

The doorbell rang. She went tiredly to answer it. Neville, with one hand behind him. With his most endearing smile. When he saw her eyes he left off smiling. From behind his back he produced a cornucopia of half-open white roses.

"Went round to the flower market for these," he explained. "Can't have a house-warming with only one rose in the house." He came in and closed the door. "What—no house-warming?" he said reproachfully.

Angela tried to set herself and steel herself against him. In spite of which warmth came over her like a spring tide over sands. After all, here was no stranger. From the moment of her arrival in Paris he had been ready at her every call. Only that afternoon he had been so dear, carrying the heavy parcel. He had been so good, juggling it up five flights of stairs. He, who always began to breathe hard at the third.

"Neville," she said, her futile attempt at sternness ending in a shaker laugh. "How did you know he had gone?"

"Easy," said Neville, blandly shameless. "Been sitting in the cafe on the corner, watching."

(To Be Continued)

Each week £1 is paid for the best letter, and 2/6 for every other letter published on this page.

Pen names will not be used, following the decision of readers given in the poll taken on this page.

So They Say

READERS, NOTE!

The "So They Say" page is your page. Any topic you care to write about is welcome, so long as it is interesting — and provocative. Letters should not exceed 120 words.

THIS FREEDOM!

WHAT do the young people of to-day imagine they have won?

Late hours, freedom during leisure, scantier attire for girls, much mixing while bathing and intolerance of parental guidance are not signs of advancement.

Yet it would surprise them were they to realise how many middle-aged and old people really concur with the present wave of freedom for youth. The pity of it is that, to date, it hasn't got anyone anywhere.

Poverty is rampant, and the onus is on youth to demonstrate that the present freedom is going to be of material benefit.

If the young people of to-day do not leave the world in a better state than they found it, they may be sneered at by their children and grandchildren, as even older people are NOT sneered at to-day.

£1 for this letter to Mr. J. P. Taylor, 16 Curtis St., North Adelaide, S.A.

GET A HUSTLE ON

HAS this ever struck you? It is a new opinion of us. I was talking to an American the other day and I asked him to be candid about us. These are some of the things he said:

"Well, one of the things which strikes me about Australians is their slowness in walking in large cities. In America one is regarded as a slow thinker if he dawdles along a city footpath. The American is usually in a hurry because he has something to do and he knows that every moment he saves in transit from place to place is so much longer he can spend at his destination, where he can be doing something."

"The only conclusion I can come to is that the average Australian has nowhere to go and nothing to do—especially the women. And the lack of physical briskness shows a lack of mental alertness. How else can I explain it? In my journeys round your city the crawling crowds have exasperated me intensely—and nine out of every ten seem to be women."

Was he right? Perhaps you letter-writers might have some views on the subject.

J. W. Henning, 244 Pitt St., Sydney.

OUR EXPLANATION

WOMEN are often accused by their menfolk of being like sheep in following fashion, regardless of whether they suit them or not. But do our accusers realise that when a certain fashion prevails, it is almost impossible to get anything else?

When hats are turned up at the back, whether your hair suits such a style or not, you wear them, as it is difficult to get any other type. We only follow the fashion because shops rarely stock anything else while the fashion prevails.

Mrs. J. Dyer, 56 Windsor St., Paddington, N.S.W.

AUSTRALIANS, AWAKE!

AUSTRALIANS, men and women, I charge you with being the most apathetic race in the world! With all the wonders of this glorious continent about you, how many can really discourse, even briefly, on Australian fauna, or the habits of our aborigines?

The study of the Australian blacks is most interesting, their legends date back hundreds of years, and have fascinated scientists from the farthest corners of the earth. But very few Australians know anything of them.

Learn to know and love your country! Mrs. T. Brooks-Moxham, Surrey St., Guildford, N.S.W.

"POPULAR" MUSIC

HAVE you noticed the ephemeral quality of our popular songs? Our mothers taught us the songs they sang in their youth, but we will not be able to remember any of ours.

A new song catches our fancy; there is a rush to learn it; we sing it day and night for a week, then a new one comes along. A month afterwards we hear that first tune, and wonder vaguely what it is.

Mrs. F. I. McEldon Bartlett, 11 James St., Northcote N16, Vic.

Would You Rather Have a Man Or Woman Doctor?

RE Mrs. G. Rushton's letter about women doctors. I prefer men doctors as they are more kindly and understanding. I couldn't have much faith in a woman doctor, although there are some very clever ones. Men, I have found, are sympathetic, patient, and understanding.

Mrs. J. McDonald, 50 Briggelaw Ave., Kensington Gardens, S.A.

Loyal Woman!

I AM an admirer of the attainments of my own sex, and this is, to a certain extent, the reason for my preferring to have a woman doctor to attend me.

I cannot speak too highly of the attention I have at all times received at the hands of women doctors. Somehow I have always felt ill at ease when in the presence of any member of the medical profession, but am of the opinion that women doctors understand more readily the feelings of their own sex.

Miss M. Ludlow, Northam Ave., Bardonia, Brisbane.

Her Womanliness Helped

AS in all other walks of life, some are good and some not so good, according to the individual. I have been attended by capable, courteous men doctors, and also by a woman doctor, who was gentle, cheerful, business-like, and skilful.

Recently a woman doctor, by her smile, her pretty clothes, her gentle manner, and her tactful handling of a sensitive child, worked wonders, and her skill and capability were none the less apparent because of her attractive appearance.

Mrs. Stella A. Chapman, 140 Through Rd., Burwood, Vic.

A Sister's Opinion

I FIND that the male doctor is more gentle and considerate to both patient and nurse than the woman doctor. Personally, I would much rather be attended by and work with the man doctor.

Sister W. Bonner, Eleanora, Scottsdale, Tas.

A Long-felt Want

I CANNOT understand your attitude. Mrs. Rushton, in regard to women doctors (2/11/35). My experience with them has been quite the opposite to yours.

It seems to me to be only natural that there are many topics, especially bodily complaints, about which a woman can speak with far less restraint to another woman than she could to a man, however clever and sympathetic. I myself have received considerable help from women doctors in matters I would never have dreamed of mentioning to a man.

More particularly in maternity cases do I think that the woman doctor is filling a long-felt want in the community.

Mrs. M. L. Christian, Bellimbopinal, N.S.W.

"Old Woman's" Advice To Those About to Wed

LEARN from an "old woman's" experience! Do not allow your husband to form the habit of helping with the dishes or scrubbing the bathroom floor.

Start your married life with the clear idea that he has his job and you have yours, and there is a deadline between them.

Mrs. Mary Clement, Elbow Hill, S.A.

Jealous Women

MRS. BUSHTON seems to be at a loss to know why women doctors are not popular with women.

There seems to be an antagonism between women, and it is a well-known fact that the most severe judges and critics of a woman are other women. Let a woman fall, and her rise is always retarded, if not completely foiled, by other women. There is apparently no pity or mercy in a woman's nature for one of her own kind. May I as a representative of the male element, offer an explanation? It is just this: Women are jealous, distrustful of, and ever watchful of one of their own sex, whether she be aged 12 years or 120 years.

Digby Searth-Rowe, Currumbene House, Hushisson, via Nowra, N.S.W.

Do YOU Call Your Husband "My Old Man"?

I QUITE agree with you, Miss Davis (2/11/35), that men who refer to their wives as "the old woman," and women who refer to their husbands as "the old man," show very bad taste indeed.

In the first days of marriage no such expressions are heard. They come to be used either through loss of affection or from lack of good manners.

Even the younger generation is using them freely, applying them to both mother and father.

D. Connington, 50 Pellissier Rd., Putney, N.S.W.

Is Love Blind?

I RECENTLY read that "people who are 'in love' never really understand each other, and that is the reason they love." Do you agree with this, readers? I do. I think that when people say



they are "in love," in most cases, they like the glamor which surrounds love and loving. If we really understood the one we love, we would see his faults too clearly and we would promptly fall "out of love."

Miss Lois Ireland, Kingsleire, Potts Point, N.S.W.

Very Distasteful

I AGREE with Miss Davis that the expression "old woman" used by lots of husbands when referring to their wife lowers her prestige in the eyes of friends and acquaintances, and to hear a woman referring to her husband as the "old man" is very much more distasteful. I can't help wondering why it is used so often. Yet many a man devoted to his wife always refers to her as "my old woman."

Miss A. Bulloch, Verran Avenue, Hilton, S.A.

Too Sweeping

I CANNOT agree with Miss Davis (2/11/35). Her opinion is too sweeping. In my experience the terms "the old man" and "the old woman" are used more often in affection than through lack of respect, just as our brothers and sons at public schools speak of "my governor" or "my master"—the expressions showing their pride and possession.

Of course, there must be exceptions, as always, but we should be careful to avoid wholesale condemnation.

Mrs. A. F. Robinson, Reid St., Lockhart, N.S.W.

Don't Generalise

MY husband and I always refer to each other as "the old woman" or "the old man." We have been married nine years and are as happy as the day is long. So it doesn't do always to judge by such expressions.

I would rather be called "the old woman" than some names husbands call their wives.

Mrs. K. Cowell, 17 Bennalong St., Granville, N.S.W.

Horrible to Hear

MISS DAVIS, like most people, detests this expression. Whatever its origin, jest or mock depreciation, it is definitely horrible to hear. Yet "my woman" from a lover's lips is romantic; from a prizefighter it would be resented. On the other hand the French "ma femme" is a title of respect to a wife.

Evidently classes and sexes have their own tongues. Who ever heard of two women eyeing off "a nice armful" of masculinity?

Muriel Desaulx, Norwood Court, Moore St., Bondi, N.S.W.

Why Waitresses Prefer to Wait on Men

I QUITE agree with Miss D. Lynch (2/11/35). Shop assistants, too, prefer to serve men.

I have often overheard women customers talking in city stores. "Oh, I don't really know what I want, but we might as well see everything while we are here," or, "Oh, don't worry about the girl who is serving us, that is what she is here for, and what she is paid for."

I think this is most inconsiderate, especially at busy times of the year, when other customers are waiting to be served. They not only waste their own time and that of others, but the assistant wastes her energy, pulling things in and out of boxes. I would prefer to serve a dozen men to one woman, any day.

Mrs. R. H. Scott, 63 McCourt St., Lakemba, N.S.W.

Much More Interesting

WE all agree with Miss D. Lynch and her fellow-waitresses. It is natural, the reason being attraction to the opposite sex, no matter how unconscious one is of it.

We all like to be served in the shops by a male assistant. It is always more interesting than to be served by a woman. And men are so gracious, attentive, courteous and scrupulously clean!

F. Munroe, Denman Ave., Glen Iris SES, Vic.

Men More Considerate

MISS D. LYNCH has only to study the average woman shopper to know why assistants prefer to serve men. Women order, command, and are never sure what they want, whereas a man is polite and considerate.

The poor shop assistant (who, from morn till night, turns out boxes, puts them all back, unrolls ribbons, etc., rolls them all up again) has my deepest sympathy, and all the consideration I can give her at any time.

Of course, she likes serving men, and it is not merely interest in the opposite sex.

M. Lake, 205 William St., Sydney.

Women Are Catty

I WAS greatly interested in Miss D. Lynch's letter. I, too, have found men much better to deal with in every way. They are more generous in their opinions, kinder in thoughts and judgment. Women are rather catty and severe in their judgment upon their own sex. Yes, men have it!

Mrs. Kathleen Robbins, 10 St. Mary's St., Newtown, N.S.W.

SELFISH MEN

IS a girl sincere when she comes home from a dance and says, "I've had a marvellous time?"

The party consists of the same people who have been together, not only in every party during the season, but also the season before. Obviously, the men are the main consideration, and once they make sure that there is enough beer to last the evening they order some fruit-cup for the girls. The band plays, the girls wait expectantly to be asked to dance, but the men go on drinking and talking among themselves. The band plays again, and still the men talk and drink, and just as the music is about to cease, they get up and ask for a dance, without any sign of a guilty conscience. Then, having done their duty, they discover some friend at another table and go off for a drink and a chat with him. "God Save the King" is played, and the men agree that the dance has been a great success.

But the girls? Is it through lack of courage that they profess to have enjoyed it and agree to go again?

Eileen D. Hemphill, Carinya, Wahroonga, N.S.W.

ART OF DOING NOTHING

THERE'S a great deal heard nowadays about the proper use of time—the planning of each hour of the day, so as to get the full sixty seconds' worth of value out of the minute. Of course, to fritter away an hour a day means seven hours a week, and fifteen days a year. How appalling!

The judicial planning of time may be a commendable thing, but there is another side to the question.

Don't forget entirely the graceful art of a former day—that of doing nothing! The tension of modern life is very high, and to map out carefully every minute of leisure hours does not tend to relaxation. Even if some definite time be given to doing nothing, that is often the time when contrary bodies and minds feel most energetic.

Many a nervous breakdown would be avoided if, when leaving school or office, men and women would cultivate repose. Of course, there is moderation in all things!

Mary Walker, Kelton, Longford, Tas.

MEN'S TASTE

MEN very often have much better taste than women, if their wives could only be brought to see it! In dress men aim at the general effect, while women very often lose it in the detail.

Hugh James, Acme, Queen's Rd., Five Dock, N.S.W.

At 20 ... in the Height of Fashion



... BUT WHAT OF 45 ?

FASHION'S appeal is no less for 45 than for 20. But will the years between bring the comforting realisation of provision made for tomorrow's fashion needs, or regret for opportunity wasted? Those are the years when financial provision, through the medium of Life Assurance, is a simple matter. Less than you would spend regularly on unessentials, invested in an endowment assurance policy, will provide a substantial cash sum at 40 or 45.

The obvious Company for you to select is the PRUDENTIAL, with whom provident people hold 38,000,000 life policies, and whose assets of £200,000,000 sterling guarantee absolute security. Inquire for particulars of endowment policies from your nearest Prudential representative, or write direct to

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BRANCHES IN ALL CAPITAL CITIES

The "Quins" Walk & Talk



TOURISTS from all over U.S.A. and Canada visit the Dionne quintuplets. A typical Sunday crowd of cars.



BESIDES being the heavyweight champion, Miss Yvonne was the first to find her feet.



If they could only express their feelings!



MISS EMILIE is a true woman, and is now crowding over getting in the first—and last—word.

THE TWO WINNERS

ONE of the Dionne quintuplets has spoken. Tremendous excitement prevails at their hospital home, for Emilie has said her first word—"Mama."

Mrs. Dionne was visiting the "Quins" at the time, sitting in a chair with the five lusty youngsters staggering and rolling around her. Suddenly Emilie put her fat little hand against her mother's face and said "Mama."

So Emilie has the honor to be the first talker, but Yvonne has beaten her as a walker, for that brave young woman of seventeen months can now walk right across the room, while the others are still making a few shaky paces and then dropping down with excited gurgles.

Mr. and Mrs. Dionne visit the hospital every day, and usually take something home with them: bulky parcels of food or toys which the "Quins" are "giving" to their less famous brothers and sisters in the little cottage down the road.

If you think your Skin is Clean—
Try this simple test

Tonight



FIRST, wash your face with soap and water. Your skin will feel clean. But is it? Give it a crucial test: Apply Pond's Cold Cream generously and allow it to remain on for a few minutes. Then remove with soft tissue, and you will be surprised at the grime and make-up which were imbedded in the skin. The fine oils of this perfect cleansing cream sink deep into the pores and float all the dirt particles to the surface. Repeat this process until no soil appears on the tissue and your skin will be glowingly radiant and clean.

Washing only removes the surface dirt. Women who use Vanishing Cream and Powder on a partially clean skin are inviting skin troubles—black-

heads, pimples, enlarged pores.

There is only one way to cleanse the skin thoroughly!

Pond's Cold Cream, used every night and daily after exposure, keeps your skin healthy and radiant, ready for a light film of Pond's Vanishing Cream, the perfect protection and powder base. Now all Australian women can follow the advice of famous beauties throughout the world—can keep these two Creams always on their dressing tables! For Pond's Creams now come in larger 1½ tubes, larger 2/6 jars.

For the perfect toilette, use Pond's 5 simple and inexpensive Aids to Beauty:—Cold Cream, Vanishing Cream, Cleansing Tissues, Skin Freshener, and new Face Powder.



Trial Offer: Mail this coupon with four 1d. stamps in a sealed envelope, to cover postage, packing, etc., for free tubes of Pond's two Creams, also a sample of Pond's New Face Powder. Check shade wanted: Brunette (Rachel) [] Light Cream [] Rose Cream (Natural) [] Naturrelle (Light Natural) [] Rose Brunette [] Dark Brunette (Sunman) []

THE POND'S CO., Dept. X43 Box 11313, G.P.O., Melb.

Name _____

Address _____

What Women Are Doing

Jubilee Celebrations Guest

BEING a guest at a State dinner at Buckingham Palace when all the members of the Royal Family were present, is one of the happiest memories of Lady Gullett, wife of Sir Henry Gullett, Minister in Charge of Trade Agreements, who has returned to Melbourne. She attended the Jubilee with her husband, and he is to follow her out in a month's time.

During their time overseas they stayed with Sir Basil Brooke, Minister for Agriculture in Ireland, with whom they have been friends since the Ottawa conference in 1932, which Lady Gullett attended with her husband. Her hobby is antiques, and she has brought out with her some Liverpool china and silver that is nearly 200 years old.

Distinguished Visitor Coming to South Australia

THE Comtesse de Hemphill will be a distinguished Belgian visitor to Adelaide in November, 1936, when the Catholic Women's League has arranged to hold its Centenary Conference. She is international president of junior societies, and has travelled to many parts of the world to organise new branches.

The Comtesse has been several times to South America during the last few years, and established the junior league in Brazil, Argentina, and Chile.

Her home is Ghent, the headquarters of the International Bureau, for she devotes all her time to social service among girls and women.

Although this will be her first visit to Australia, Adelaide women already have been in touch with her. Miss Brigit Cummins, daughter of Mrs. W. P. Cummins, the youth organizer for S.A., stayed with her in Rome last year, during the International Congress, and also met her at annual conferences in Switzerland and London. The Comtesse is a brilliant linguist as well as an excellent organizer.

Life in Malaya

MRS. J. A. TULLOCH, who used to live in Adelaide, is paying that city a visit, mainly to see her two young sons who are at school in South Australia.

Mrs. Tulloch now lives in Trengganu, one of the Unfederated States of Malaya, and recently made the trip out on the open Noort.

Comparing life in Trengganu and Australia, Mrs. Tulloch prefers the former, where the native boys do all the work of the house and the ayahs look after the children. The life of ease is very wonderful, she thinks, though excitement is raised when sometimes panthers, tigers, brown bears, and other big game appear in sight of your home.

Mrs. Tulloch's infant daughter, Margaret, who accompanied her to Adelaide, was the first white child to be christened in the territory.

Secretary of the New Victorian Society for Crippled Children

THE newly-elected secretary of the Victorian Society for Crippled Children is Mrs. J. G. Norris, M.A.

Dip.Ed., who was on the teaching staff of the Melbourne Girls' High School for more than four years before her marriage. She is secretary of the Camberwell ladies' committee for St. Martin's Home, and a member of the Children's Hospital Auxiliary. Her activities are many, but she finds time to be on the committee of the Lyceum Club, and the council of the MacRobertson Girls' High School.

The society is one of the results of Lord Nuffield's gift of £50,000 for the benefit of crippled children. It receives £1150 of this money, and, with this as a beginning, is likely to grow into a great benefit to the community.

It is organized to co-ordinate facilities already open to cripples, to seek out crippled young adults and children who are getting no treatment at all, do as much as possible to provide them with treatment and vocational training, and finally to find positions for them.

One of the first things the society proposes to do is to take a census of crippled children in Victoria.

First Woman Conductor to Win Choral Championship

MRS. HENRY THOMAS, of Melbourne, is the first woman conductor to win the Grand Choral Championship at the Ballarat Eisteddfod, Victoria.

The winning choir, Malvern Chorists, with sixty voices, is a new choir formed this year for competitive purposes.

Mrs. Thomas has had other successes. She obtained first prize for four consecutive years in the forty-voice contest at Ballarat with her church choir, Glendearg Grove Methodist, Malvern, where she is organist and choirmaster.

Her forty-voice choir has also been successful at Bendigo, and the Malvern Chorists also obtained first prize there earlier in the year.

J.P. and Philanthropic Worker

MRS. E. CALLOWAY, J.P., of Hastings Rd., Bondi, is in her seventy-fourth year and still takes a keen and active interest in many philanthropic associations.

She was secretary of the Soldiers' Mothers, Wives, and Relatives' Victory Association at its inception fifteen years ago, and is now its president.

Mrs. Calloway is also president of the Women Justices' Association.

For twenty years' work at the Bondi branch of the Red Cross Society, of which she is secretary, Mrs. Calloway was awarded a Jubilee medal.

Taught London's Budding Chefs To Cook

COOKING classes for boys of fourteen were part of Miss Olwen Morgan's work as relieving mistress in domestic science at the Bow Central School, London.

She has just returned to Adelaide after two years' leave of absence from the Education Department, during which she did a course of dietetics at the London University, which included research and laboratory tests. The London County Council engaged her for a year, and her class for budding chefs was one of the only two in England.

Miss Morgan also attended lectures at the British Art and Industry Exhibition, which were given on interior decoration by Sir William Llewellyn, president of the Royal Academy.

Miss Olwen Morgan
—Rembrandt

A Promising Young Dancer

A YOUNG dancer who shows promise of a successful career is Miss Pauline Kay. She is a pupil of Miss Audrae Swayn, and was very successful after having only nine lessons. She passed her examination for the Royal Academy of Dancing, when Mr. Felix Demery, of London, was the examiner.

Pauline, who is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Leonard Kay, of Homebush, Sydney, is a member of the Younger Set committee arranging funds to send Miss Queenie Roy and Miss Audrae Swayn to London to continue their studies at the Royal Academy of Dancing.



Miss Pauline Kay
—Raymond Sawyer

Return of Miss Ruby Rich

MISS RUBY RICH, after an absence of some years, is being welcomed back to Sydney. A reception was given her under the auspices of the Australian Federation of Women Voters on November 14, and members of the New South Wales Federation Board were hostesses.

Other societies in which she has occupied executive positions, the United Association, the Feminist Club, and the Racial Hygiene Association, are also entertaining her.

Miss Rich was a delegate for the latter association on the British Social Hygiene Council in London and on the French Council, and has inspected many of the clinics and work done by similar organisations in other countries.

Programme Manager and Verse Maker

THE task of arranging the recorded programmes at the Brisbane station, 4QG, falls on Mrs. Hilda McGown, who, in a small room lined with shelves containing gramophone records, chooses the symphony, opera, song, or humorous selections used for every hour during the station's programmes.

For her own amusement and the amusement of her friends, Mrs. McGown has been scribbling verses of various kinds for several years, but it was only lately that, at the suggestion of a friend, she had James Laidlaw put to music some of her verses.

English by birth, and a Cambridge University student, Mrs. McGown came to Australia twenty-five years ago. Since then she has travelled all round Australia as a singing member of the McIntyre Variety Company. Mrs. McGown lived in the Solomon Islands for eighteen months. For three years, she was the only woman announcer retained by the Broadcasting Commission in Australia.

Domestic Economy College Holds Remarkable Exhibition

THE Emily McPherson College of Domestic Economy, Melbourne, was the centre of interest last week, when the students held their annual display of work.

The really remarkable exhibition opened by Miss Mary Cecil Allan included everything from samples of draped frock cutting to demonstrations of the chemistry of foodstuffs.

As though the afternoon tea was not enough to vouch for their cookery, the girls also showed several complicated dinners, some decorative wedding cakes, and a complete wedding breakfast.

Some of the needlework was exquisite, specially that done by one student who has already won 14 prizes in shows.

Arts and crafts, laundries, baby care and V.A.D. work were on view. There was a gymnastic display, glee singing, and a well-organised matinee display, and the dressmaking section included some snappy numbers in beach wear. These included playsuits made from colored linen tablecloths. One in white, blue, and gold plaid, with pleated shorts and brassiere top, had a detachable cape made from a matching tea-towel. Decorative towels and bedspreads were also contrived into beach-gowns and dressing-gowns.

Other things worn by the mannequins included everything from riding breeches to tailored suits and wedding gowns.



Found Artist's Life Sometimes Dangerous

MRS. LANFEAR THOMPSON, or Madge Freeman as she is known at the Royal Academy and the Salon des Tulleries, in Paris, has returned to Melbourne after five years' study and travel in out-of-the-way spots in Europe. Once she had to paint with the protection of a military guard because she had penetrated to a part of Spain where the peasants were not used to tourists and attacked her, she said, with stones and knives. She also worked in the more peaceful Corsica and in Holland and Belgium. For two years Mrs. Thompson worked in a studio in Paris with Milich, a leader of modern art. She says that extremist theories in art are losing ground to the more realistic and simple interpretations of form and color, but that she will be interested in Australia's reactions to modern work in the exhibition which she hopes to hold soon in Melbourne. Mrs. Thompson is the widow of a mining engineer and lived for some years in a lonely district on the Gold Coast of Africa.

Fifteen Thousand Miles By Car

MISS TREV. SCOTT and Miss Roslyn Nitschke of South Australia, have just returned home after a most adventurous and interesting trip abroad, during which they travelled by car 15,000 miles on the Continent, in Great Britain, and in America. They bought a car in Europe and covered 7000 miles; after enjoying the Jubilee celebrations, and a tour of Scotland, they crossed to America and covered 5000 miles. They can proudly boast that in all their Continental travelling they only met with two punctures and one occurrence of minor engine trouble.

The French they found very unfriendly, and in Germany the people were just the opposite. The two motorists travelled in Austria, Switzerland, Italy, Denmark, and Czechoslovakia, and although they re-entered several of the countries many times, their suitcases were never once opened by the Customs. Strange to say, these girls do NOT praise American roads as most people do. They said sometimes for great long stretches they struck heavy gravel.

Inspected Women's Work in Russia

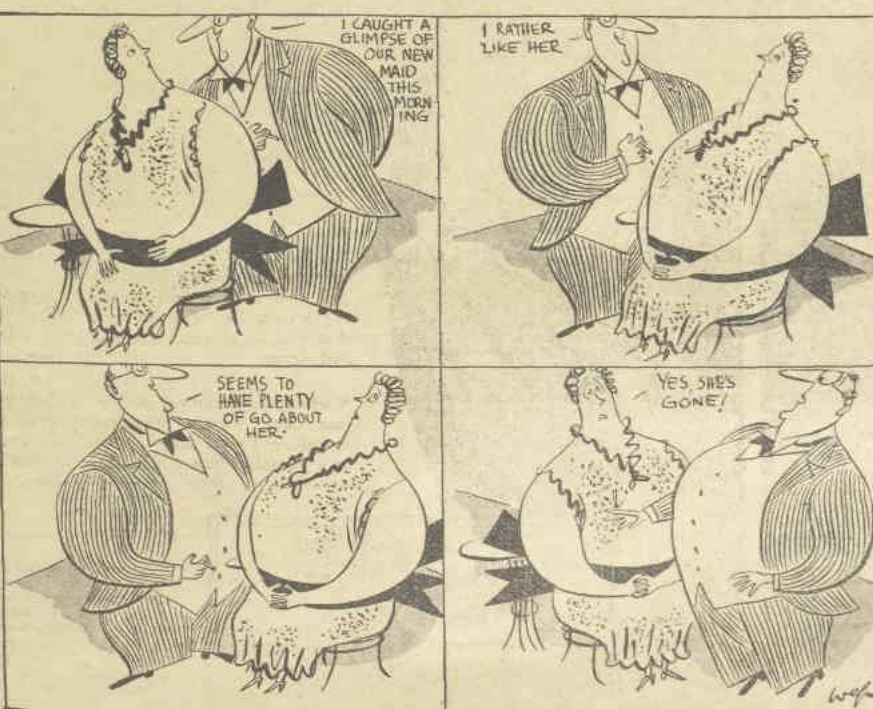
INCLUDED in the Hon. Sara Vaneck's seven months abroad were two very interesting weeks spent in Russia with her brother, a Cambridge scholar. This fair-haired daughter of the Governor of Victoria and Lady Hurlingham went with her brother to spend his summer vacation with friends in Moscow, where they inspected a factory which produced mining tools which were described by experts as being of an excellent quality. The interesting part of the factory was that the machinery was worked by women. Also, according to the returned traveller, women worked most of Moscow's cranes and the controls at tram-points.

Miss Vaneck did not have an opportunity to get out into the agricultural areas and see the women at hard manual farm labor, or at work in the railway tunnels, but she heard a lot of talk about it. She also inspected a creche at Moscow, where children over the age of a year were cared for while their mothers were at work in the factories. But there were, she said, also many children in the streets who looked healthy enough, but were very dirty.



The Hon. Sara Vaneck,
—Associated Press

IN and OUT of SOCIETY -- By WEP



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YOU RUN A GRAVE RISK

Slight Indigestion will most certainly become serious unless the influences causing it are immediately checked.

You must correct that acidity, reduce that flatulence, stop that rising-up of sour gases, and rid yourself for ever of that distressing griping pain.

Your inflamed stomach must be protected from the acid that is burning it, and be given a chance to regain its power to digest, without discomfort, all the food you are accustomed to.

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Here is definite proof—

- Mr. Julian Swiftwell, Burrows, N.S.W., had suffered from heart trouble for 12 years, and was skeptical about The Lyons method as he had been told no other therapy was of cure for him. Three years later he writes: "I have been doing almost every kind of work on the farm, including handling hogs of what and hogs of wool."
- Mrs. J. A. Barton, Chisholm, N.E.W. "Accord to gratitude for the wonderful cure your treatment made of my leg, when suffering with Varicose Ulcer."
- Mr. Armstrong, St. Leonards, Burrows, a severe case of SCIATICA. "This treatment Manipulative Surgery has saved me from the life of an invalid."
- Mrs. Roberts, Lower Ross, Broadwood, suffered with Headaches. "I would like to be able to take every sufferer in New South Wales to undergo a course of this treatment."

All consultations are free, and no case will be treated unless success is assured. Call, write, or 'phone M3442 for appointments for interviews.
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BRIGHTER Programmes from A Class Stations

Intimate Presentation is
the Keynote of New Policy

Matinees For Women Listeners

By OUR SPECIAL COMMISSIONER

With the appointment of Mr. C. A. Moses as manager of the Broadcasting Commission has come a change on the radio horizon. Mr. Moses' meteoric rise to this highly important executive position in the wireless world is a pleasing feature of the development of broadcasting in Australia. The new manager has ideas, and listeners-in are going to reap the benefit of them.

A new brightness campaign is afoot. Wearisome and prosy discourses are to go into discard, and in their place will come the "friendly" broadcast. Women, by far the largest percentage of daytime listeners, are to be specially considered.

MR. MOSES believes in practising what he preaches, and the "friendly" atmosphere was strongly in evidence when he was confronted by The Australian Women's Weekly representative with a formidable questionnaire which epitomises the questions listeners are asking to-day all over Australia. He didn't balk at one of them.

"What are your ideas for improving radio programmes?" was the first question.

"Broadcasting," said Mr. Moses, "is the entertainment of the home, and I hope to infuse into our programmes a friendly, intimate atmosphere. The underlying idea should be warmth and friendliness. In short, our announcers will talk to listeners, not AT them."

"This careful atmosphere is highly desirable. We don't want to be a strange voice in the home, or even an occasional voice, but a welcome friend."

"How do you think you would best achieve that?"

"I think, by better grouping and continuity in our programmes. By linking up each unit with the foregoing one. Even in a bracket of records a commentary could be made to establish atmosphere. This creates the right feeling—although it be only a word or two, and relieves the present staccato tempo of presentation."

"And will you apply that to all sessions?"

"Yes. The underlying idea we are striving for is warmth, friendliness, and cohesion. We intend also to more fully publicise our programmes. With a certain amount of standardisation so that

listeners may choose their favorite medium of entertainment at a certain hour. Recordings may be an extended unit under definite groupings, classical, ballads, light tuneful numbers and jazz."

"How are you going to approach this vexed problem of music and please the impatient order of dial twirlers," we asked. "Correspondence from readers shows us that this is the greatest point of cleavage among listeners. One part of your audience wants opera, and the others—in the majority—want 'something with a tune in it'."

"We hope to overcome that by the grouping system I spoke of, and by a wider scheme of publicity; let the public know just what to expect, and when."

Women Listeners

"WHAT are your plans for women listeners, your biggest day-time audience?"

"We intend to focus on the entertainment angle in this regard. Vital talks of course, maternal and child welfare, beauty and fashion talks, will be continued and possibly extended, but boring or fill-the-gap items will be eliminated."

"The new continuity scheme will be applied here. We will tell women something of the history of the music played. The items will not be just put on the air. They will be interlarded with a commentary."

"Women are great music-lovers, with wide tastes. We shall give them Hardy and Hilton. Why not? Variety is the spice of life."

"Will you consider the convenience of women listeners as far as hours of sessions are concerned?"

"Yes! The Commission is planning to have brightness on the air about 10.30 o'clock, when most housewives have morning tea, and watch a few moments' rest and an interview with the radio. Record groupings will be closely studied here and musical presentation."

Attractive Matinees

"WILL records be the main offerings?"

"No. We have an idea of using local artists in person for bright, morning sessions and afternoon matinees for the ladies to coincide with afternoon tea-time and 'At Home.' This is a new feature which should be very popular. The development of women's movements will also be studied, and pace kept with current demands."

"Don't you think there are too many talks on the air?"

"There may be a better selection perhaps. We shall give only the best, at specially appropriate hours."

"Do you think women like cookery talks?"

"If they are not read from a cookery book, yes. They must be new, with originality and dependability the first consideration."

"Do you think country listeners, particularly women in the day time, get maximum service? Remember, in most cases they must listen to a class programme, since they can't pick up others, owing to atmospheric and other conditions."

"The problem of country listeners will be tackled. Perhaps they are not so well served as the metropolitan lis-



MR. CHARLES MOSES, General Manager of the Australian Broadcasting Commission.

—May Moore.

teners, but doesn't that apply generally?"

"Country readers complain mostly that programmes over the national network leave them no choice. They must listen-in to the high-power station or cut out altogether."

"If they have not high-powered sets there may be that disability of no alternative programme."

"Sydney and the other capitals have an alternative A class programme?"

"Yes. There is the network-Continental-wide programme, and also the State programme."

"Could the country be served with an alternative 'A' class programme by a dual wave-length placing all listeners on the same footing?"

"Yes!"

"Will it be done?"

"Eventually, I think. It is a matter for the Commission."

"Will you have more Australian plays on the air?"

"Yes. More and more as our talented Australian writers absorb the technique of the radio play."

"Have they been successful up to the present?"

"Only moderately so. Radio technique is not difficult, but it must be there. I have read brilliant Australian stories, which did not make good radio plays."

Better and Brighter

"WILL you foster the cultivation of this technique?"

"The Commission will do all in its power. I addressed a meeting of Australian writers on the subject recently."

"And Australian musicians?"

"They are in a happier position. Their services are being used freely and to the utmost."

"Are there any other new ideas?"

"Naturally the Commission will consider new aspects as they arise. Certain recommendations are under consideration. At the moment better and brighter broadcasts is the slogan."

"Speaking of brightness," the interviewer ventured, "what do you think of the 'B' class stations?"

"I have nothing to say," said Mr. Moses, still smiling.

How Radio Waves Cured Bronchial Asthma

In a ward of one of our great Public Hospitals in Sydney a little woman sat propped up in bed. Wheezing and panting, spasms of coughing racked her wasted body. For many weeks, day and night, she had been unable to lie down. The medical officer in charge of this case, which was diagnosed as Bronchial Asthma, referred the patient for Thermo-Ray treatment.

After the second treatment of Thermo-Ray—or Radio-waves—the patient was able to lie down and had a comfortable night's sleep. Three weeks later she was discharged and reported in three months' time that she was completely cured.

This is only one of many cases where relief has been given through Thermo-Ray treatment. From week to week we will give a description of different cases treated by Short-Wave Therapy.

Should you require information regarding any complaint you may be suffering from, our medical officer will advise you if this treatment is likely to be of benefit to you.

The Thermo-Ray Institute Ltd., with its Headquarters in Macquarie Street, has secured the services of a fully qualified medical staff and the Dutch Scientist who invented the Thermo-Ray Apparatus. Please address all letters: Thermo-Ray Institute Ltd., Box 1012-H G.P.O., Sydney, or phone BW142444.

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REMOVAL NOTICE



After being established for 31 years at 6 Hunter Street, Gibb & Beeman have moved that branch to the new Hotel Australia Building, Martin Place, 5 doors from the Commonwealth Bank.

Their Pitt Street Branch is still at the same address, 378 Pitt Street, opposite Anthony Horderns.

One Month To Go!

Christmas is snipping around the corner and there are cakes to be made. So get out your mixing bowl and your sturdiest wooden spoon, buy up your fruit and Cocoa (it must be Cocoa, if you want the best cakes) and gather the family round for the last lucky mix. Everything ready? Then here's your recipe.

COPHA CHRISTMAS CAKE

1 lb. brown sugar
1 lb. Pure Copha
2 ozs. plain flour
1 teaspoon ground nutmeg
1 teaspoon ground cinnamon
1 teaspoon burnt sugar
6 eggs
1 tablespoon milk
3 ozs. chopped almonds or pecan nuts
2 ozs. cherries
1 lb. currants
1 lb. sultanas
1 lb. cut meat
2 ozs. self-raising flour
10 ozs. plain flour

Cream the first six ingredients. Beat in the eggs singly. Add the milk. Mix in the remainder of the ingredients. Bake in a 9-inch papered cake tin (or two 7-inch tins) in a cool oven for approximately two hours. When baked, sprinkle with rum and cover closely till cold.

Then there are the Christmas parties you can make, and that's where the Copha Recipe Book comes in. It's full of the most novel cakes and sweets. Of course you can use Copha in all your own pet recipes, but it's quite a good idea to make the special Copha ones first.

There's a leaflet on Vegetable Cookery, too, you must have a copy of that. It tells you how to cook vegetables so that they'll retain all their health-giving mineral salts and juices, a very big point where there are growing kiddies to consider. Both the Recipe Book and the Vegetable Cookery Folder are available free and post free. Write to:—

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THIS STRIKING dinner gown of black and white silk, by Worth, features a tight-fitting bodice and a long, voluminous skirt. The sleeves and collar are similar to those worn on a sports frock. —Air Mail photo

OUR Wonderful BOOK OFFERS!

Here are Ideal Christmas Presents for the Family

Readers who have not yet reserved "The Treasury of Knowledge" as a Christmas present for their boy or girl should note that there is still time to collect the necessary four tokens and so have the book available in time.

Particulars of this book offer, which has been specially made for the benefit of the children, will be found on Pages 28 and 29 of this issue. A reservation form should be completed and forwarded at once, but no money should be sent with the reservation.

THE books will be available at the end of November and distribution will commence immediately to those who have complied with the conditions.

Country readers requiring this volume pointed to them should send in their tokens and postal notes for 6/6 as soon as possible, as the Postal Department has asked us to assist in getting the bulk of the books away before the Christmas mail rush.

In connection with the "World's Best Mystery Stories" readers are informed that supplies of this valuable collection are rapidly being disposed of. The demand exceeded expectations, and a second shipment which arrived by steamer on November 7 has also been exhausted.

Treasure House

THE third and final shipment of these books came by the Strathnaver last Thursday, and readers who do not participate in the distribution will be unable to procure the book at the special privilege price of 4/- (plus 1/- for postage), which, it will be remembered, was made for only a limited period.

Incidentally readers who have already sent in reservations for the wonderful collection of children's stories in the "Children's Treasure House" should make application for their copy without delay. This book makes an ideal Christmas present for a boy or girl and one which will be treasured by a child for years to come.

The offer of this volume at the gift price of 5/- (plus 1/- extra for postage) is about to be withdrawn, and readers who have collected the necessary ten tokens should forward or bring them to the office at 321 Pitt Street and collect their books.

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Bride's Name and Address

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Church

Date of Marriage

**PICCANINNY
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WOMEN'S Notable Part in BRITISH ELECTIONS

Australian Conservative Puts Up a
Good Losing Fight

By Beam Wireless from MARY ST. CLAIRE, Our Special Representative in London

Women have played a notable part in the general election. More women candidates have contested seats than ever before.

On public platforms, on candidates' committees, and in generally helping the various causes, women have been much in evidence.

REALISING the strength of the feminine vote, each of the parties issued pamphlets of special appeal to women on the questions of war, housing, unemployment, child welfare, and the cost of living.

Many of England's veteran political women were among the prominent feminine candidates—the Duchess of Athol, so precise in the House, so very conservative, and once again triumphant at the polls; Lady Astor, the strenuous fighter against drink and divorce, who is now the only woman member to have a son also in Parliament; Mrs. Irene Ward, who has defeated the former Minister for Labor, Miss Bondfield; Miss Ellen Wilkinson, successful once more, who is so tiny and has such vivid red hair that all the honorable members are inclined to treat her rather as a mascot than an opponent, though she is a hard-hitting adversary, and, of course, that popular daughter of the old Welsh wizard—Miss Megan Lloyd George, member for Anglesea.

Successful or unsuccessful, each of the women candidates put up a good fight, and perhaps the greatest battle

Women's Weekly

Goes Everywhere

PASSED on by readers to their friends, The Australian Women's Weekly goes to many out-of-the-way corners of the globe.

A Melbourne woman sends her copy to her doctor son in Nauru. He passes it on to the white women on the island, several of whom have sent for free patterns, and eventually it goes to the leper colony where the natives, though unable to read it, enjoy looking at the pictures.

A N.S.W. reader in a country town attended a lantern lecture given by a missionary. Among the slides was a picture of Arabs in the Sahara Desert looking at a copy of The Australian Women's Weekly.

Of them all was an Australian, the Conservative, Mrs. E. Tennant, who opposed the redoubtable Jack Jones, Labor member for Silvertown.

She lives to the north of London near Harrow, and has a husband and two children. She became interested in Silvertown a number of years ago, when she went down there to help in the care of mothers and babies of the slum areas. For the past four years she has run an office of her own in a poor street where she attends two days a week. This



Takes the odor out of perspiration (harmless to underclothing). Cures cracked, chafed, surfer's feet, and will prevent or cure soft skin between the toes. After using BODOR, your feet will be odorless. Obtainable from all Chain Stores, Chemists, Druggists, etc., 2/- per box, with post enclosed; or mail postal note for 2/6, with full address to B. Dept.

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Really delicious!

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CUSTARD POWDER
IN THE NEW
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At last! A custard powder that really does suggest the rich smoothness of cream and the wholesomeness of fresh eggs, delicately flavoured with purest vanilla. In fact... just the sort of Custard Powder you'd expect the makers of "Mother's Choice" products to offer Australian housewives. Ask for it at your grocers — in the new "Mother's Choice" packet. It's so economical... and so good for you.

Collect "Mother's Choice" and Kinkara Tea Coupons for Useful Gifts.



Mother's Choice

Custard Powder

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MISS EVELYN GARDINER, one of the stars of the present Gilbert and Sullivan Opera Company, who will give a microphone interview with Dorothea Vautier from 2GB during The Australian Women's Weekly session on Monday, November 25, at 11.45 a.m.

office has become a court for the settlement of marital difficulties, and for the thrashing out of neighborly disputes; it is an employment agency and a haven for those in trouble.

She did not defeat Mr. Jones, but her popularity is great and increasing daily. I expect we shall hear more of her, for she is so energetic and so filled with enthusiasm that she is bound to keep her name before the public.



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Just Piano! are in demand. Les Langford (400, 410, 310, 300, 350, 360, 370, 380, 390, 400, 410, 420, 430, 440, 450, 460, 470, 480, 490, 500, 510, 520, 530, 540, 550, 560, 570, 580, 590, 600, 610, 620, 630, 640, 650, 660, 670, 680, 690, 700, 710, 720, 730, 740, 750, 760, 770, 780, 790, 800, 810, 820, 830, 840, 850, 860, 870, 880, 890, 900, 910, 920, 930, 940, 950, 960, 970, 980, 990, 1000) can make you a successful pianist. You can learn to read at sight ANY modern popular music in a few weeks. No knowledge of music is necessary. No scales, no exercises. You learn from the first lesson. Your money is refunded if you are not satisfied. Postal or personal tuition. Twelve Langford students broadcasted. Thirty leading bands. You, too, can learn. Write for particulars to—
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BETTY'S "Racey" NARRATIVES

Why Jockey Voitre is so Popular With the Girls

By BETTY GEE

Doesn't Melbourne empty out after Flemington? We waited for Williamstown Cup day, and the week seemed like a month. All Sydney's smart boys gone home and everybody from everywhere. Their wives calling, I suppose.

Walking down empty corridors at the hotel that resounded hollow, and everything so eerie that you kept looking over your shoulder to see if a man was following you, only to note with disappointment that there wasn't.

Williamstown is the nearest course to the sea anywhere in the world. The waters wash over one side of it when wind and spring tides combine.

It's handy for suicides. And that's what I feel like, after staying another lonely week to lose my money. Just think, a 100 to 1 chance, and a 33 to 1 and I hadn't a shilling on either, and lost on nearly every race.

The things I like best about Williamstown are the secretary, Jack Nagel, and Committeeman E. A. Underwood.

Jack Nagel is an old Albany boy, not so old though. Of all the non-drinkers I know, he's the best fellow about town you could ever talk to. He gave me afternoon tea tickets. Mr. Underwood breeds, trains and races his horses all from Williamstown. Owned some pretty good ones in their time, too, he and his brother.

Little Freddie Donaghy, who schooled and rode Greensea in Sydney when he first started handling, picked me up before the first and tipped me his mount, Pooley Bridge, for the Hurdle, and, in fact, thought he would win the double, because he was on Green Don in the Steeple. Freddie's a good rider. He must be, because his face isn't bashed out of recognition like most hurdle and steeple jockeys. In fact, I'll go so far as to say he's the

best-looking hurdle jockey in the game.

Anyhow, he's a better looking than he is a judge of hurdles, and Pooley Bridge didn't run a place and I lost my pound. But I had to eat my words when he won the Steeple on Green Don, and I didn't have a shilling on it. Why, I can't think.

More of the purse went on Ramdin in the Randon Stakes. He ran third, and why I didn't invest on the tote, because he paid 5 to 1, was nobody's business.

Only Bright Spot

The only bit of bright colored wool in the day's knitting was Garrio in the Cup. Little old Mr. Crawley who is 85, but keen as mustard, told Mr. Underwood, and he told me that they thought Garrio unbeatable because he had done so well since the Derby and he was third in that.

But I didn't need that tip to stick my two pounds on him. Wasn't he ridden by my snub-nosed pet jockey Voitre, and trained by Lou Robertson and Lou has had the winner of the Derby, Cup and Oaks? What more could a girl want. Of course Garrio did it all right.

What makes me think there is something wrong with Melbourne punters is that they let Voitre's mounts go out at 5 to 1 and all sorts of good odds. Anyhow, that was Garrio's price, but I suppose they are too self-opinionated to follow a jockey. They like to follow their own judgment. And, believe me, that's pretty warped.

A Missed Chance

Don't I know it, because when he rode a thing called Desert Dream in the last race, I asked everybody I met about it, and they all looked over their noses at me and said Your Honor was a certainty, and Desert Dream couldn't race a nightmare. So I missed Voitre and home he came, and just to prove how stupid they must be, they nearly all booed him, or his mount or something. What for I don't know.

That settled me. Melbourne racegoers would boot Clark Gable.

Of course Monologue was my downfall. Melbourne's little punter, Jack Heeneys bets as big as Eric Connolly and he told me Monologue was a "sitter". Couldn't lose. So in I went with my teeth bared and two pounds of my own money to put on him.

But he's that slow starting he'll lap himself one of these days. And in the big field he couldn't get a sight and came in in the rack. That was my turn to hoot.

The only Sydney man I met all day was John Woolcott-Forbes, and he told me to put a place ticket on Pep in the last, so I did. Old Bob Leuzi was on it, and did he whack it home? Think it got, and I had £5/14/- for my £1, but I lost another £1 on Your (Dir) Honor.

Off "the Ice"

That left me "in the soup" for over £5 after collecting twice, and Dickie said I must have been betting like a drunken sailor. But after I'd talked a while he gave me the £3/6/-, and why shouldn't he, seeing he put £5 on my Garrio tip that I had right from the stable, and gave him.

Lou Robertson's got nothing in the Consolation Cup, the big race next Saturday at Caulfield, but I heard Voitre's riding Valiant Chief. But why worry what he's going to ride. Just pop your pennies on Voitre's mounts all day and you can't miss. And about Warwick Farm—Architect and Fairlie because I had them from the jockey. He ought to be tipping well because he's had a five weeks' rest.

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PRIVATE VIEWS

By STEWART HOWARD

★★ HEART'S DESIRE

Richard Tauber, Leonora Corbett. (B.E.F.)

IF you should decide that you want to hear a musical film, and are casting around to discover which one to go and see, and hear, this is the picture for your money. It is first-class entertainment, combining, as it does, Tauber's fine voice with music that, although on occasion "popular," is never vulgar, and leavening both with timely additions of comedy.

There is one thing that can be said of Tauber's pictures; he may descend, on occasion, below the level of Schubert's songs, but he never sings anything that would put him on the same footing as the crooner of the latest glutinous "success." The same cannot be said of one or two much-boomed Metropolitan Opera stars I have in mind.

As regards his acting; it is quite competent, even good in parts. Without any boyish charm or outstanding good looks to help him out, this singer can still get the sympathy of his audience; no small feat in a picture-world thronged with Adonis-like figures.

The story? Well, here a little disappointment must be admitted. Certainly, it is not as bad as most of those of this type, but the sad spectacle of a singer falling in love with his beautiful discoverer, pouring out his song to her like a male canary at mating time, and then, on the evening of his first big performance, discovering that she loves another—this spectacle does seem a little lacking in originality. Still, you'll enjoy the show.—State; showing.

★ EVERY NIGHT AT EIGHT

George Raft, Alice Faye. (Paramount.)

EVERYBODY'S doing it—producing musicals. I mean—and this one, using the radio (yes, again) as a peg on which to hang the story, is quite up to average standard.

The songs are tuneful; Frances Langford, Alice Faye, and Patsy Kelly, who sing as the Swanee Sisters, harmonise at least well enough to keep clear of discords; and there are some bright comedy spots, mainly supplied by Patsy Kelly.

But what Paramount has done to George Raft in making him the conductor of a jazz band is just too bad. Properly cast, Raft is a capable actor; never hard on the mentality, but to see him trying to get all worked up to hot music is not our idea of fun.

One of the bright spots of the piece, although it will make our musical critics mean with anguish, is an operatic aria sung by a lady who is a Barnyard Imitator. To hear the stuff we take so seriously burskied in this outrageous fashion is as good as a tonic.—Prince Edward; showing.

★ THE STUDENT'S ROMANCE

Greta Natzler, Patric Knowles. (B.E.F.)

MUSICAL comedy of the type made familiar by many stage productions. The ingredients are a princess and a student, beer, mugs, an old inn, a dash of high politics, lesser students who apparently do nothing but sing, drink, duel and make love (in that order), and music that has the catchy inevitability common to shows of this kind. The whole mixed in a container made to represent Heidelberg University—and there's your cake. Some will find it enjoyable, others indigestible; it's all a matter of taste.

It is hard to say why Greta Natzler was introduced to play Princess Helen. She can neither act nor sing. Patric Knowles is better. His voice is quite pleasing, and he has the looks, carriage and youth that, on the "legitimate," would make him the darling of the gallery girls.—Lyceum; showing.

★ CHAMPAGNE FOR BREAKFAST

Joan Marsh, Hardy Albright. (Columbia.)

A ROMANTIC comedy that is neither particularly romantic nor comic, but which will serve well enough as a means of passing an hour until the feature film of the evening comes on.

The story—well, there's not much point in giving that in detail. It is mainly a matter of two lovely girls left nearly penniless by the suicide of their father, a struggling young lawyer, an old gentleman, the Judge, whose occupation is S.P. betting, a villain who is trying to dupe the girls out of a valuable property, and a young lady whose amorous activities are only less startling than the way she gets drunk.

Well, there you are; take it or leave it. Whichever course you may adopt, you won't be terribly disappointed.—Capitol and King's Cross; showing.

★ ACCENT ON YOUTH

Herbert Marshall, Sylvia Sydney. (Paramount.)

SOPHISTICATED comedy that would make a far better stage play than it does a film. The story is not particularly well-constructed; about three-quarters

OUR FILM GRADING SYSTEM

★★★ Three stars—
excellent.
★★ Two stars—
good films.
★ One star—
average films.
No stars . . . no good.

of the way through you commence to reach for your hat, feeling that all is over, and then, lo! things go on for quite a while longer—sufficiently long for Sylvia Sydney to become thoroughly tired of her young husband and to return to her fifty-year-old first choice, Marshall, to wit.

Actually, it will be difficult for audiences to understand how Sylvia came to marry the young man. Granted that youth calls to youth (or, at least, novelists tell us so), but for any sane, attractive girl to fall for Phillip Reed's interpretation of Dickie Reynolds is hard to swallow. He's handsome, certainly, but he mauls and drools in a fashion that would make any self-respecting young woman want to spank him. Further, he's the most unconvincing drunk I've seen—on the screen or off.

That is the dark side. Per contra, there is some amusing dialogue, an occasional piece of broad comedy, and Marshall, still inclined to be wistful, but competent for all that. Oh, yes, Ernest Cassant, as Flogdell, does a good job.—Prince Edward; showing.

★ THE RAVEN

Karloff, Bela Lugosi, Irene Ware. (Universal.)

THIS is a thriller or unusual type. Using Edgar Allan Poe's weird pre-occupation with torture as a starting-off point, the author has built up the story of a surgeon-genius who, baulked in his efforts to secure the girl he loves, plans a revenge of torture and death on her, her lover, and her father.

Although Karloff is starred as the big man of this film, his triumph is mainly one of make-up rather than acting. In the latter sphere, Lugosi carries off the palm. But, reverting to make-up—Karloff's face, after the mad surgeon has operated, is in the nature of a triumph of the horrible. Only strong stomachs will be able to watch him fingering an eye from which the lower lid is completely drawn away.

For the rest, the picture has its thrills. It also has its danger points, points where one hysterical giggle will set the whole house off.—Capitol and King's Cross; showing.

THE KEEPER OF THE BEES

Neil Hamilton, Betty Furness. (Monogram.)

HERE they all are—all the tricks and gadgets that we thought mercifully buried with the old travelling stock-companies. The man who has only six months to live (although everyone knows darn well he'll get over it, because, obviously, he's the hero), the girl who has been ruined, the marriage to save a little child being born in shape, the lovable mother-type, the equally lovable youngster—Little Scout in this case—they're all in this film. Oh, yes, and "the girl who told the magnificent lie" mustn't be overlooked, because, although she only sees him for about two minutes during the story, she is going, as we all tip from the start, to marry the invalid hero.

Well, well. It is, perhaps, a good thing that an occasional show in the old tradition should be put before us. If only to teach us what we have escaped.—Lyceum; showing.

JOY RIDE

Gene Gerrard, Zelma O'Scal. (B.E.F.)

IF votes are ever taken for the poorest comedy of 1935, this effort should win hands down. It is dull, stale, flat, and unprofitable, reflecting no credit on any of those associated with the making of it, and designed, I should imagine, to give theatre managers and critics the headache of their lives. It might bring to light one shy smile every two thousand feet—and that's being kind about it.—State; showing.

Opera Star Suggests Story

Lily Pons, famous diva, quite unconsciously suggested the story for the picture in which she will make her screen debut. During an interview given to a Philadelphia presswoman she lamented the fact that an operatic star is the slave of her own career. The interviewer was impressed, thought about it, and then, in collaboration, wrote "Love Song," which tells of a young girl whose voice lifted her to fame she could not escape. Lily Pons will shortly be seen in this film.



A NEW STUDY of Rochelle Hudson, a very young and recent addition to Hollywood's celebrities.

ROCHELLE HUDSON says STUDY

From Our Hollywood Correspondent

FOR those who are convinced that stardom is only a matter of good looks and a chance to become matey with a famous producer or director, Rochelle Hudson's career should serve as a lesson. This young actress had stage ambitions at the early age of four; she has now, about sixteen years later, achieved some prominence in Hollywood; but—she has, to use her own words, spent her whole life in taking lessons to fit her for her chosen career.

DANCING lessons, piano, singing and painting lessons, lessons in dramatic art, elocution and deportment, French lessons—these are just a few of the list Rochelle Hudson compiled when she determined that life would be lived in vain should she not achieve distinction as an actress. And she studied hard at all of them, very hard.

Although, to the uninitiated, a great number of these accomplishments might seem superfluous in one who, after all, is going to be an actress, and not an instructor in a high-class seminary for young ladies, Miss Hudson's idea was sound. A really fine stage, or screen, performer is one who allies acting ability with cultivated poise, who can combine a knowledge of life, and an ability to translate it, with the consciousness of power to meet any situation which only a thorough education in the graces of life can give.

And so Rochelle Hudson took lessons. It is rather instructive, as well as interesting, to trace the career of this brunette beauty who is before attaining her twentieth birthday, being given such a chance by the studio with which she is at present tied up.

Born in Claremore, Oklahoma, her childhood ambitions to act were stunted by a State law which bars minors from the professional stage. This meant that her public appearances as an actress were confined to performances before clubs, societies, and school audiences. It was during this period that, despairing of gaining experience on the legitimate stage, she persuaded her parents to allow her to take lessons in those subjects which, so she hoped, would enable her, later, to achieve her ambitions.

Her first chance came when she was sixteen. As a result of her urgent pleading, her father and mother took her to Hollywood. A flapper part was her first



SHIRLEY TEMPLE and ROCHELLE HUDSON get together in "Curly-top," Shirley's latest film, which also gives Rochelle a chance to show what she can do, opposite John Boles, as older sister Mary.

opportunity. She played it, in the meantime, enrolling at high-school so that her education should not suffer by reason of this early entry into the film business. Everything looked rosy.

But, after that first contract, high-school and special studies went on uninterrupted by any call to work.

Things finally reached the point where Rochelle and her parents had agreed that study could be carried on just as well in her home town as at Hollywood, when a call came for her to report at one of Hollywood's largest studios to play a small part with Will Rogers. The famous star was her fellow townswoman, although she had never seen him, and it was through her work with him in "Dr. Bull" that she was given a slight impetus in her fight to get back on to the hard road to stardom.

The conclusion of "Dr. Bull" brought a contract for a long term with the same studio. She played in "Such Women Are Dangerous," "Mr. Skitch," another Rogers picture, and many others, in this way gaining an invaluable practical experience to add to the large amount of theory acquired over so many years of study—years which, the young actress

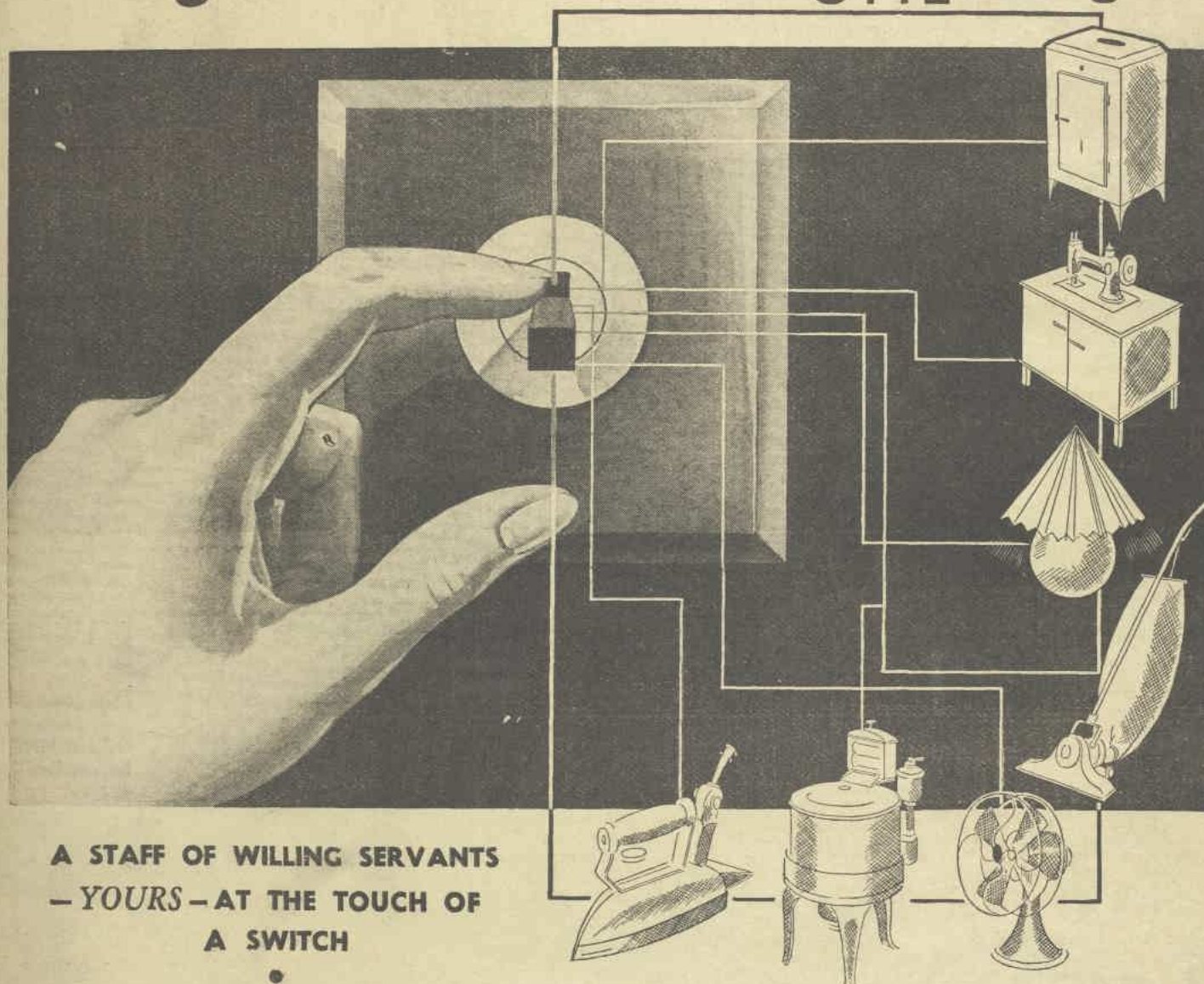
now admits, were largely responsible for the success that came her way once she was given her chance.

Australian picturegoers will shortly be seeing quite a lot of Rochelle Hudson. She appears, with Shirley Temple and John Boles in "Curly Top," but the first of her really big films is to be "Way Down East," which should reach Australia late in 1935 or early next year. "Hawk of the Night," "Champagne Charley," and "Snatched" are three more pictures in which she will appear during the coming year. This will give some idea of the important place she has assumed in the motion-picture industry.

In the meantime, between work, she still studies. Why, you may ask, keep on with lessons when stardom is already hers? Because, according to her ideas, an actress can never know too much of the most difficult, exacting, and uncertain jobs in the world.

There is still time for sport—tennis and swimming—and for reading; even for making book rugs. But—her career comes first; everything that will help her in this takes precedence. And so, she works a lot, plays when she can, AND STUDIES.

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USE MORE MILK

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TYPEWRITING IS EASY!

EVERY MEMBER OF THE FAMILY CAN USE THE REMINGTON PORTABLE.

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Brand New Remington Portable

complete with carrying case; standard 4-row keyboard; back spacer; margin release on keyboard; standard width carriage; automatic ribbon reverse; in fact, every essential feature found in standard typewriters.

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Please send me details of your FREE Home Typing Course and how I can buy a new Remington Portable Typewriter for only eightpence a day. Also send particulars of standard and portable Remingtons.

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Two Good Little AUSTRALIANS: Joyce Loughry

230 Benclong St.
CREMORNE, N.S.W.

AND

The New Model Australian-Built Remington Portable Typewriter

with all standard writing-machine features

RADIO "Uncle's" AMAZING Menagerie George Saunders of 2GB Collects Animals and Things

If you ever see a man with a big boyish grin exercising five Pekingese dogs in the park and now and then rushing out to rescue one from almost certain death by car, you can be sure the dogs are Changie, Mingie, Ninkie, Mr. Wu, and Old Bill, and that their proud and happy owner is Uncle George of 2GB.

George Saunders, known far and wide as Uncle George, loves dogs—loves all animals, in fact—and is particularly fond of his five Pekingese, because all of them have been given him during the last eleven years by radio listeners.

MR. WU is the aristocrat of the five, perhaps the most aristocratic Pekingese in Australia, with numerous cups to his credit. Old Bill, named after Captain Balmfater's famous war-days character, is the oldest. He was presented to Uncle George back in 1924, and is now 18 years old, which makes him a patriarch among dogs.

Changie is the most human of the five. He has a habit of muttering to Uncle George as though he were trying to say something, and when that fails he sits up and begs. Then Uncle George says, "Do you want to go for a walk?" and Changie yaps to let him know that that is the very thing he has been suggesting.

In spite of the fact that Uncle George is eleven years older to-day than when he first entered radio, there is something essentially boyish about him, which probably accounts for his success with the kiddies who listen to his children's hour.

And, like all boys, he is a great collector. He is by no means satisfied with a collection of dogs. His house is a veritable menagerie. Peter, the Persian cat, is the vagrant of the family, because of



"UNCLE GEORGE," who is the pioneer of all Australian radio mics.

you that coin-collecting was a hobby of his childhood, and his cameo gathering commenced with two camoes which a friend offered to sell him.

"My other hobbies," says Uncle George, "are fishing, golfing, photography, reading detective stories, and a game of snooker or solo. My favorite book is 'The Children's Encyclopedia'. And, of course, I find time to entertain the kiddies every night from 2GB between five and six. In fact, I think the kiddies are my greatest hobby."

2GB Highlights

SATURDAY, November 23.—11:0:

Hall of Song, 7.15; Pinto Pete, 7.45; Darby and Joan, 8.30; Exclusive Recordings, 11.0; Jack Davey.

SUNDAY, November 24.—1.45:

Highlights from Opera, 7.30; Norman Cowper, "Italy To-day," 7.40; Dr. Cole, Efficiency in Written Expression, 8.45; George Edwards in "Reckless."

MONDAY, November 25.—11.45:

Dorothea Vautier: People in the Limelight, 6.30; To-night's the Night, 7.30; Oliver Twist, 8.45; Wings of the Dragon, 9.8; Pearls of Song, 9.30; Charm of the Orient, 10.0; Trial of John Donald Merrett.

TUESDAY, November 26.—5.30:

Dorothea Vautier: Musical Personalities, 8.5; Pick and Pat Minstrels, 9.15; Story of Your Suburb, 9.30; Strange as it Seems, 9.45; Cyril James: Irish Fantasia.

WEDNESDAY, November 27.—

8.0: Kingsmen, 9.0: Easy Chair Music, 9.15; Short Stories of the Air, 9.45; Edmund Breese in "Memories."

THURSDAY, November 28.—

6.20: Famous Bands of the World, 6.47; Romance in the Retail, 9.45; Jack Lumsdaine and Cyril James.

FRIDAY, November 29.—4.58

Castles in Music, 9.30: A. M. Pooley.

a habit of visiting neighbors for weeks on end. But, in spite of this, Peter is a nice cat.

There are also three parrots, with the unusual names of Faith, Hope and Charity. How they came by those names Uncle George has forgotten, but they are all good companions, and one of them he specially treasures, as it was a gift from "Bringing," lovable teller of aboriginal lore in the early days of radio.

Even they do not exhaust the menagerie. Jackie the muggle whistles and sings and talks the whole day long. And there are 170 lovebirds, and a couple of hundred rare and beautiful goldfish.

"I love all my pets," says Uncle George, "and I have discovered that the best companions a man can have are found among the animals."

Uncle George has also collected two of the most remarkable galleries of authentic portraits of the world's great and near-great ever got together in Australia. For he is the owner of 18,000 rare coins, bearing the heads of nearly every Caesar, emperor, king, queen, or dictator who has ruled over his or her fellow men, and of 3500 cameos, which include contemporary portraits of Julius Caesar and Nero. The most valuable of these are kept in safe deposit.

Should you ask Uncle George how he came to collect these things, he will tell

NEW PLASMIC

America's Most Talked Of Skin Preparation.



From Actual Photo. (Untouched).

Mrs. Helen Sagamore, Bondi Road, age 37. Taken on July 12th, 1934.



From Actual Photo. (Untouched).

Mrs. Helen Sagamore, Bondi Road, taken on July 22nd, 1934. After 4 applications of New Plasmic.

Absolutely removes almost instantaneously all WRINKLES, LINES, BLEMISHES of the Skin, Pimples, etc., developed by Old Age or Other Causes.

NEW PLASMIC ACTS LIKE MAGIC

The Very First Treatment produces Unbelievable Results. Restores permanently to old or middle age the skin and complexion of youth.

OLD FACES MADE YOUNG.

YOUNG FACES KEPT YOUNG.

BLEMISHED SKINS MADE PERFECT.

THE LATEST AND MOST GENUINE

DISCOVERY. TRY IT—YOU WILL

BE AMAZED.

Call for FREE DEMONSTRATION or Large Tube, sufficient for twelve treatments, posted free to any address for 8/6.

SATISFACTION GUARANTEED.

Ladies unable to call for a FREE DEMONSTRATION can have a TRIAL TUBE posted to them (with full directions) for postal note of 1/- and two penny stamps.

JOHN AFRIAT, Radio House, 296 Pitt Street, Sydney.

ARE YOU SUFFERING

From Pains in the Head, Giddiness, Depression, Irritability, Lack of Energy, Unsteadiness in Walking, Hot Flashes, Headaches, Failing Memory, Loss of Hearing, Sleeplessness, &c., &c.?

BLOOD PRESSURE

Get rid of the constant danger of sudden death by taking the approved, never failing Remedy, Dr. Remond's (Germany).

ARTERIAL TABLETS

From the moment you commence taking these tablets your health will gradually come back to you, and all fear of a stroke vanish. Wonderful testimonials.

Price, 12/-, 5 weeks; 22/-, 10 weeks (full course); 9/6, trial supply.

Obtainable from all leading chemists, or direct from G. WINTER, 63 Wellington Street, Kew, E.A. Victoria.

Intimate Jottings

Did You Know That—

Les Falkiner apparently scornful of modish narrow-brimmed hats? Wore wide-brimmed cowboy variety with weeds in town last week.

Feather Orchids

VERY festive was dance given by Dr. and Mrs. F. C. Thompson to mark return of Mrs. Cliff Kitchen from travels. . . . Proceedings opened with buffet dinner at seven. . . . Bort Fahy arrived later to play for party and showed splendid form. . . . Guests gathered round piano for sing-songs in between dances. . . . Hostess wore simple but smart floral linen evening frock. . . . Orchids worn with pastel-blue gown by guest of honor amazingly life-like, but samples of Parisian flower maker.

Captain Ian Campbell, wife, and daughter, left by Mooltan on Saturday for two years at Camberley, England. Ian will do staff course at Military College.

Startling Cravats

QUITE dramatic was neckwear worn by ushers at Guinness-Badgery wedding. . . . Ken Badgery muffled with grey cravat whose intricacies were supported by pearl tie-pin. . . . "Bing" Carson also sported cravat, but tied on more prosaic lines. . . . Little Sally Bragg most self-possessed of wedding retinue. . . . Exclaiming "What a lot of people," Sally came to door of church and slowly gyrated for edification of admiring audience. . . . Elizabeth Bay House was charming setting for beautiful bride.

Orion Ball on Monday grand affair. Invitation cards large enough to use for posters. Charities to benefit by sale of expensive tickets.

Viennese Holiday

LOIS LINDSLEY arrived in Sydney on Thursday by German cargo boat. . . . Round about two years since Lois set sail from Sydney. . . . Last January traveller arrived in Vienna, and so charmed was she with Austrian city that she stayed there eight months. . . . Cocktail party given her by Mrs. Mick Bardsley, night of arrival. . . . Old friends asked to welcome her included Mr. and Mrs. Clive Inglis, Mrs. F. C. Thompson, numerous members of Rofe family, Mrs. Lang Gibson, and Mr. and Mrs. John Shand.

After furlough in Australia Mrs. E. T. Brennan, wife of Senior Quarantine Officer of Rabaul, with three children returned to tropics on board Nankin.

Hard To Find

AT cocktail party given in her honor at Queen's Club, Mrs. Bogey Engelbach hard to find beneath large, black picture hat. . . . Frock was charming affair of figured chiffon in black and white. . . . Mrs. Garnet Marsden was hostess, and received about forty guests in drawing-room. . . . Mrs. Hawnley, an English visitor who travelled by Orion, Mr. and Mrs. A. C. Davidson, Dr. and Mrs. John Maude, Mr. and Mrs. Derek Deane, Mrs. John Keep, and Mr. and Mrs. Frank Wade among sippers of cocktails.

Stranger Walked In

ALLAN TOOHEY must be missing from family dinner-table on Wednesday nights during season of John Cazabon's play, "A Stranger Walked In." . . . Play opens in dashing manner with amusing dialogue, but becomes vague as plot becomes involved. . . . Geoff Lempriere and Norah Cazabon are play's chief support.

Official Yet Informal

HARMING air of informality and geniality characterised wedding of Mary Page and Wilfred Tart. . . . Official personages present included Governor-General and Lady Isaacs, Prime Minister Lyons, and B. S. B. Stevens couple. . . . Magnificent background of Christmas-lilies made aureole for fair bride while seated at wedding breakfast. . . . All flowers for decorations given by friends. . . . Bride and two maids, Madge Thomas and Pat Mulholland, all achieved B.A. degree at Sydney University together. . . . Newlyweds on motoring honeymoon, and Christmas fare to be partaken of at Boolneringbar, on Upper Clarence, with Page family.

Perfecting Her French

MRS. ALBERT LITTLE-JOHN is meeting many famous people on travels. . . . Found world and wife at Geneva. . . . Met correspondents of repute, including Vernon Bartlett, who, she says, is "full of life and fun." . . . Entrance examinations to London University successfully passed by son. . . . University also has student in Mrs. Littlejohn, who is perfecting French. . . . Has had to speak in French at Equal Rights international meetings.

Janet Mitchell has many lecture engagements in London. Recently returned from Geneva.

Circling Globe

VERY jolly were Mr. and Mrs. Wilson as they greeted old friends at the Hotel Australia on coming ashore from Strathnaver. . . . Popular New Zealand couple have circled globe during last eight months, and now anxious to return to Auckland home. . . . They began travels with six trunks, but have acquired six more. . . . Lots of fascinating presents for son and daughter included among luggage. . . . Arrival well timed for Christmas-tree.

tened with tense concentration. . . . Maybe they will tell wives just how blanquette de veau is made. . . . Tantalising odor from savory dishes on stove penetrated to furthest corner of auditorium. . . . Kitchen decoration exotic with Christmas-lilies in profusion and much use made of crisp green-and-white checks.

Coming and Going

MUCH farewelling and welcoming home at luncheon party given at Elaine, Double Bay, by Mrs. Hubert Fairfax on Friday. . . . Mrs. Moore and Helen Campbell were the departing guests, and Joan Sayers and Barbara Warry once more in fold. . . . Val. Adams, Mrs. Bowie Wilson, Sybil Hinder, Anne Ellworth, and Anne Gordon were fellow-guests.

Pictures and Plays

PETER BOUSFIELD held exhibition of outdoor, typically Australian pictures at Rubery Bennett's galleries during week. . . . Show opened by Major-General Cox with few, pleasant words. . . . Mrs. Bousfield accompanies husband on country treks, and is equally enthusiastic about sun and fresh breezes. . . . Very witty play has just been written by Mrs. Bousfield, so husband has not monopoly of talent.



MISS JEAN ECCLES SNOWDEN, only daughter of Lady Snowden, who has just returned on board the Orion from a holiday in Melbourne. During her stay there, Miss Snowden gave several successful broadcasts on a variety of subjects. —Women's Weekly photos.



Pins To Elephants

SCARCELY anything from pins to elephants not present at exhibition of Combined Hobbies opened by Lady Isaacs on Friday. . . . Microscopic fish jostled out-size patchwork quilts in hope of gaining blue ribbon for particular sections. . . . Lady Isaacs did grand tour of room accompanied by Mr. and Mrs. A. C. Davidson, Miss Sylvia Purves, and Mr. C. M. C. Shannon. . . . Mrs. A. V. Roberts, Mrs. Emery, Lady McKelvey, looking extra smart in brown-and-white ensemble with large dragon brooch at neckline, were among gathering present.

Family Gathering

QUITE a family gathering of Shepherd family at Brisbane during week-end. . . . Tony is Orient Company officer in North and blossomed into broadcast announcer as Orion sailed up river. . . . Sister Rosemary was aboard, intending to spend short while with Tony before sailing for India. . . . Air-minded member of good-looking family, Beverley, flew to rendezvous. . . . Trio were guests at cocktail party given by Ernest Bells.

Mollywook Beach in vicinity of Milton will have first glimpse of Gay Coulter's snappy bathing attire this season. Gay has just returned to South Coast home after two months' holiday in Sydney.

Feathered Favorites

MUCH admiration lavished on gaily-colored denizens of aviary at home of Mrs. Garnet Halloran last week. . . . Bridge party arranged for funds of Ornithological Section of Royal Zoological Society. . . . In between rubbers players inspected feathered pets of household. . . . Two small dogs politely greeted guests at front gate. . . . Mrs. Harry Edwards, Mrs. K. M. E. MacDonald, Helen Williams, Sylvia Lidwell, and Mrs. Stafford among card enthusiasts. . . . Bird Society represented by two excellent bridge players who showed no embarrassment at preponderance of fair sex.

Mrs. Claude Glasson, of Bathurst, is spending short while in town. Daughter June does daily dozen at Ascham. Mrs. Glasson en route for Bombala to stay with Charlie Maslin couple at Gunningrah.

No Plum Pudding

MISS HILDA MARKS, former Lady Mayoress of Sydney, arrives home after year's travel just three days too late for turkey and plum pudding in family circles. . . . Has had most interesting time and recently attended Drama League Conference at Stratford-on-Avon. . . . Elsie Dumolo, also of Sydney, accompanied her. . . . Being theatrical fan, Miss Marks has attended most West End shows, and found Godfrey Tearle's latest play most entertaining.

Did You Notice—

Popularity of figured taffeta? Mrs. Alan Macgregor wore lovely creation of cream, yellow, brown, and green taffeta at Romano's on Saturday night.

Jane Anne

E. A. K. Powell Advertising

TENNIS
CHAMPION'S
PRETTY
WIFE

HELEN VIN-
SON, Paramount
player (now Mrs.
Fred Perry), is
here displaying a
new type of "off-
the-face" hat,
fashioned from
brown stained
straw.



PROUD OF HER CLEAR SKIN

CHAMBERLAIN'S
TABLETS
FOR THE STOMACH & LIVER

TICKLING Leads to Cure of Blindness

Unresponsive Nerves Lead
Doctor to Seat of Trouble

By Air Mail from our London Office

Tickling is a terror to most people.

To Miss Elsie Cross, a 23-year-old London typist, it has proved a blessing. It helped to cure her of blindness.

MISS CROSS, until a year ago, had never been seriously ill, and then one morning as she was dressing she noticed a haze over her eyes.

Rapidly the darkness grew; at the end of the day she was half-blind. Next morning she could only just see a brilliant electric light held a few inches from her eyes, and in two days she was totally blind.

For six months she went from one specialist to another. As a last resort one of them suggested she should go to the National Hospital.

"There," said the doctor who attended her, "we disregarded her eyes for the moment. Instead, we tickled the soles of her feet."

"Extending from the brain to the feet are nerve fibres we call pyramidal tracts. If there is nothing wrong with the nervous system the toes turn downwards as a result of tickling; Elsie Cross' toes turned up."

"Flickers" No Longer

By Air Mail From Our London Office

A NEW cinema screen has been invented which will be a blessing to the people who can only afford the front seats at their cinema.

It is composed entirely of tiny glass globes, and when demonstrated side by side with an ordinary screen at a London cinema the difference was a revelation.

Sitting at the end of the front row of the stalls, it was possible to get a perfect and undistorted vision of the film.

Nicotine and other impurities in the atmosphere of a cinema cling to a film screen. Washing the impurities off has often meant clogging the all-important perforations in a screen which permit the sound to come through to the auditorium.

Soap and water is all that is required to wash the new glass bead screen.

"Next we struck a tuning fork and rested it on her legs. She felt none of the vibrations."

"We touched her all over with cotton wool. Sensation was blunted. We filled test tubes with hot and cold water, put them on sensitive parts of her skin, pricked her with pins and needles—she felt nothing."

"As a final test we drew from the base of her spine some of the fluid which surrounds the brain, and found in the spine as well. From this we found that the trouble was not in her eyes at all, but that the nerves between the brain and eyes were diseased."

"Injections cured them, and in five weeks she could see perfectly well again."

'SURE TO GET IT AT'... GRACE BROS. NOVEMBER JUBILEE GOLDEN CARNIVAL

ASTOUNDING VALUE!
Genuine
BAKU

Obtainable in a variety of shapes and many types of "individual" trimmings. In Black, Navy, Brown and White. Fittings 21½, 22, 23½. USUAL PRICE 29/6. SPECIAL JUBILEE OFFER, 12/11



SMART TAILORED LINEN SUITS, for the Miss, and S.S.W. Obtainable in shades of String, Almond, Jubilee Blue, White. Usually 19/6. SPECIAL JUBILEE OFFER ... 13/6



The Popular STITCHED TAFFETA. A smart Hat beautifully stitched. Suitable for all occasions. In Black, Navy and Brown. Usual Price 19/6. SPECIAL JUBILEE OFFER ... 14/6



A large range of FINE STRAWS in all desired shapes, including Matrons and large fittings. Colours: Black, Navy, Brown, Natural and White. Usual Price 8/11. SPECIAL JUBILEE OFFER ... 4/11

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Do You Know?

You can have glorious hair, free of dandruff, fluffy, inclined to curl, and gleaming with radiating health, which will improve your appearance—ever so much—and more.

Rub GRO-GROW in nightly with finger tips to hair roots, then brush briskly and freely. 5 minutes daily brushing with GRO-GROW works wonders. It cleans out the bald head maker (dandruff) quickly. Get your boy friend or hubby on to it. Make GRO-GROW drill a family affair.

GRO-GROW is a combination of extracts from hair growing glands which definitely revitalise your hair.

2/- pot everywhere.
Tremendous sales!

"Miles better
than Brilliantine"

TINS-
1/6
1/2

**FRENCH
CORN-CURE**
— SURE CURE —
GIVES INSTANT RELIEF
REMOVES HARDEST SKIN
ANTHONY HORDERN'S
SYDNEY

Essential to Charm—

POTTER & MOORE'S*Mitcham
Lavender*

MOST people you admire insist on having Mitcham Lavender Water amongst their personal necessities. Its quality indicates refinement, its delicate fragrance is in perfect taste. The same perfume can be found in all forms of toilet preparations. See them at any department store or chemist's—they're all moderately priced.

Gift bottles as illustrated from 2/3 to 12/6 each.

*Toilet
preparations by*

POTTER & MOORE

THE HOUSE OF QUALITY—LONDON



SPECIAL OFFER: Five flasks of Mitcham Lavender Water, and 1/- in Postal Notes or Stamps for Postage and Packing to W. J. BUSH & CO., LTD., Dept. WJQ Box 1131, G.P.O., Melbourne.

Name _____
Address _____

Lose those Extra Inches

Don't let them
lead you to the
Outsize Dept.!

When a woman begins to lose her figure, she frequently gets the first hint of it in the Dress Department, when the assistant tactfully says, "I'll have to let it out a little here, Madam."

If extra inches are threatening your girlish lines—if the poundage is steadily piling up—you would be wise to profit by the experience of the woman who wrote the following letter:—

"I am now 40 years of age, when many women find flesh forming round the hips and thighs and the back of the neck. I have avoided all that since taking Kruschen Salts, and feel quite graceful and youthful, and so fresh in the mornings. Kruschen really is wonderful."—Mrs. K.C. (Original letter on file for inspection).

Kruschen strikes at the usual cause of fat. It effects a perfectly natural clearance of undigested food substances and all excessive watery waste matter. Unless this waste is regularly expelled, Nature is liable to store it up out of the way in the form of fatty tissue.



Try one half-teaspoonful of Kruschen Salts in a glass of hot water every morning—in three weeks get on the scales and note how many pounds of fat have vanished. Kruschen will give any fat person a joyous surprise. Kruschen Salts is obtainable at all chemists and stores at 2/6 per bottle.

"NO CHANCE of MEN Keeping Women Out Of PARLIAMENT"

Can Help Solve Problem of Australian Youth

"Men are crazy to think they can keep women out of Parliament," says Dr. G. L. Wood, Associate Professor of Commerce at Melbourne University, Master of Arts and Doctor of Letters.

"Women have a valuable point of view that only they can express, and the place to express it is in Parliament."

DR. WOOD, who recently toured U.S.A. and the United Kingdom studying New Deals and Old Politicians, is tremendously interested in the signs of vigorous criticism of present conditions shown by women's organisations.

"The part played by women in Great Britain and America during 1935 is truly remarkable," he says, "both in the nation-wide organisations of the U.S.A. and the more local movements of Britain."

"Women's organisations in the U.S.A. have definitely set out to influence public opinion and mould public policy. The great conferences of women held in such centres as Chicago, Boston, and Philadelphia definitely played a large part in enabling President Roosevelt to sweep the country before him in the radical swing of the last three years."

Know Their Power

"RIGHTLY or wrongly, women in America are very much alive to their power to compel Governments to take note of what they want, and this power has become possible by the excellent organisation and persistent effort of some very remarkable women."

"In England, where politics are far more influenced by customs and traditions, women's organisations are not nearly so prominent, but behind the scenes one detects a great deal of lively criticism constantly being directed at heads of departments by them."

"The urge for some plan for dealing with depressed areas has largely come from the women of England."

Dr. Wood is a staunch champion of Australian women. He believes that although they are by no means as far advanced as American women, precisely the same kind of development that is taking place in America is also taking place here.

"Australian women have a definite point of view," he says, "and do not hesitate to make it known, particularly upon political questions."

Well Organised

"THE organisation of women's efforts is in capable hands in most of our great centres and, by the way, it is interesting to note that the depression has been a good friend to women. In all countries it has speeded up women's movements by giving a definite need for them."

"Should women go into Parliament? Of course they should. Men are crazy to think they can keep them out of Parliament any more than they can keep them out of the pulpit for ever."

"The special field where there are very great possibilities of women having influence upon Government policy is in connection with the right of Australian youth. Governments will stick round and do nothing except for the people who have a vote."

"The only force virile enough and assertive enough to make Governments listen to the needs of unemployed youth is the women."

"I predict that it is along those lines that women will find their greatest usefulness in politics and economics in the next few years."

Useful Part To Play

DR. WOOD believes that women have an increasingly useful part to play in the progress of Australia. And he should know. He is president of the Victorian Branch of the Economic Society of Australia and New Zealand; general secretary of the Economic Society's Central Council; and until recently chairman of the Board of Social Studies. He is also commentator on International Affairs for the Australian Broadcasting Commission. A Fellow of the Rockefeller Foundation and Harbison Highbottom prize man for 1930 he is the author of "The Pacific Basin," an economic geography of the Pacific; "Business and Borrowing in Australia," and "A few other trifles," as well as the Australian section of a recent book published by the Institute of Pacific Relations on Commodity Control in the Pacific area.



Dr. G. L. Wood —Jack Cato photo.

*You can feel it...you can see it
..and so can others!
it's Film on Teeth!*

● Film must be removed from teeth... for beauty and for health.

Film is that slippery coating on your teeth. Film contains the germs associated with tooth decay. Film invites tooth and gum disorders. Stains from food and smoking lodge in film—make teeth look yellow when they're really not.

Film sticks like glue. To remove it you must use a special film-removing agent. Pepsodent is known throughout the world today as the special film-removing tooth paste.

Due to Scientific Formula

Pepsodent's unique power to remove film from teeth is due to the formula. A new cleansing and polishing material has been developed. This material is far safer than any leading tooth powder—far safer than polishing materials used in any other leading tooth paste. Yet it removes film with striking effectiveness.

This special film-removing material is contained in Pepsodent exclusively—and in no other tooth paste whatsoever. That's why Pepsodent gives results not possible with other kinds.

Dentists use Pepsodent

That is why thousands of dentists have told us that they make Pepsodent their personal tooth paste.

That is why millions of people will not risk their own teeth or their children's with harsh, abrasive pastes or powders.

Don't take chances on cheap tooth pastes, when Pepsodent leaves teeth brighter, gives higher polish. Use Pepsodent twice a day—see your dentist at least twice a year.



WEAR LADY RUTH No. 2020
WEAR LADY RUTH No. 2020
AND REDUCE HIP MEASUREMENT

Does your figure need restraint about the hips? Yes? Then wear this Lady Ruth Back Lace Corset, No. 2020, and at once your hip measurement will grow pleasingly less. It's firmly boned, this Lady Ruth. And reinforced in front.

Sizes: 26-32 inches.

LADY RUTH
CORSETS

• "Let's see — how does this walking business go? Clench fists, put one foot ahead of the other — but what do I do after that? . . . Oh, why did I ever take up walking anyway? I was doing fine, getting carried or going on all fours —"



• "Well, so far, so good! It won't be long now till I get to that nice splashy tub — and then for a good rub-down with Johnson's Baby Powder! . . . Now which foot goes ahead first? Might try both at once — the more the merrier —"



• "Ooops! Something wrong with that idea! Feet are all right, but the rest of me's getting left far, far behind! That's an awfully hard floor down there too — I remember it from last time! Well, look out below — I'm coming . . ."



• ". . . Oh well — what's one bump more or less! Everything's O.K. again, now that I've had my rub-down with Johnson's Baby Powder. . . . Just test that powder between your thumb and finger and find out how smooth it is. Not a bit gritty, like some powders — that's because Johnson's Baby Powder is made from the finest quality talc only. And that is why Johnson's is the best talc babies can have."

Johnson's BABY powder
BEST FOR BABY—BEST FOR YOU

A product of Johnson and Johnson—World's largest manufacturers of Surgical Dressings, Johnson's Baby Soap and Cream, Talc, the Modern Toothbrush, etc.

Johnson's Baby Soap reduced in price
Now 9d. per tablet.

A REAL MAN'S BELT AT LAST
A XMAS PRESENT THAT WILL BE APPRECIATED BY EVERY MAN, YOUTH AND BOY
Saddler-made of the finest selected Oak Bark Tanned Solid Hide, with Monogram Buckle Clasp of ANY TWO or THREE letters.



PRICE

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Per Registered Post, Free Anywhere.

This illustration reproduces the actual size of MONOGRAM BUCKLE. The ANCHOR MONOGRAM BUCKLE is made of strongest gunmetal, and the letters are pure SILVER PLATE on SOLID NICKEL, and will last forever. Simply state the initials you desire, say two or three letters.

JACK AFRAT, Radio House, 7th Floor, 296 Pitt St., Sydney, Tel. 331. Established 1905

EXTRACTING Money Without PAIN

Y.W.C.A. Plans an Imaginary Bazaar

Most people would rather pay to stay away from a bazaar than pay to attend it, however eloquently habitual stallholders may refute the fact.

Acting on this principle, the Y.W.C.A. has evolved an ingenious idea for an imaginary bazaar to be held on November 21 and 22 to raise the £50 that is needed before the end of the year to clear Melbourne's quota of £150 towards Australia's share in Y.W.C.A. work in India and the East.

ALL those who have frequently been heard to mutter "I'd rather give a pound than go to this bazaar" are now being given the opportunity to do that very thing, more or less.

Nobody with a sense of humor will be able to resist the pamphlets that are being sent out.

They begin quite frankly:

"EVERYONE hates a bazaar, so we are holding an imaginary bazaar on November 21 and 22" and proceed to



THIS exquisite pink-and-silver metal cloth evening frock is worn by Ida Lupino, Paramount player. The gown follows the classic princess silhouette with an extreme décolletage.

enumerate the blessings of such an illusive affair.

THINK of the time and trouble saved. THINK of the relief of not having to organize parties for stalls, or to think of what exactly to send your stallholder.

THINK of the peaceful afternoon tea at home instead of at a crowded, insecure table.

THINK of being spared the trouble of turning out in heat or wet, and the wild search for something really useful.

We are going to provide you with all these pleasures of the imagination. Everything imaginary except your contribution and the good it will do.

So please send us:

Tram fares to and from 60 Russell Street	£ s d
Wear and tear of clothes, shoes, leather, etc.	0 0 6
Wear and tear of nerves and temper	0 0 6
Afternoon tea	0 1 0
Contribution unsent to stall (no limit)	0 0 0
Articles unbought (no limit)	0 0 0

Total

Then follows a list of stallholders and their addresses to which contributions may be sent, and the pamphlet finishes on the hopeful note:

"Donations may be sent to the secretary, Miss A. N. Brown, Y.W.C.A., Russell Street, Melbourne."

How is this for painless extraction of money? Apparently the Y.W.C.A. has hit upon the one way to make the public pay, and pay gladly.

GIRL WITH RADIO BRAIN

By Air Mail from our London Office.

ILGA, the ten-year-old daughter of a poor farmer of Riga, is said to have a "radio brain."

She cannot read, yet she can repeat aloud exactly what another person in the room is reading silently.

She knows no language but her own, but can repeat French, German and English texts.

A doctor who was called to examine her as a backward child found that she could repeat long texts from the Bible which he was reading to himself.

The case is being investigated by Dr. Neureither, director of the Latvian Medical-Legal Institute.

TATTOO

the South Sea Maiden's Secret of LOVELY LIPS



Think of it! Colour for your lips without paint. Clear, smooth, even, luscious colour that actually becomes an all-day part of your lips, the instant of application. TATTOO . . . put it on . . . let it set . . . wipe it off. Only the colour stays. Four really exciting shades. Obtainable everywhere.

Send 1/6 for introductory size, stating shade desired, to sole Australian Agents: Dowd & Co., Pty. Ltd. 326 Flinders Lane, Melbourne, C.I.

10/6 CORAL, EXOTIC, NATURAL, PASTEL

TATTOO

Reduce and HIPS 10 DAYS WITH
YOUR WAIST 3 INCHES IN the SLIMFORM PERFORATED GIRDLE

WEAR IT FOR 10 DAYS AT OUR EXPENSE



"I read an ad. of the Slimform Co. and sent for their FREE folder"

"They actually allowed me to wear the Slimform for 10 days on trial..."

"The massage-like action did it . . . the fat seemed to have melted away"

"In a very short time I had reduced my hips 3 inches and my weight 20 pounds"

You can TEST the SLIMFORM GIRDLE and BRASSIERE For 10 DAYS at our expense!

WE want you to try the Slimform Perforated Girdle and Uplift Brassiere. Test them for yourself—in your Own Home—for 10 Days at Our Expense. Then, if you have not reduced at least 3 inches around WAIST and HIPS, they will cost you nothing!

NO DIET, DRUGS, OR EXERCISES!

The wonderful part of the Slimform Girdle method of reducing, is its absolute Safety and Comfort. You take No Drugs—No Exercise—You Eat Normal Meals—and yet we Guarantee you will Reduce at least 3 inches in 10 days or it will Cost You Nothing!

THE MASSAGE-LIKE ACTION REDUCES QUICKLY, EASILY, and SAFELY

The massage-like action of these astounding Reducing Garments takes the place of months of tiring exercises. It removes surplus fat and stimulates the body once more into energetic health.

KEEPS YOUR BODY COOL AND FRESH

The ventilating perforations allow the skin pores to breathe normally. There is no irritation, chafing or discomfort; it keeps the body cool and fresh at all times. It gives perfect freedom of action whilst walking, dancing, golfing, swimming, surfing and at all sports.

SEND FOR 10 DAYS FREE TRIAL OFFER

You can prove to yourself quickly and definitely whether or not this efficient Slimform Girdle will reduce you. You do not need to risk one penny, try it for 10 days . . . then send it back if you are not completely astonished at the results.

Do not wait any longer as the offer is limited. Send 2d. stamp for Leaflet Illustrating and Describing the Slimform Girdle and Brassiere and particulars of the 10 Days Free Trial Offer.

SLIMFORM GIRDLE CO. LTD.
30 NATIONAL BUILDING,
250 Pitt Street, Sydney

Mandrake the Magician



MEET THE CHARACTERS IN THIS GREAT SERIAL

MANDRAKE: The Master Magician is in Northern Arabia on the trail of

SAKI: The world's greatest thief. The chase is of great difficulty, as Saki is a master of disguise; although he rules the underworld, no one has seen his true face. With

LOTHAR: His giant Nubian slave, and

TURO: A police guide, Mandrake has been searching the Thieves' Market for Saki. A mysterious woman appears and Mandrake, thinking she might be Saki in disguise, follows her to her house, little dreaming that he is to meet the comrade of a former adventure.

PRINCESS NARDA: For whom he performed a great service. But read on—



To be Continued.

FISH-ON! LOOK WHAT I'VE BROUGHT YOU MUM!

AREN'T THEY GREAT? BUT IF YOU'D SEEN THE ONE THAT GOT AWAY----

HE WAS EASILY THAT BIG! AN' HE JUST BIT MY SINKER OFF 'N' CHEWED IT UP----

I'LL TELL YOU SOMETHING, MUM—IF YOU'LL KEEP IT SECRET—
I found a new place to go! WORMS FOR DIRT!

COURSE WE HAD TO DIG A BIT DEEP AN' JIMMY GOT A BIT DIRTY----

I CAN HARDLY BELIEVE IT!

THANK GOODNESS FOR SOLVOL!

GEE, I HOPE JIMMY'S MOTHER USES SOLVOL TOO

SOLVOL SAVES MANY A SCOLDING because it makes tiresome scrubbing unnecessary, no matter how grubby the kiddies get their hands and knees. Even worn-in grime is whisked away in the rich creamy lather—yet it is as gentle as fine toilet soap...

Z. KITCHEN & SONS, PTY. LTD. 23-12B-19

A GOOD TIME

Continued from Page 6

BIDDY had fainted most conveniently. She had grown at a terrific rate, and she always fainted quite easily, but it really was a feather in Lady Moira's cap that she should choose this moment to do one of her best.

"Your car hardly touched my little girl," Lady Moira said in her very attractive voice to Chip, "but honestly, not, I'm afraid I lost my nerve utterly, and it's all my fault. If you would be so kind as to drive us home—the little white cottage in Orchard Lane—it isn't far."

Chip carried Biddy up the garden path, and at that moment she opened her eyes, gazed into his as a child gazes, as frankly and somehow wistfully, and then she smiled.

He smiled back, and felt his heart thump hard.

The "cottage" was a delightful little place, all chints and old oak and beamed ceilings within, and herbaceous borders and one huge elm tree and roses without.

A perfect setting.

Lady Moira had sent for a doctor, and he came and examined Biddy in bed, and diagnosed bruises and a twisted ankle and shock, and ordered quietness and light diet.

Chip had tea with Lady Moira, excellent tea, and he was allowed one glimpse at Biddy in bed, and she smiled at him and said:

"I'm as fit as fit really!"

Lady Moira, laughing very sweetly, said to Chip, leading the way downstairs again: "Such a gallant little girl I've got! I believe Biddy will say she is as fit as fit one day, and then turn over and die!"

Chip drove to the best florist and fruiterer and confectioner, and sent flashings of flowers and fruit and sweets, and then remembered books, and sent in a young crate of them.

Lady Moira wired to Buck three days later: "Stroke of luck. Skip over. Love."

Buck skipped over for the week-end and had it all explained to him, and met Chip, and sat up that night talking it over with Lady Moira.

Biddy heard the talking over, lying awake with a bit of a temperature, and thinking ceaselessly about Chip, the quick tenderness of his look, the longer tenderness of his touch.

She heard her father roar with laughter and say: "Oh, very clever, my darling. Do you think Biddy guessed?"

"If she did, she's too cute to admit she did," Lady Moira announced easily. "I think she must have guessed, though. I saw the car coming, I'd been ringing up the hotel to find out just when Lomax left, the direction he'd taken, and then I simply walked out on the esplanade and waited. If we can land this marriage (and Lomax is extraordinarily intrigued) we can leave England in comfort. You will have to work the last scene, though."

"I'll get in a game with my about-to-be son-in-law the night before the wedding and lift all I can off him," Buck suggested.

Biddy sat up in bed, and the pinkness of her face flamed to burning rose. She had suspected and she hadn't struggled—that much was true—but she hadn't known then what Chip was like. She'd wanted just as much as Buck and her mother to "get off," be free through marriage—and Chip had seemed a Heaven-sent chance, and it hadn't seemed wrong to try and wrangle it—then.

She faced the real truth with trembling lips; it was all wrong now, this baiting to catch Chip, this deliberate, cheap deception, because she loved him.

She really had fainted (that had been honest, anyway), and then opened her eyes to find Chip, and the finding had been queerly, sweetly wonderful. She had felt as if her heart had trembled just for a second, when his eyes had smiled straight down into hers, and when, as she moved, half unconsciously, his arms had tightened about her. And he'd come every day since then and they'd talked, oh! about everything, and to-morrow he was to take her a drive.

If she were a sport, decent as Chip was decent, she'd do the straight thing, tell him the truth, tell him she had started to try and make him fall in love with her, ask her to marry him because she was so frightfully poor, and because, all her life, she had accepted the fact a girl must, somehow, get hold of a man with lots of money; it was all, according to her mother's creed, that a girl was there for, to make some man, by fair means—or any means—marry her, and give her a good time.

All had seemed quite natural to Biddy. Now, suddenly, the "all right" standard of life set up by her mother seemed paltry and mean.

She limped across the little, low-ceilinged room to the window, and knelt down in front of it. The stars were dancing on the waves, the scent of carnations mingled with the clear tang of the sea.

Oh, to matter utterly, desperately to one person, to be loved beyond all telling and to love in return like that—And it might come true—it might—if Chip never guessed about the accident, if she never told him—

"He does care a little now," Biddy thought wildly. "I know he does. I can feel it in my heart—and if he does, if he tells me, wants me really, I'll be good all my whole life. I'll love him every second of it—it isn't how things begin that counts, it's how they end. If God let's me have Chip, I'll make him happier than any man has been—I swear I will. If I told him we'd played him up—mother and I—and he went off—what good would it do? But if he doesn't know, and does come to love me really—as I'll love him—as I do—then we'll be happy—and isn't that something?"

Lady Moira's pretty laugh floated up. Biddy rose and crept back to bed, the last thing she wanted just then was to have to talk to her mother.

CHIP was enjoying

himself immensely; he liked everything about this holiday life, the big rooms, the crowd of pleasant men who hailed him friendly, the extremely pretty girls, sisters, cousins, wives to whom they introduced him and who danced and laughed and bathed and went to picnics with him; most of all he liked the Grahams. Bill Graham, the only son, was a soldier home on long leave

P.S.

HE asked fair Ann to marry.
By letter she replied.
He read it—she refused him.
He shot himself, and died.

He might have been alive now.
And she his happy bride,
If he had read the postscript
Upon the other side.

—Mersey Lee.

Launceston, Tas.

from India. He had always seen life from the angle at which Chip was just beginning to view it, and he had a store of worldly knowledge which had made him, paradoxically, very tolerant and rather hide-bound.

He liked Chip genuinely, and wished quite comfortably that Chip would "take on" either Kit or Baba; really, Bill didn't mind which.

"He's a very decent fellow," Bill said of Chip. "No drawbacks about him."

"He's a lamb," Baba said. They got about the four of them, all the time, in Chip's big Hispano and Bill's Chrysler until the accident happened, when Chip used to go off alone each afternoon to make his "duty call," as Kit called it.

"Wonder if there's so much duty about it?" Baba hazarded, and then blushed a little.

So Bill asked Chip a few details, Chip gave them readily, and Bill listened, and nodded.

"What's the girl like?" he asked.

"Pretty?"

"Awfully," Chip answered. "And quite a kid in lots of ways."

"I've met the mother; she's a bit of a flier," was all Bill said.

"Of what use to say more at the moment?"

If Chip were keen it'd only stir him up, and if he weren't then it didn't matter. Better wait and see for a bit. It was by the merest chance Bill ran into Buck in company with Chip; he ignored Chip's little introduction, turned his back squarely on Buck, and said to Chip: "Coming back for a set? I've waited."

He fairly made Chip get into the car, and as he drove off said grimly:

"I'd forgotten that swine was your little friend's father."

He gave a quick glance at Chip's rather annoyed, puzzled face.

"Sorry to butt in and all that," he said more gently, "but that feller, Buck Carter, is such a rank outsider."

"Why, what's he done?"

"Everything that's shady. He's got a reputation that stinks from here to Baluchistan, which is where I last met him. Rotten stock through and through."

They played tennis hard, then they had a couple of Martell's apiece, and all the while Chip wondered.

Did he—or didn't he?

Please turn to Page 39

DONT DELAY — ENTER TO-DAY

Win **£50**
FIRST PRIZE
AND OTHER CASH PRIZES

On the **Miss Lastex**
PHOTOGRAPHIC
SURF GIRL
COMPETITION

The Manufacturers of "Meritas" and "Challenge" Bathing Costumes offer Cash Prizes and Interstate Holiday Trips for the most artistic Photographic Study of Australian Surf Girls wearing either a "Meritas" or "Challenge" Swim Suit made with Lastex Miracle Yarn. With Lastex Miracle Yarn there is virtually not a wrinkle in a mile of curve. The fine, soft wool gives freely with every movement and stretches in the same degree as the human skin.

Entry Forms with the fullest particulars are obtainable from any bathing suit counter in all stores throughout Australia.

CONDITIONS
Entrants can submit photos taken in a studio or on the beach. Points will be awarded for the most artistic study showing the costume to the best advantage. A number of Leading Photographers in all parts of Australia have offered FREE PHOTOGRAPHS TO ENTRANTS.

Write to Competition Director, Box 5900, G.P.O. Sydney, for the name of the nearest photographer who will take your photo FREE.

A TRIP FOR FINALISTS
Judges in each State of Australia will select finalists, who will be brought together in person at the management's expense for the final judging and selection of "Miss Lastex," who will receive:

£50 FIRST PRIZE, SECOND IS £10, AND THIRD PRIZE IS £5.

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VICTORIA: Box 712, G.P.O. Melbourne.
QUEENSLAND: Box 1447, G.P.O. Brisbane.
SOUTH AUSTRALIA: Box 220, G.P.O. Adelaide.
TASMANIA: LAUNCESTON: Box 29, G.P.O. Launceston.
TASMANIA—HOBART: Box 652, G.P.O. Hobart.
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If you cannot get a "Challenge" or "Meritas" Swim Suit in your town, write to our nearest P.O. Box number. We will advise you, and send Entry Form.

Watch the next advertisement for a list of the photographers who will take your photo free of charge.

CHALLENGE & MERITAS SWIM SUIT

Don't delay! Buy your Lastex

DEFINITELY...

You can now restore the fresh lovely skin of youth. You can rid your skin of wrinkles of which often you are not aware. You can now restore the soft, tender, smooth skin. Clearer, softer, more radiant and improve its natural healthy colour. You will see the "Wrinkles" slowly but surely fading away. You will note miraculous results, by using Evergreen Skin Cream.

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Made from Nature's pure ingredients, designed to help the skin, as they contain every quality that contributes to skin beauty. Words cannot extol the marvellous results one can derive by the use of Evergreen Cream and Lotion, both of which are sold in Europe at very high prices under different names.

Evergreen Skin Cream, 3/6

PER JAR.

Evergreen Beauty Lotion, 3/6

PER BOTTLE.

In Leading Stores or post free from Evergreen Preparations Co., Box 3025, G.P.O., Sydney.

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No matter where you live you can now learn in your spare time, by means of my wonderful new Postal Course. Hundreds of successful pupils in America, Canada, England, and South Africa taught through branches of my Schools in New York, Montreal, London, and Johannesburg. The very same course is now available to you! Send 2/6 (P.N. or stamps) for my handsome, new, illustrated, 44-page booklet, "The Secrets of Syncopation," and special demonstration gramophone record.

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Neuralgia used to drive me crazy

but now I never let it get beyond the first twinge. I just take a 'Bayer' A.P.C. Powder and in a few minutes the pain disappears. If you have never tried 'Bayer' A.P.C. a revolution in quick relief awaits you. The exceptional purity of the 'Bayer' ingredients accounts for the wonderful curative efficacy of 'Bayer' A.P.C. Powders in relieving Neuralgia, Headache, Toothache, Rheumatic Pains, Sleeplessness and those prostrating periods to which many women are liable. To doctors and chemists the world over the name 'BAYER' on any remedy is the Hall Mark of reliability, and it is your best guarantee of quick relief from pain.

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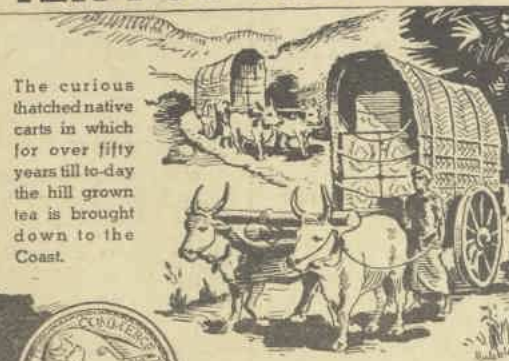
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TEA-POT TALES By JOHN ROGERS



The curious thatched native carts in which for over fifty years till to-day the hill grown tea is brought down to the Coast.



The Royal Society's medal. Offered about 1893 to anyone who should grow and prepare the greatest quantity of tea of good quality not less than 20 lbs. weight in a British dominion. This offer resulted in the first tea being grown commercially in Ceylon.

Fewer teapots are a great rarity because the first one's made were found too easily melted if placed on stove. NOTE: Early teapot shape similar to modern coffee pot.

A GOOD TIME

Continued from Page 38

WAS it just that Biddy was so lovely to look at—he'd been had that way before with Lila—was it that same quick infatuation, not really love at all?

He went off up to his room to change and forgot all about it, and lit a cigarette and padded up and down in his crepe-soled shoes.

Was this the real thing? How on earth was a man to be sure? Three months ago he was dead sure he would never love any woman save Lila—and here he was, clear of that madness, but just as wildly stirred by Biddy.

To touch her hand made his blood race, and when their eyes met it was as if in that held glance his very heart rushed out to her.

He changed at last, dined very quickly, and went off to dance with Kit and Baba.

He had a last drink with Bill, and then they walked on to the long promenade; it was very late and the crowd had left; the tide was going out, the waves were rolling back lazily, drowsily, to the sea mirrored with stars, so still it might almost have been the sky.

Bill had made up his mind to speak, and he spoke.

Said he, drawing at his cigar: "Look here, you may curse me and all that, but I think you ought to know. It's about the Carters, the whole bunch of 'em. They're dead wrong 'un. Chip, so don't get tied up in that quarter. If you feel I've been impertinent, I'm sorry."

"I couldn't feel that," Chip said steadily. "But just what do you mean?"

"Well, I've seen you with the girl, and, of course, she is a tearing beauty, and you rescued her and all that (or ran her down)—the result's the same! Sense of obligation, which becomes friendship, which in nine cases out of ten, when a man's young and a girl's as pretty as Bridget, becomes something more vivid. And I don't want you to go that way."

"You can't talk a father's rottenness on to his child," Chip said quickly. "So he is keen," Bill thought, and his heart sank.

"No, you can't," he agreed slowly. "And I don't. If I did, Heaven knows that girl 'ud be weighed down! But it's rotten stock. Chip, Lady Moira's a wrong 'un, too, and the girl's been brought up under the influence of two well-bred crooks, and I defy an angel to remain unspoiled in a home where a man's good-looking, as clever as they make 'em and as fraudulent, and a woman's lovely and utterly unprincipled. Pitch can't touch you and not leave a mark, my boy, believe me!"

CHIP swung round suddenly.

"Bill, it's frightfully decent of you to care about—about what I do with my life. I know I'm new to all sorts of things. Being dashed poor keeps you dashed stupid about worldly things, too, generally. I know I am that, and I'm grateful to you. But—I dunno—it's pretty hard to talk about it—but I'd been wondering, if you see, whether I did really care or not—and listening

to you—I've found out. I do. I mean to marry Bridget, if she'll have me—"

"She'll have you," Bill broke in with quiet bitterness.

"I dare say all you've said is true in most cases," Chip went on, "but, well, it'll only seem drivelling to you—I know Bridget's different. She may have been near pitch all the time, but she's kept clear of it."

Bill halted; he laid his hand for a second on Chip's arm.

"If you're for it, you're for it," he said, "and I hope all I've said won't come between us."

"It won't," Chip said, with his quick, white smile, "now or ever."

"CA marche, ca marche," Lady Moira wrote to her husband, "but I don't see what we are going to get out of it!"

Buck flew from Paris upon receipt of this letter, and arrived after lunch at the cottage.

"Out in the car, on a radiant hillside, oblivious of insects, freckles, and meal hours," Lady Moira told him, "and, really Bridget's looks are marvellous!"

"So they ought to be! Gets 'em from you and me!" Buck grinned. "She owes it all to us! And it's a debt she's never repaid, and by Jove, it's time we looked into it! Married, Biddy's lost to us; the young man has been poor, and your once poor man is also a poor partner when he comes into money! I have little or no hopes of financial assistance from my future son-in-law, as such. So it behoves us to get busy beforehand! And to that end I have wired Castlevine and Trax to come down. Of course, I'd like to make a big coup, but I can't see how that is to be done, so we'd better clear up what we can and get off to the Riviera."

Just as Lady Moira had said, Chip and Biddy were lying on a radiant hillside.

"It's wonderful just to be alive," Biddy said almost in a whisper, and sighed.

Chip's face whitened a very little under its tan. He wanted desperately to lay his cheek down on that filmy fold of whiteness which had lifted when Biddy had sighed, and feel her heart beating close to his lips.

Never in his most headlong moments with Lila, had he felt as he felt now; this was love, this frantic tenderness which held him and thrilled him even while his heart thudded with passionate longing.

He could feel it thudding now—she was so little, so lively, such a baby—he felt almost frightened about her—to kiss her, tell her.

"Biddy," he said in a stifled voice. Biddy turned to him. Their eyes met.

Neither of them spoke, neither could have spoken in that moment, but that looked far, drew them, and drew them, closer and closer, till Chip could see the beating of Biddy's heart. She put a hand against her breast as if to hide it from him, and that quick, only half-conscious gesture swept away the last fragment of her shyness.

Neither of them spoke, neither could have spoken in that moment, but that looked far, drew them, and drew them, closer and closer, till Chip could see the beating of Biddy's heart. She put a hand against her breast as if to hide it from him, and that quick, only half-conscious gesture swept away the last fragment of her shyness.

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Please turn to Page 48



"We'll NEVER LOSE OUR IVORY CASTLES, will we Dad?"

Ken thinks that father of his is a pretty marvellous fellow . . . there's no better fun in the world than to do just what he does. For instance, Dad has always let Gibbs Archer look after his Ivory Castles—that's why they're so white and strong—and Ken's going to follow in his footsteps, using Gibbs every morning and night.

Gibbs brings up the natural polish of your teeth.



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Lotus d'or



Miracle

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Lenthéric

PARIS

CAN YOU Solve These BRAIN-TEASERS? They Will Amuse You— Even if They Trick You

In the interesting and amusing brain-teasers appearing below, several answers are given to each question. Only one is correct.

Test your general knowledge by taking a pencil and marking what you consider to be the right one. Then turn the paper upside down and read the answer given below each question.

BRAIN-TEASERS

What is sulphate of ammonia?
An Eastern potentate—an illness—a medicine—chemical substance.

A: A chemical substance.

Captain Cook discovered Australia in a ship called:

The Victory—Nancy Lee—Yacki Hicky Doola—Endeavour—Mayflower.

A: The Endeavour (a great "Cook").

The original Peter Pan was:

A lace collar—racehorse—frying pan—character in a play.

A: A character in a play.

Mr. Lang—Dorman, Long & Co.—the

Legislative Assembly—Mr. Freeman

—Mr. W. M. Hughes—Dr. Brad-

field—De Grood.

A: We vote for Dr. Bradfield.

What is faro?

What you pay for a tram ticket—an

Egyptian King—a game of cards—a

blonde.

A: A blonde.

When the fifth wicket falls in a cricket

match, how many more men are to go

in? (Old cricketers please fold arms.)

A: Five.

The name Lothar belongs to:

A face cream—Australia's foremost

humorist—Mandrake's Man Friday

—an idle fellow.

A: 300,000 readers can't be wrong.

His Mandrake's darkest shadow.

A: A face cream.

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Wash Away Superfluous Hair

IN 3
MINUTES
This New
Delightful
Way



Far Better
Than a Razor
In less time
than it takes to
ship into your bath-
ing costume, you can
now banish super-
fluous hair troubles
for ever. Famous
scientists have dis-
covered a new

dainty, sweet-
smelling beauty cream which dissolves
the Keratin found in the hair and its
roots. The hair just falls away, leaving
the skin velvety smooth, soft and white.

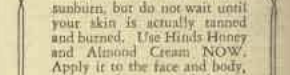
1. Simply apply this delicately perfumed
white toilet cream, and

2. Wash away the hair.

As simple and easy as that! The sole
rights of this marvellous invention have
been acquired at enormous expense by
the manufacturers of Veet, and New Veet
is now made according to this amazing
new formula. On sale at all dealers
at the same price—2/6 and 4/6—in spite
of the tremendous cost of the new
discovery. Ask for the New Veet.

FREE: By special arrangement with the
manufacturers, every woman reader
of this paper can obtain a package of NEW VEET
ABSOLUTELY FREE. Send 4d. in stamps to cover
cost of postage, packing and other expenses. Address:
P.O. Box 5079 SS (Dept. 3871), Sydney N.S.W.

Enjoy the Sun



Without Danger of Sunburn

Hinds relieves and corrects
sunburn, but do not wait until
your skin is actually tanned
and burned. Use Hinds Honey
and Almond Cream NOW.

Apply it to the face and body,
then powder . . . and do not
fear the sun.

Hinds protects your skin and
at the same time softens and
beautifies. It is the only cream
with the genuine Hinds for-
mula. Use as often as
1/- and 2/6 everywhere.

Buy the 2/6 size and obtain 4
times the quantity.

Sole Agents: HILL, CASTLE LTD.

HINDS
HONEY & ALMOND
CREAM

Demand the genuine—
refuse substitutes

GREATHEAD'S
MIXTURE

GET HOLD OF THAT COLD!
Don't let it get hold of you, for
it may lead to a more serious ill-
ness. GREATHEAD'S MIXTURE,
taken in accordance with the
directions, will immediately re-
lieve the worst of Colds and pre-
vent further trouble.

Mixed with Honey,
Children will
take it Freely.

Obtainable at ALL
CHEMISTS AND LEAD-
ING STORES.

This Mother Does Not DOPE or DRUG PAIN and HEADACHES

SHE
KNOWS
THAT



'ASPRO'

GIVES SURE and SAFE RELIEF

THE care of the family is her life's objective and she well knows that she must maintain good health almost above everything else. It is far better to get headache relief with safety than to stop pains and aches with powerful mixtures that, with continued use, may leave dangerous after effects and ultimately wreck the system. There is no risk when you take 'ASPRO'—it not only relieves headaches quickly, but it relieves with safety. Always remember that 'ASPRO' conforms to the standard of purity laid down by the British Pharmacopoeia (the guiding authority of the Medical Profession).

Greatest Adventure Of All

By Air Mail From Our London
Office

IT is more adventurous for a
woman to run a home than to
fly the Atlantic or walk across the
desert, said Miss Rosita Forbes,
the famous woman explorer, speak-
ing at a luncheon at Grosvenor
House, London.

Homes were so difficult to run
nowadays, added Miss Forbes, that
they offered women as much ad-
venture as all the rest of the world
put together.

Miss Forbes is to bring her world
travels to completion by a visit
to Scotland Yard, one of the few
places on the face of the globe that
she has not yet seen.

Fishermen "Gatecrash" At Nudist Wedding

By Air Mail from Our London Office

WITH the Mayor "properly dressed in
his robes of office"—he had a
piece of ribbon round his waist—the
blushing bride wearing a scanty lace
handkerchief, and the bridegroom in
bathing slippers, a wedding was performed
at the Ile du Levant nudist colony, off
the Toulon coast.

In brilliant sunshine the 300 guests
assembled, dressed like the bride and
groom. And fishermen came "gate-
crashing" from neighboring islands.

The bridegroom was twenty-six-years-
old Leon Laif, of Franco-British paren-
tage, his bride, pretty twenty-two-years-
old Rene Galland, who made one con-
cession to the occasion, for she carried
a bunch of flowers.

After the marriage everybody ad-
joined for a vegetarian wedding lunch.

Then the bride and groom set out for
their honeymoon in a dinghy to spend
a fortnight on an uninhabited island.

The couple met a few months ago at
a social function in Paris. They were
both dressed on that occasion.

PARIS: ARE Australia's Best Immigrants
In many homes Baby does not appear, to
the disappointment of husband and wife. A
look on this matter contains valuable informa-
tion and advice. Copies Free if 3d. sent
for postage to Dept. "K" Mrs. Clifford at
Elizabeth Street, Melbourne. Established 25
years.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY HOME MAKER

November 23, 1935.

A special section devoted to the interests of home-lovers.

41

DRESS UP FOR WORK!

Bertha Maxwell designs a smartly attractive, yet workmanlike, overall for every homekeeper

THE tonic effect of really suitable clothing is known to us all. To be dressed for the part is half the battle when there is strenuous work afoot. Witness the nurse, the Girl Guide, the railwayman, and all the lovely girls who flit about the business of the great city stores.

Housework is easier when one is attired for it; and then there is that half-stage of housework, when there is nothing really "soilsome" to do but so many odd jobs about that it is impossible to wear an afternoon frock. Here then is the garment you need, a thoroughly practical overall which is as pretty as it is useful.

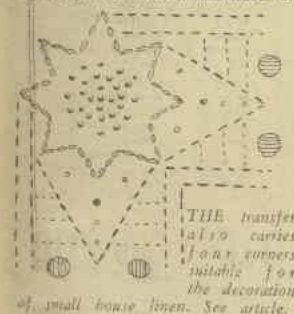
HAND-CUT patterns have been worked out for you, so that the overall is cheap and simple to make. Attired in this desirable, workmanlike semi-frock, you need never fear the sudden caller; and you are ever ready for that unexpected little message along the road to the telephone or the shop. For afternoon wear in the cottage or the camp, where you get your own tea or have small children to care for, two or three of these overalls are an absolute necessity; they are simple and free to wear, and show that you are determined to be efficient and dainty in all you do.

If you have never made a dress in your life, why not try one of these? You simply cannot go wrong by following these directions:

3 yards Cesarine (sufficient to make the overall and a splendid hand-wearing cloth for this purpose), the hand-cut pattern and transfer complete may be had for 8/6. Please add 6d. extra for postage. Cesarine may be had in yellow, soft green, pink and blue only.

The hand-cut pattern and transfer may be purchased separately, however. Pattern costs 1/6; and the transfer, which gives one yard of running-stitch border and four corners, costs 1/6. See article for other happy uses.

When you get this transfer sheet you will find printed thereon miniatures of



The Transfer
AND then, when you have made your overall, add that little bit of hand-work which puts it into the millionaire class of clothing and earns for you the reputation of being a smart dresser. The design shown here has been made for this overall, so it detracts not in the

SEND FOR THEM!

HAND-CUT patterns and transfer to enable you—swiftly, easily, cheaply—to put such a garment into the "millionaire" class are available immediately on application.

least from its merit as a working garment, yet adds its own particular touch of beauty. This is a geometric design of the utmost simplicity, stitched in the right colors, it is really lovely, and the stitches are the easiest we know.

The design is made of a starry daisy; the pointed pieces on the sides are leaves, the round spots are buds, all surrounded by light framing background. In the lower line of design, you will notice that some of the transfer has been clipped away, giving another kind of border altogether. The transfer measures 15 x 20 inches, and gives one yard of the border for clipping or working in full as you wish, and four little corners. Its price is 1/6.

Simple Embroidery

STITCHES: Running stitch may be used for the whole of the work; it is merely light darning, and is very quick and easy to do. The centres of the flowers may be made of back stitches. French knots or small dots composed of two stitches piled together. The pairs of spots are shown satin-stitched, but a few dots may be used for filling the circle.

COTTONS: For the flowers, use stranded cotton in full strength. For the leaves, use three strands; for the background framing, use two or three strands. If you decide to introduce black into any of the background, keep the threads light in weight by using no more than two strands, so that the black does not shine up too strongly and so spoil the other colors.

COLORS: These must be decided by the color of the material you are using. All black stitching is exceedingly handsome on yellow or pink materials; dark green on light green is also good, or dark blue on light blue.

Natural colors which are very effective are gold or yellow daisies with brown or black centres, green leaves, gold or yellow spots for buds, and a light green for all the background, this green being lighter than that used for the leaves. There are some short, vertical lines above and below the leaves, which may be very lightly stitched in with black; this has the effect of emphasizing the flowers and throwing them into relief. Carefully used colors play charming tricks with the eye.

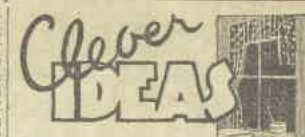
HOUSE LINENS: The four corners given on the transfer are ideal for small



THE SKETCH given above shows front and back of the smart overall. BELOW: Design for running-stitch border for overall, showing two variations of the work, one completely stitched in, and the other with parts of the design clipped away from the transfer. Transfer costs 1/6.

of pairs of running lines is in perfectly good taste as an arrangement.

FOR CHILDREN'S FROCKS: This little design is lovely for children's clothing, and so easy to do that little girls can be set to stitch the work for themselves and so acquire a love for the needle which may be of very great use later on.

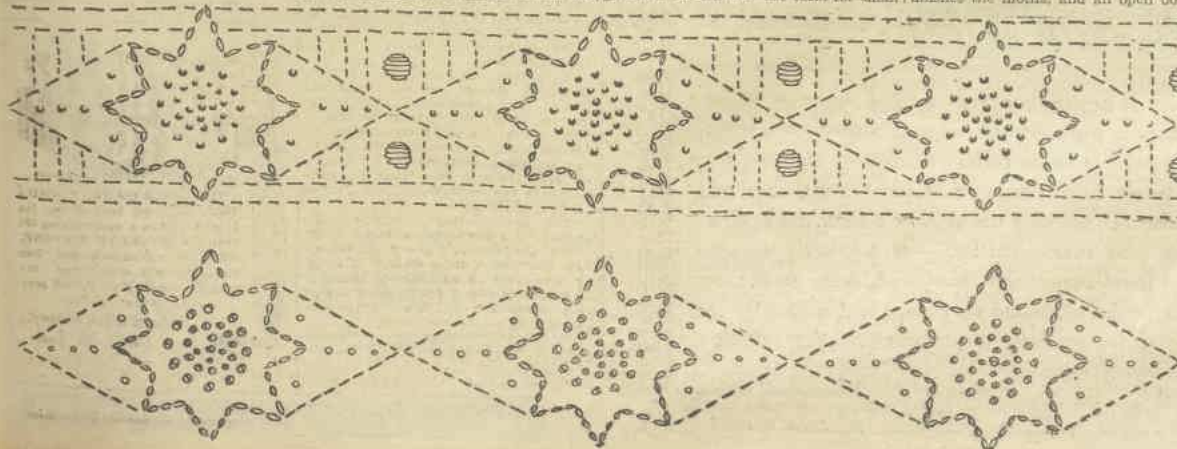


PARAFFIN FOR WICKERWORK: Brown wickerwork should not be washed, but should be rubbed with a cloth dipped in paraffin.

STAINED PUDDING-CLOTHS: Try the simple method of broken eggshells to remove fruit stains from pudding-cloths. Put them in the water in which the cloths are boiled.

DISCOLORED VASES: Vases and water-bottles that have become discolored may be renewed by filling with warm, soapy water and adding small pieces of blotting-paper, and a little salt or tea-leaves or a piece of raw potato. Leave the mixture there for some time, giving the vase an occasional shake. Then rinse and dry the vase or bottle.

TO CLEAN JEWELLERY: To keep your jewellery and near-precious knick-knacks clean, clear, and shining, wash them in warm, soapy water to which a few drops of methylated spirits have been added. Rinse in cold water, dry, and polish with soft cloth. If stones are set in the jewellery, use water which is nearly cold, and there will be less risk of loosening the stones in the setting.



KILL KIDNEY ACIDS



Win Back Vigour,
Clear Your Skin,
Look Younger.

Women Need Help More Often Than Men

When Acids and poisons accumulate in your blood you lose your vitality and your skin becomes more and more cloudy—you actually feel and look years older than you are. And what is more, functional kidney disorders may cause more serious ailments, such as Gettling Up Night, Stomachache, Leg Pains, Lumbago, Swelling, Jaundice, Rheumatic Pains, Headache, Dark Circles Under Eyes, Headaches, Frequent Colds, Burning, Stinging, Itching and Aching.

The only way your body can clean out the Acids, poisons, and toxins from your blood is through the function of a million tiny, delicate tubes or filters in your kidneys. When your kidneys are tired and down because of functional disorders, the acids and poisons accumulate and this causes much trouble. Fortunately, it is now easy to help stimulate the diuretic action of the kidneys with a Doctor's prescription. Cystex, (pronounced Ciss-Tex), which is available at all chemists.

Doctors Praise Cystex

Dr. T. J. Russell, Brisbane, Doctor, Surgeon, and Scientist, of Brisbane says: "Cystex is one of the most powerful I have ever known in my medical practice. Any Doctor will recommend it for its diuretic benefit in the treatment of many functional kidney and bladder disorders. It is safe and harmless." And Dr. L. Z. Bundeles, another widely known Physician and Medical Examiner of San Francisco, recently said: "Since the kidneys purify the blood, the poisons collect in these organs and must be promptly flushed out."



Dr. T. J. Russell.

from the system, otherwise they render the blood stream and create a toxic condition. I can truthfully recommend the use of Cystex."

World-Wide Success

Cystex is not an experimental, but is a proven success in 22 countries throughout the world. It is prepared with scientific accuracy and in accordance with the strict requirements of the British Pharmacopoeia, and as it is introduced especially for functional kidney and bladder disorders, it is swift, safe, and sure in action.

Guaranteed To Work

Cystex is offered to all sufferers from functional kidney and bladder disorders under an unlimited guarantee. For it, to the test. See what it can do in your own particular case. It must bring you a new feeling of energy and vitality in 48 hours—it must make you look and feel more younger and work to your entire satisfaction in 8 days or you money return the empty packet and your money is refunded in full. You are the sole and final judge of your own satisfaction. Cystex costs only a small amount, and as the guarantee protects you fully, you should not take chances with cheap, inferior or irritating drugs or with neglect. Ask your chemist for guaranteed Cystex (pronounced Ciss-Tex) today.

If your Chemist cannot supply, write R. Schaefer, P.O. 432-444 Collins Street, Melbourne.



FOR Young WIVES & MOTHERS



TWO bonny little Australians pause in their play to face the camera. The trouble-head cheekily astride the car is Donald, and the other, Bobby, Sons of Mr. and Mrs. Robert Cartis, Cremorne, N.S.W., they are, like all happy, healthy youngsters, "full of abounding energy... ready to tumble into bed when the clock strikes eight."

Mary Truby King Discusses The Child who is Always Tired

What a pitiable sight is the child who is always tired! He doesn't want to play, he is irritable with everyone, and never seems to have much appetite. He has acquired, in spite of his tender years, much of the boredom of adult life. He has practically ceased to be a child.

Look on the other picture! The radiant, rosy-faced youngster, full of abounding energy, happily occupied the liveliest day, ready to tumble into bed when the clock strikes eight and to sleep soundly.

WHAT causes the one child to be so lifeless in comparison with his playmates?

Heredity, as always, plays its part, but one can, to a very large extent, overcome heredity in physical matters. It is more a question of management, good or bad; a question of the study of the individual child; a question of keeping to a sensible daily rhythm. So many mothers expect their children to do too much, either mentally or physically, or both. Learning becomes dangerous when the child is forced to learn. Physical exercises, drill games, etc., become dangerous when the child who is worn out forces himself or herself to keep up with the rest of the class.

Some children have a far greater natural capacity for strenuous exerting than others.

No child, however, should be allowed to exercise to the point of fatigue. When the movements become forced, badly co-ordinated or jerky, and when the face pales and the body aches, it is high time for that child to rest. In fact, he should be protected against reaching this stage by vigilant watchfulness.

Then, often, the brain of the little child is forced. He is encouraged to read too early, before his brain is ready for this work; he is pushed ahead too rapidly at school; he is urged on to pass examinations a year or so before he should be attempting them, and his evenings are piled high with homework.

Poor Little Sufferers

AGAIN, in the case of the child who is constantly tired, one must look for physical defects such as feet, decay of the teeth, diseased tonsils and adenoids and eyestrain. Any of these, if left untreated, will cause a child to become listless.

It is strange how so many mothers do not recognise that their children, or perhaps just one of the brood, are suffering from exhaustion, though the child be sleeping badly, always nervous, incapable of any concentration, and bad tempered. The first thing to do for such a child is to see that it gets longer hours of sleep and rest, with plenty of fresh, pure air. All habits should be regular; regular meal-times, regular bowel action; and a regular, strictly limited amount of homework. No child should be allowed to attempt homework while the wireless is blaring forth some nerve-racking thriller. Switch the wireless off before the homework is begun.

Breakfast in bed may be a good thing for a while, also half-an-hour lying down at full length on return from school in the afternoon.

Avoid Overstimulation

ABOVE all, the child's brain should not be overstimulated, nor late nights allowed. Only occasionally should such a child go to the talks, and the entertainment should have been previously seen by a reliable adult. It is best for any entertainment to take place in the afternoon, so that the child is not deprived of his rightful sleep.

The home surroundings and atmosphere for these over-tired children

should be particularly peaceful and happy, and care must be taken not to frighten, excite or scold unnecessarily.

If possible, a change of air and scene should be made during the children's holidays, as this often works wonders.

As regards diet, it is wise to add Vitamin B in the form of Marmite, and a good emulsion, rich in Vitamins A and D. Give only half doses of the emulsion at first until the child becomes used to it.



THE GIRL THE WORLD FORGETS

CONSTIPATION

Spells LONELINESS

DON'T let constipation wreck your happiness. Constipation means the accumulation of poisonous "waste matter" which clogs the system and is absorbed by the blood stream. Ensure normal bowel action with Nyal Figsen. It quickly removes impurities and is absolutely safe and sure. It acts gently and naturally. Thousands of men and women "keep regular" with Figsen because it is so easy (and pleasant) to take, and so natural in its action. Next time you need a laxative—try Figsen. Sold by all chemists.

NYAL FIGSEN

Post this coupon for FREE SAMPLE of Nyal Figsen to The Nyal Company, 431V, Globe Pl. Rd., Sydney, N.S.W.

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

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FOR PILES

Get free trial tin of

TIGER SALVE!

Hospital Mahon says: "I have used your preparation in the cases of piles and the results have been marvellous." Tiger Salve is the inexpensive, safe and certain remedy. For aches, too, there is nothing better. Soothe and relieve with Tiger Salve. You can prove the healing properties of Tiger Salve. Send 3 penny stamps to cover postage and packing to Tiger Salve Pty., 185 George Street, Sydney, and a trial tin will be sent you.

FOR SMART NEW FROCKS AND SHORTS

Nothing more suitable and serviceable for tennis frocks and shorts than British Chief. Light and cool, it makes up well and launders beautifully. British Chief is a fine-textured, all-British fabric that wears and looks like linen. It is made in colours as well as white, guaranteed fadeless! Use British Chief for house and sports frocks, overalls and beach wear, school tunics and children's clothing. See the name on the selvage.

Wholesale only—
D. & W. Murray, Ltd.

30 INCHES WIDE
19
PER YARD

BRITISH CHIEF

THE ALL-PURPOSE SUMMER FABRIC

PAIN NEEDLESS

Every woman and girl will be interested to hear that at last science has perfected a preparation especially for her own use and comfort.

This preparation is known as MIDENE (pronounced Mydeen), and is made up in the form of tiny tablets, absolutely harmless, but instantly effective.

MIDENE contains no harmful drugs of any kind; does nothing to hinder the regular process of Nature, but definitely does stop pain in seven minutes.

You can gain two or three months' freedom from pain by purchasing MIDENE, for 2/-, from your chemist.

If unobtainable from your chemist, write to Box 1053-N, G.P.O., Brisbane, and enclose stamp or Postal Note for 2/- MIDENE is really recognised by its dainty blue-enamelled tin ***

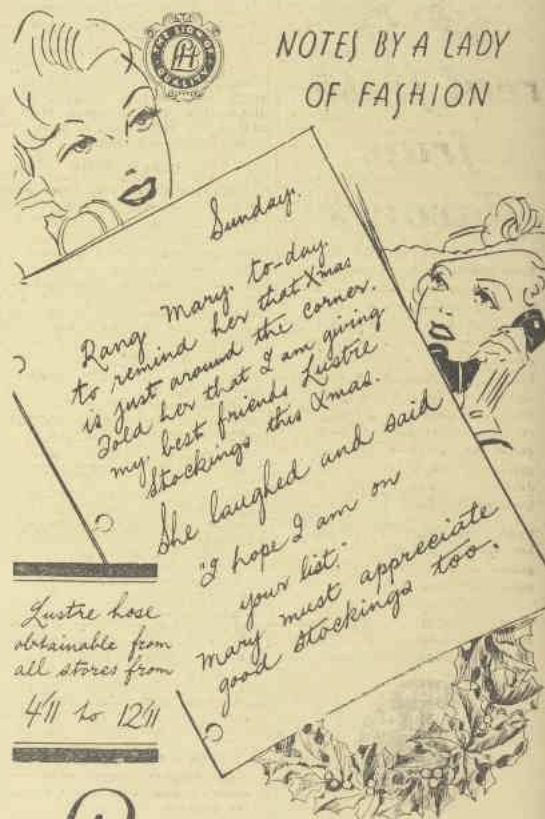
Hand Embroidered Pillow-Slip For Baby

WHILE it is a comparatively easy matter to select a Christmas present for growing youngsters, making a choice for a babe is not so easy—that is, if you would get away from the inevitable rattle and its kind.

But here is a suggestion—a dainty hand-embroidered pillow-slip. It measures 15½ by 10½ inches. Round the edge is a dainty bellflowered lace edge. There are several designs, each very, very sweet, enchantingly worked in colored embroidery silks. Back is neatly finished with a hemstitched slit.

This pillow-slip can be had in good quality white Egyptian cotton, that launders beautifully, for 2/- each, or in fine white linen for 2/6. Postage included.

To obtain this delightful present, write to the Needlework Dept. The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 4133X, G.P.O., Sydney, N.S.W.



NOTES BY A LADY OF FASHION

Sunday.
Rang Mary to-day to remind her that Xmas is just around the corner. Told her that I am giving my best friends Lustre Stockings this Xmas. She laughed and said "I hope I am on your list." Mary must appreciate good stockings too.

Lustre hose obtainable from all stores from 4/11 to 12/11

Lustre full fashioned Stockings

From Smart Stores Everywhere

ALL the recipes given on this page have been tested in our own kitchens.



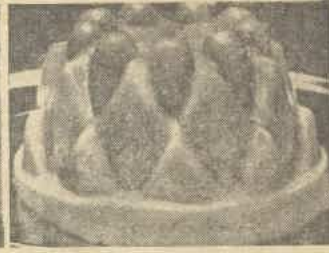
By RUTH FURST
Cookery Expert
to The Australian
Women's Weekly.



Peach Whip.



Peach Blanchmange.



Peach Bavarian Cream.

Luscious Peach Recipes!

Note: Almost any fruit as it comes into season can be substituted for peaches in these recipes

How much we housekeepers welcome the first summer fruits. What happy variety they bring to the sweets course! And peaches, with their piquant, tangy flavor, rate high on the list; in fact "first favorite" with practically every member of the family.

In this collection of recipes I have concentrated upon variety, so that while peaches are plentiful and cheap you can make the most of them, and cut right away from serving over and over again just peaches and custard.

Another outstanding point about these recipes is the fact that almost any fruit can be used instead of peaches—cherries, apricots, plums, pears, nectarines, pineapples, etc.

PEACH BAVARIAN CREAM

Nine fresh peaches, 1oz. gelatine, 1 pint cold water, 1 pint cream.
Cover gelatine with water and let soak for 1 hour; press the peaches through a colander (if fresh, first stew and sweeten them), stir gelatine over boiling water until dissolved, whip cream, add gelatine to the peaches, mix, and turn into a basin, stand in cracked ice and stir until it begins to thicken, then add whipped cream, stir carefully until thoroughly mixed, turn into a mould, and stand aside to set. Serve with whipped cream, heaped around the base.

PEACH WHIP

One cup peach pulp, 1 cup peach syrup, 1 tablespoon gelatine, whites 2 eggs, sugar to taste, whipped cream, slices of peach.
Soak gelatine in 1 cup cold water, then dissolve over hot water. Add pulp, syrup, and sugar. Mix well. When almost cold add the beaten whites, beating in well till stiff and frothy. Fill small glass cup with the mixture. Place a spoonful of whipped cream on top and garnish with a slice of peach. Serve very cold.

PEACH CUP

Half a dozen peaches, 2 oranges, 1 pineapple, lemon juice, 1 cup sugar, whipped cream.
Peel peaches, oranges and pineapple and cut into small pieces, add sugar and lemon juice. Mix well. Allow to stand on ice for 2 hours. Serve in glass cups, garnish with roses of whipped cream, decorate with 1 cherry. Serve immediately.

PEACH PUFFS

Half-pound flaky pastry, dried peaches, sugar, lemon juice.
Soak peaches for 24 hours. Remove skin and drain well, without breaking. Sprinkle with sugar and lemon juice. Make the pastry. Cut into rounds, lay dried peach on a round, wet edge, cover with another round, lightly pressing the edge, glazed with water. Sprinkle with sugar. Place on greased tin. Bake in hot oven till pale brown.

PEACH BLANCHMANGE

Six peaches, lemon juice, sugar, water, 1 pint milk, sugar to taste, 1oz. gelatine.
Peel and stone peaches, place in saucepan with water, sugar, and lemon juice, and cook till soft. Take half the peaches and rub through a sieve. Dissolve the gelatine in 1 cup peach juice.

Add the hot milk to the peach pulp, with sugar to taste, then add dissolved gelatine and mix thoroughly. Pour into wetted border mould and leave till set. Turn on to glass dish. Pile the remainder of the peaches in the centre. Pour in a little syrup. Serve at once.

PEACH SALAD

Six peaches, lemon juice, mayonnaise, chopped celery, nuts, grated cheese, lettuce leaves.

Peel the peaches, cut in half, sprinkle the centre with lemon juice, and allow to stand 30 minutes. Add the celery, cheese, nuts, to the mayonnaise. Fill the centre of the halved peaches with the mixture. Lay in a crisp lettuce leaf. Sprinkle with finely-chopped parsley. Serve very cold.

PEACH SNOW

Stewed peaches, whites of eggs, lemon juice, sugar if necessary.
After stewing the peaches till soft, remove the stones and drain well, then beat to a pulp or press through a sieve. Whisk whites stiffly, add the peach pulp gradually and sugar if necessary, also lemon. Heap roughly in a glass dish and serve with boiled custard.

PEACHES IN JELLY

One tin peaches, 1 packet red jelly, whipped cream.
Arrange peaches in a glass dish. Make one jelly, using the syrup from peaches as the liquid towards the jelly. Mix well, and when almost cold pour over the peaches. Leave on the ice till quite firm and set. Decorate with roses of whipped cream.

PEACH MELBA

Halves of preserved peaches, ice cream, whipped cream, finely chopped nuts.
Remove peaches from tin, free from all syrup, and place near ice till chilled. Place half peach (cup side upmost) on cold plates, fill with ice-cream. Mask with whipped cream that is quite cold, and sprinkle with chopped nuts. Serve at once.

PEACH FOAM

One cup chopped peaches, 1 cup sugar, white of 1 egg, whipped cream.
Remove skin from peaches and cut into small dice, add sugar and beaten white of egg, then beat till thick and smooth. Place on ice, and when very cold serve in individual glasses with whipped cream.

PEACH MERINGUE

One pint milk, 2 tablespoons maitena, little butter, 2oz. sugar, 2 eggs, stewed peaches.
Blend the maitena with a little milk. Put the remainder of milk on to boil and when almost boiling add maitena and cook for two minutes after it boils. Add sugar and yolks. Cook one minute longer. Lay the peaches in the bottom of a pie-dish, pour over the custard mixture. Beat the whites stiffly, add the sugar (two tablespoons to each egg). Heap roughly over the custard and place in a slow oven till a pale brown.

PEACH FILLING

One cup peach syrup, 1 cup sugar, 5 tablespoons cornflour, 1 cup crushed peaches, rind and juice half lemon, 1 dessertspoon butter.
Boil syrup. Add blended cornflour. Cook 2 minutes after it boils. Add rind and juice lemon, sugar, butter and peaches. Mix well. Color a very pale pink. When cold, use as a filling.

PEACH CHUTNEY

Six pounds stoned peaches, 3 pints vinegar, 4lb. sugar, 1 cup sultanas, 1lb. raisins, 2oz. garlic, 3 dessertspoons salt, 2 dessertspoons ginger, dessertspoon cayenne.
Peel the peaches, remove stones and cut up. Put into saucepan with vinegar and boil for 5 minutes, add the chopped sultanas, raisins, sugar, and spices. Boil for 1 1/2 hours, stirring well. Bottle and seal down. Keep in a cool, dry place.

PEACH JAM

Allow 1lb. of sugar to each lb. of fruit.
Peel peaches and cut into slices. Put them into a large enamel or crockery basin, sprinkle with half of the sugar, and leave all night. Next day boil till peaches are tender. Add the sugar and boil rapidly till tested in the usual way. Bottle, and store.

PEACH DUMPLINGS

Peaches, sugar, short crust.
Peel peaches and do not remove the stones. Make the short crust and cut into as many pieces as there are peaches. Roll each piece into a round, lay peach in the centre and mould the pastry evenly round. Glaze and sprinkle with

sugar. Place on greased Swiss roll tin. Bake in moderate oven till the centre is soft. Serve hot with custard.

PEACH TART

Half-dozen peaches, 3 tablespoons sugar, 3 tablespoons water, 1lb. short crust, extra sugar.
Peel peaches thinly. Cut in half, remove the stones and cut into slices. Boil sugar and water. Add peaches and cook till soft. Make the pastry. Cut a third off. Roll out larger piece. Line sandwich tin. Place cold stewed peaches in the centre. Roll out small piece. Cover top. Pinch the edges. Glaze with water and sprinkle with sugar. Bake in hot oven 15 to 20 minutes, or till brown. Serve hot or cold with cream or custard.

PEACH BATTER PUDDING

Stewed peaches, 1oz. butter, 2oz. sugar, 1 egg, 1 gill milk, 4oz. self-raising flour.
Stew peaches (freed from the stones). Pour into pie-dish and allow to cool. Cream butter and sugar. Add beaten egg, then milk, lastly sifted flour. Pour this mixture on top of the peaches. Bake in moderate oven half an hour. Sprinkle with icing sugar and serve at once with custard.

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K4/39C



£25 Cash Must Be Won "Search for Film Stars" Competition No. II

£25 CASH WILL BE AWARDED TO THE COMPETITOR WITH THE GREATEST NUMBER OF NAMES CORRECT.
IN THE EVENT OF TIES PRIZE MONEY WILL BE DIVIDED EQUALLY.

This list below, 16 names, is made up of 16 names of featured film players, the first letter only of the Christian name being given. The surname is jumbled with the addition of one unnecessary letter. See example No. 1, WARNER BAXTER, the extra unnecessary letter being "Y." Include this name in your solution as Number 1. You are required to give the names of the remaining 15 film players. NOTE: (1) Additional entries must be written out separately. (2) Alterations cannot be accepted. (3) MISPELLED NAMES COUNT AS ERRORS. IMPORTANT: Use the diagram for working out your solution and, when you have solved the names, write your list in order on a sheet of plain paper (one side only). Enclose a Postal Note for 1/- as entry fee—additional entries will be charged 6d. each—(stamps will not be accepted), and mail your solution, together with your name and residential address, NOT LATER THAN FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 29, 1935, "FILM STARS" COMPETITION, G.P.O. Box 3834T, SYDNEY, N.S.W.

No. 1	WARNER	EXTRABY (BAXTER)	No. 9	M	OKIPFCORD
" 2	T	LLWAS	" 10	D	AIRFOBANKS
" 3	R	NNLY	" 11	M	AIMRSH
" 4	S	PLENTEM	" 12	L	TONERS
" 5	D	MSPANNER	" 13	B	REDWHEEL
" 6	J	BERTHULO	" 14	R	OYESWOOL
" 7	M	ASEVEN	" 15	W	LANDHO
" 8	J	COMEONPT	" 16	R	FIXD

Prize Money and Sealed Solution are deposited with "Truth and Sportsman" Ltd.

Decision of the adjudicator must be accepted as final.

RESULTS WILL BE PUBLISHED IN THIS PAPER ON ISSUE DATED DECEMBER 14th.

RESULTS.

"Search For Film Stars" Competition No. 8

Three entrants sent fully correct solutions, and therefore share the prize, £25 each, each receiving £8/0/0.

JOAN STRATTON, 41 SUTHERLAND CRESCENT, DARLING POINT.
MISS B. GALVIN, 4 KING'S CROSS ROAD, DARLINGHURST.
W. ALEXANDER, C/O EVERSHAM, VICTORIA PARADE, MANLY.

SOLUTION: 1. Stan Laurel; 2. Oliver Hardy; 3. Ann Roddy; 4. Helen Gibson; 5. Zasu Pitts; 6. Ken Maynard; 7. Fredric March; 8. Noah Berry; 9. Barbara Stanwyck; 10. Adolphe Menjou; 11. Ramon Novarro; 12. Slim Summerville; 13. Gloria Swanson; 14. Ann Dvorak; 15. Jean Howard; 16. Marie Oberon.

Results of No. 9 Competition will appear in issue of November 30th.

SELECT YOUR Very Nicest RECIPE!

And enter this splendid competition
... it may win you a cash prize

After a recipe has found favor in your own little circle, enter it in this splendid weekly competition. If it's as good as it's proclaimed it will do fine service for other interested readers—and win you a cash prize.

RECIPES should be unusual, economical, and tasty. Write clearly and address clearly, and send to this office. First prize is £1, second 10/-, and there are four consolation prizes of 2/6 each.

Note these delectable recipes, selected as the six best for the week.

COCKTAIL FRUIT PYRAMID

Sponge cake, 1½ cups cream, 1 pkt. raspberry jelly, 1 orange, 2 bananas, 2 slices preserved pineapple, 4 passion-fruit, 1 apple, 1 pear, 1 tablespoon sugar, blanched almonds.

Chop all fruits finely and sprinkle with sugar. Dissolve jelly crystals in half the quantity of water that the packet tells you to use, pour over chopped fruits. When set, fork it up.

Cut cake into four squares, each a little smaller than the other, then shape each

with cream and tiny bits of radishes, and serve as cold as possible.

Second prize of 10/- to Mrs. Stevens, 157 Fernberg Rd., Paddington, Brisbane.

ABYSSINIAN SANDWICH

Twenty prunes, 2 tablespoons butter, 3 eggs, 1 small cup of sugar, 1 large cup of flour, 1 teaspoon cream of tartar, 1 teaspoon soda.

Take prunes and stew in a little water and sugar. Cream together butter, sugar and eggs. Stir in the flour, in which is mixed the tartar and soda.

When prunes are cooked, stone them and reserve seven for decorating the cake; stir in the others to above mixture and bake in a moderate oven for half to three-quarters of an hour. Ice with lemon icing and decorate with the seven prunes.

This cake may be baked as one, or as

Unusual Uses for the Onion!

BESIDES being a most delicious addition to soups and stews and baked dinners, onions have household and beauty uses that few women dream of.

Take onion water: Not only does it make excellent stock for soup, but it is a wonderful skin purifier and whitens hands that are washed in it. Furthermore, the liquor strained from three or four bruised onions which have been boiled in a little water makes an excellent cleanser of gilt picture frames. It should be applied with a soft brush, and the frame polished with a clean duster.

Boiled onion juice made into a fairly wet paste with fuller's earth removes scorch marks. Leave the mixture on for an hour or two, then wash off first in cold and then in warm water.

into rounds. To form pyramid arrange them on a glass dish (the largest first) with fruit salad, jelly, and cream between each layer. Pipe whipped cream around pyramid. Have ready blanched almonds, cut into thin spikes, and stick the pyramid over with these.

First prize of £1 to P. Fisher, Prince's Ave., Caulfield East, Vic.

EGG AND GREEN PEA SALAD

Allow an egg per person. Poach the eggs hard, trim them and let them become quite cold. To every four eggs allow one cupful of cooked green peas. Add to the peas enough mayonnaise sauce to bind them, and season with pepper, salt, and a pinch of sugar. Take a good lettuce leaf for each egg, and arrange on a salad dish, with an egg in the centre of each leaf. Put a few green peas on top of the eggs, with a little more mayonnaise over all. Garnish

a sandwich and served with a whipped cream filling.

Consolation prize of 2/6 to Mrs. Charles Benson, Belle Vue, Sorell, Tas.

MULBERRY DELICIOUS

Cut the stems out of the mulberries (using about 1½ lb.), making sure they are clean. Beat three eggs and 1 cup sugar till thick and creamy, then add one tablespoon butter dissolved in one tablespoon boiling water. Lastly add one heaped cup flour with 1½ teaspoons baking-powder sifted in. Stir well and place a layer of sponge mixture in a buttered pie-dish, then put a layer of mulberries well sprinkled with sugar on this. Repeat layers till dish is full, with a layer of sponge mixture last. Bake in a moderate oven till crust sets—about 35 minutes. Serve cold with cream or boiled custard.

Consolation prize of 2/6 to Mrs. O. Thomson, George St., Moonta, S.A.

MILKLESS FRUIT CUSTARD

Drain the syrup from any tinned or fresh fruit, and add water to make two cups of liquid. Into this liquid blend one dessertspoon cornflour and stir in two beaten egg-yolks. Bake or simmer as a custard made with milk. (If baked can pour over fruit first). Then make meringue with egg-whites and one tablespoon of sugar. Return to oven to brown. If just stewed fruit and custard, decorate with spoonfuls of meringue and chopped nuts.

Consolation prize of 2/6 to Jean Eisenstein, Addison Rd., New Lambton, Newcastle, N.S.W.

CHOCOLATE PUDDING

Boil ½ lb. of stale sponge cake in a pint of milk, stir until it becomes a thick paste, then add 1oz. of butter, two tablespoons of sugar, two large teaspoons of cocoa, and a little vanilla essence. Take pudding off fire and mix in, first yolks of three eggs, then the whites, well beaten to a stiff froth. Put into a buttered dish, bake in moderate oven about three-quarters of an hour. When cool spread top with strawberry jam and cover with whipped cream.

Consolation prize of 2/6 to Mrs. P. M. Dighton, 269 Bondi Rd., Bondi, N.S.W.

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THIS ARTICLE DEALS WITH FLOWERS that are excitingly different, but here is pictured a lawn that is startlingly different from any that you've ever seen—a lawn of solid ivy! A flagstone walk to the entrance (hardly discernible here) cuts through the centre of this lawn; the steps and entrance are carried out in "crazy" paving. Owner, Mitchell Linton, Paramount director.

FLOWERS that are Excitingly Different For Late Summer and Early Autumn Displays By the OLD GARDENER

Instead of watching year after year the same sort of flowers put forth the same sort of blossoms, add a touch of excitement to the soothing pleasure taken in your garden, and introduce unusual plants to your garden beds. Then, in addition to the thrill of producing, you will have a keen, expectant pleasure in watching the unknown unfold. So will you keep your garden forever youthful.

Unusual and beautiful cornerstones for your garden are dimorphotheca, brachycombe, amaranthus, celosia, kochia, and ageratum, excellent for borders or for growing, clump fashion, in corners of the garden. For late summer and early autumn displays seed should be planted now.

THIS week I want to introduce you to plants which help to brighten various corners of the garden during the late summer and early autumn, and which are not commonly grown by garden-lovers.

If you want your work to be really exciting and even more interesting than it is already, you will try growing different plants each year. Instead of growing year in year out the same old flowers, the same old way, try something completely different. Be it ever so tiny, have your garden dotted with quaint plants.

And here are happy suggestions, plants that are not only unusual, but are very beautiful.

Dimorphotheca, known as the South African daisy, is one of the choicest annuals, and hails from Africa. A very beautiful flower, it deserves more popularity than it has enjoyed of late. It grows about eighteen inches high, flowers profusely, and when massed close together is very attractive. Any soil from heavy to sandy suits it. Be sure to plant it where it will get plenty of hot sunshine. You may put the seed in now.

Brachycombe, otherwise the Swan River Daisy, make a wonderful border, and flower well in rockeries. They are natives of Western Australia, therefore thrive best in hot, sunny positions, and stand up notably to drought conditions—ideal for country gardeners. Now is the time to sow the seed—sow where you intend to grow, although if you prefer it, they may be transferred.

The Gayer Types

AMARANTHUS is a stately plant which should be planted now, and which requires the very hottest place in the garden for a happy, healthy growth. They are grown for their foliage, flowers being insignificant, and are excellent as a background for small plants. Quick, vigorous growers, they need plenty of room. The tall varieties grow up to six feet; the dwarf varieties about 18 inches. Liberal supplies of manure, water, and the hottest spot in the garden will give the best growth.

Celosia, or feathered cockscomb, are another variety of showy plant, some-

For Leisure Moments

INSTEAD of weeding, digging, or planting, there are times when you would rather sit in a shady corner of the garden and do a spot of reading or sewing. What better at these times than to em-broider yourself a garden tea-cloth? Bertha Maxwell's exclusive poinsettia tea-cloth in deep cream linen, with hemstitched hems, 30 x 36 inches, traced for quick stitch-ery, costs only 6/6, and is obtainable at The Australian Women's Weekly office.

what unusual. They are easy to grow, and, massed together, give a charming and gay display. They should have fairly rich soil, a warm position, and plenty of water. Kochia, or Summer Cypress, are lovely plants for garden corners. They grow rapidly until they look like miniature cypress trees. They have a perfect formation, grow about 2 feet 6 inches, and during the autumn turn from a rich green to a reddish-purple.

Prolific Beauty

AGERATUM, once called Floss Flower, is a splendid bed or border plant that also looks attractive in rockeries. It will flower in semi-shaded positions as well as out in the open. It is a good, quick grower, with masses of lavender-blue flowers. Can be had either in tree or dwarf varieties, the former growing about 18 inches high, the latter 6 inches. Thriving in any good garden soil, seeds may be sown now. Plant them in a border.

All the flowers mentioned possess the qualities of hardiness, ease of culture, and may be used, as stated, for edging beds, bedding clumps, or mixed borders. Even the small garden can be most attractive if planted here and there with two or three of such plant mentioned.

Many of the flowers are extremely useful for home decoration. Some can be grown in tins, tubs, boxes, or pots, to be lifted indoors for verandah and sun-room decoration. Thus cramped areas and flats may have a colorful display.



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UNUSUAL AND ATTRACTIVE.
WW578A—An attractive model, suitable for uncrushable linen. Sleeves in one with the unusual yoke. Each has a seam on the shoulder. The jaunty scarf lends a youthful look. Material for 36-inch bust: 34 yards, 36 inches wide. Other sizes: 32 to 40 inches. PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.

SHIRTING, EVER POPULAR.
WW579A—At the present time shirting is the most popular mode of trimming, particularly when used in such an enchanting design as this. Raglan sleeves and shirred neckline are quite the smartest. Material for 36-inch bust: 5 yards, 36 inches wide. Other sizes: 32 to 40 inches. PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.

NOTE TRIM SMART LINES.
WW580A—The shirt-waist frock has been a new lease of life this summer, for the straight lines and smart simplicity of this mummy model. Material for 36-inch bust: 31 yards, 36 inches wide. Other sizes: 32 to 40 inches. PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.

DAINTY FROCK.
WW581A—It is the simple frock that

is the smartest in children's wear. This model has a shaped skirt; blouse has a front panel, shirred at the neck. Narrow pleating is an effective trimming. Pattern for 10 and 12 years. Material for 12 years: 23 yards, 36 inches wide. PAPER PATTERN, 10d.

BRIGHT LITTLE STYLE.
WW582A—Picture the little chap in this suit. The cream blouse is smocked in front. Pants may be of self or contrast. Pattern for 2 and 4 years. Material for 4 years: Shirt: 13 yards, 36 inches wide. Pants: 1 yard, 36 inches wide. PAPER PATTERN, 10d.

BECOMING NECKLINE.
WW583A—This model is easy to make, yet is very charming. The mayar top is joined on the shoulder with a yoke. Contrast is used for the collar, which gathers under the front point of blouse. Material for 36-inch bust: 31 yards, 36 inches wide. Contrast: 1 yard, 36 inches wide. PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.

WITH CONTRAST TOP.
WW584A—One of the kindest fashions is the frock with a contrast top, since it is both economical and dressy. The plain two-piece skirt may be cut straight or on the cross. Material for 36-inch bust: 31 yards, 36 inches wide. Contrast: 1 yard, 36 inches wide. Other sizes: 32 to 40 inches. PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.

CHIC SHORT COAT.
WW585A—A smart coat for present-day wear. Note the new gathered back and straight yoke—quite the newest vogue. Material for 36-inch bust: 21 yards, 36 inches wide. Other sizes: 32 to 40 inches. PAPER PATTERN, 10d.

A "CHRISMASSEY" STYLE.
WW585A—A dressy way to make your new Christmas frock. The shirred front and sleeve insets are popular. Low trimming of the skirt is worked

to harmonise with the blouse. Material for 36-inch bust: 41 yards, 36 inches wide. Contrast: 1 yard, 36 inches wide. Other sizes: 32 to 40 inches. PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.

FREE PATTERN COUPON

This coupon is available for one month from the date of issue only. To obtain a free pattern of the garment illustrated, fill in the coupon and post it with 1d. STAMP to cover the cost of postage, clearly marking on the envelope, "Pattern Dept." in any of the following addresses. A PENNY STAMP MUST BE FORWARDED FOR EACH COUPON ENCLOSED. A charge of 1d. per coupon will be made for Free Patterns sent over one month old.

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NEWCASTLE—The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 11, G.P.O. Newcastle.
SYDNEY—The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 100X, G.P.O. Sydney.
TASMANIA—The Australian Women's Weekly, c/o Andrew Mather and Co. Pty. Ltd., 100-112 Liverpool Street, Hobart.

Should you desire to call for the pattern, please see address of our various offices, which will be found on another page.

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Three-in-One Free Pattern

For Schoolgirl 14 Years

This week's Three-in-one Free Pattern is intended for the growing schoolgirl. The one pattern provides for the three smart styles that notably cover all occasions—"dressy" wear, holiday, and sports wear.

Pattern for 14 years:
Material: No. 1, 21 yards, 36 ins. wide; contrast, 1 yard, 36 ins. wide. No. 2, 23 yards, 36 ins. wide. No. 3, 23 yards, 36 ins. wide.



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Val Pease

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There's something else, too - Eileen told me about Oatine Cream. It's for cleansing, and removes all the pore-deep dirt, leaving ones skin fresh, clean and youthful. I'm going to buy some Oatine products myself. I'd advise you to do the same - they're very inexpensive.

Obtainable at all Chemists or from Oatine (Aust.), Ltd., G.P.O. Box 2178 M.M., Sydney.



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Bottom, right: Gift Set of Max Factor's Cleansing Cream, Skin Freshener, complete Eye Make-Up, Powder, Rouge and Super-Indelible Lipstick. Oil or gift boxes priced from 10/- to £3/4/9.

CHIP had her in his arms, his lips found hers, clung to them, her very breath seemed to be breathed by him, he could not let her go, he freed a hand, and laid it on hers over her heart, and felt through her fingers her heart leaping as if to reach him.

"As long as I live I shall remember the look of beauteous with the sun shining through it," Biddy told Chip much later.

She was still in his arms, one hand straying about his face: "And I do adore the way your hair grows."

"So do I the way yours does," Chip told her, smiling down at her, "and every littlest thing about you, too. I wonder if you have the dimmest notion how mad I am about you, how much I love you?"

"I don't deserve it, I couldn't," Biddy cried passionately. "But I do want it so—all your love, all of you, for keeps, for ever and ever."

"You've got it—me," Chip said. "Biddy, when can we be married? How soon? The very soonest? I want you all my own, so much my own no one else can ever glance at you, and I shall have the right to tick 'em off about it!"

A GOOD TIME

"Oh, at once we'll be married," Biddy said, so earnest they both laughed.

The shadows lengthened, the seagulls swept in from the sea, and the sun set in a mist of rose and lilac loveliness.

"A little longer, just a little longer," Biddy pleaded. "Don't let's lose our wonderful hour till we must."

Finally Chip carried her to the car, and all the way she kissed him absurdly, laughing between the kisses, which were on his sleeve, his chin, his collar, his hankie, his wrist, anything she could reach, cradled within his arms.

A sea fog was blowing up, the road stretched grey and ghostly before them.

"Whatever happens, you mustn't catch cold," Chip said, and wrapped Biddy in a big rug as carefully as if she were likely to break.

They drove past the famous Pavilion tea-rooms where everyone in Castleton, sooner or later, took tea or iced and danced or didn't.

The rooms were packed, and people looked at Chip and Biddy, and Biddy felt, as every girl feels once in her life,

anyway, that every other girl must be envying her. She put a small, possessive hand on Chip's blazer sleeve just to show the world he belonged to her.

They had tea—at least, Chip ordered it and Biddy poured it out, and neither of them drank it, they looked at one another instead, and the little, lovely flame-rose burnt in Biddy's cheeks again.

Chip thought, looking at her, that he had never imagined what love could be until this hour. A very tumult of love held him. He felt a sort of poignant tenderness which seemed to hurt his heart and, as well, a blaze of passion—Biddy was his, her every heart-beat answered his, she, like himself, had met love in one moment and acclaimed him—there had been no calculation, no ordinary, sordid wonder—they had loved, known it, never hesitated.

AT the cottage, all was light and gramophone and cock-tails. Chip never thought once of Bill Graham's denouncement of Buck; Buck was Biddy's father, and that was all that mattered.

Very briefly and honestly he told Buck he loved Biddy and that she loved him.

"And I can—er—I mean, I—er—everything I have, and my solicitors'll be glad to see you, sir—what I want to say is, everything I have will be Biddy's on our marriage-day."

If Buck had had a heart for anyone save Moira and his and her united needs, he must have been touched then; but he wasn't, despite his apparent charming, bluff emotion, which was evidenced by his close hand-shake, the extremely pleasant modulation of his very nice voice.

"My dear fella, it's a bit odd to think of losing our little girl. My wife rather thought she saw how things were shaping. Come on and tell her yourself—she'll be as happy as I am about it all, I know."

Lady Moira was wholly delighted. "Oh my dear," she said, "I must kiss you! And you must bend down, please." Chip bent, and the faintest fragrance of lilac drifted over him, and he felt shy and wildly happy, and the world seemed a place of divine mystery and divine happiness.

"Come on," Buck said, lifting his glass, handing Chip one, "here's to you both; who's like you?—the answer is 'No one, for the moment!'"

"For ever!" Chip's heart answered for him as he looked and looked at Biddy.

He dashed back to dress, and there was a festive little dinner, and more toasts of the same rather heady kind; and then Biddy and he were left alone together in the little drawing-room where there were bowls of roses and mignonette, and outside in the garden the tobacco flowers were filling all the air with perfume.

Lady Moira came to fetch Biddy to bed.

"Don't think me stony-hearted, you two poor, torn-apart darlings! Doctor's very firm orders! You don't want her ill, do you, Chip?"

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PATTERNS

See special notice on the Pattern Page. Readers desirous of posting The Australian Women's Weekly to friends should make sure they provide the correct postage, which is 1d. for every sheet.

Continued from Page 39

BUCK came in Biddy went off with her mother, said:

"I say, d'you mind; a fella's has a us, and we've no fourth? Will you for an hour or so? It 'ud be decent of you."

What prospective son-in-law not wish to please his parents-to-be?

"Course I will. Delighted," lied; he had counted on getting alone to think it all over, re-live glory and the sweetness. After all was only for an hour, and he could refuse with courtesy.

He thought he liked Castlevine Travon: they were of Buck's class; they had the same sort of awfully voice and much the same air; rather the same kind of excellent clothes, a bit worn, and the pleasant, easy laugh.

They played for stakes which Chip's breath away. Then he remembered himself that, until lately, he'd met men who could afford to play and that certainly he himself could afford pretty well any bet.

He won fifty on the first rubber, he had a much stiffer brandy-and-then he knew to celebrate this victory.

He had eaten very little all day. Buck saw to it his glass was kept full. By one o'clock Chip was four hundred down, dead tired, and obstinately he was playing on for revenge. He sent Buck's man to the hotel for notes he had put in the safe, and had a childish idea he must make that loss.

Lady Moira had come into the room once or twice; she trailed in just Chip, his voice half-stifled withstood up, crashed his hand down on Travon's, and said: "Cheer!"

The door was open, and Chip's horse, different as it was, rode Biddy.

She crept to the head of the staircase. She could see into the room, see the men round the card table, they were all standing now—see her mother close to Buck.

Chip's face, ashen and savage, thrust forward. He was still gripping Travon's hand, and now he bent open and exposed the marked cards.

With a startling little laugh, he flung the crushed hand down, and it hit the table edge.

"Curse you, do you hear, curse you!" Travon said shrilly. He was quite drunk but he was very far from sober, and in any case he was past the cautious stage.

Please turn to Page 50



"I'd hate another Summer without FLYWIRE"

"Ever since I'd been married, summer seemed to have been a battle with mosquitos and moths. Then last summer we decided to have the house completely screened with Cyclone Flywire. The house seemed a different place. Peaceful, cool and quiet. Never a fly in the kitchen. Not a penny's worth of food spoiled. The children free from mosquito bites. All meal-times became once more pleasant family gathering. It's inexpensive, too—yet if flywire cost weight in gold it would be worth it."

Cyclone

"Cyclone" Flywire is made in three grades: GOLDEN BRONZE—most suitable for use in the tropics, ZINC OIL (Electric Galvanised)—standard weight, in widths from 18 in. to 48 in. GRAY GALVANISED—heavier—much stronger.

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MOTHER SPRAINS ANKLE

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GAILY WE CURB HOT SUN AND GLARE

Keep our rooms, verandahs and porches reasonably cool on the hottest summer days . . . and do it so picturesquely too, with smart, new awnings . . .

HAVE you ever noticed a house brought suddenly to colorful life, as it were, with gaily-striped or the new printed awnings? You may have passed it a score of times previously without noticing it; mentally marked it down as a very ordinary type of house, architecturally speaking, when you did notice it. And now it seems to stand out among its neighbors—a smart, cheery, even picturesque little home.

NOT only do gaily-caparisoned awnings lend picturesque beauty to the home—they defeat sun and glare. How different the atmosphere of rooms on hot sweltering days, comfortably protected in this manner!

The only other way in our hot climes—in those places where the mercury soars into the 90's and oft into the 100's—of keeping temperatures down is to close the windows and draw the blinds in the early morning. As a consequence, the rooms, the livelong day, remain half-dark, and seem airless and stuffy—more like a hothouse.

Comfort First

LET in the sun," sun-worshippers say, "what if it fades and rots the curtains—what matter if the carpet pales—you can buy more."

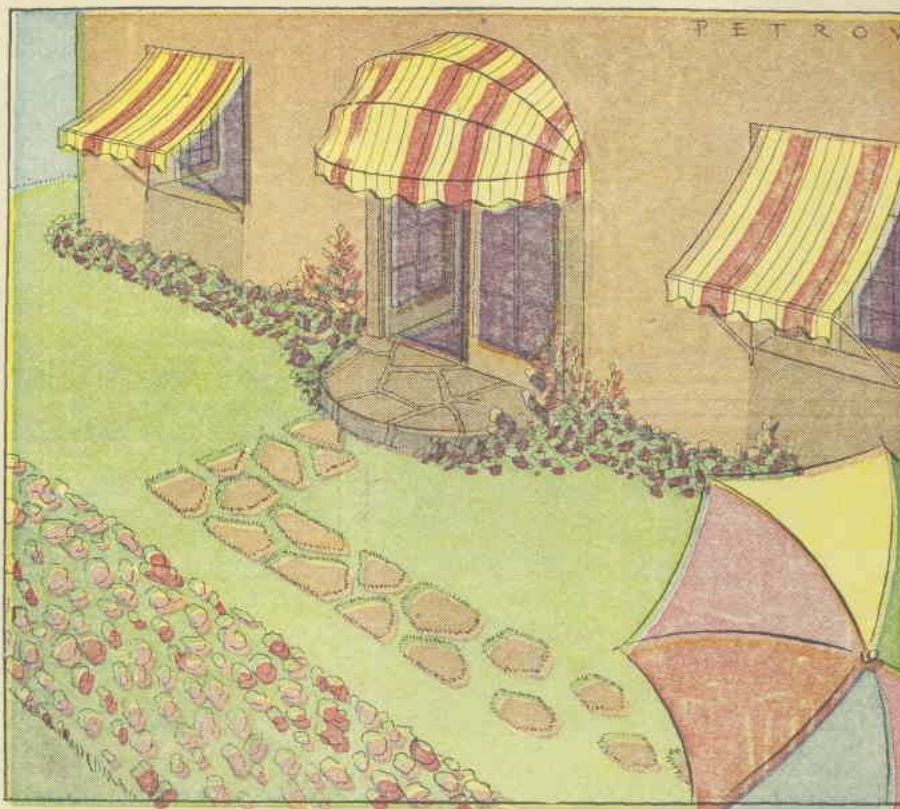
All right, we can buy more—if we have the cash.

I believe in flooding the home, for hygienic reasons, with sunshine, and

By Our Home Decorator



EVEN THE OLD familiar sun-blind can add gaiety to the home as well as reasonably cool comfort on hot days. But do get away from the common red and white or brown and white. LEFT: Patterns of modern colorful materials, showing the smart trend in block and broken-block stripes.



SHOWING two distinct types in the modern-style awnings—a pleasing contrast.

early morning sunshine when possible, but when a heat-wave descends upon us I put comfort first, as any other sensible woman would.

Now on this page, Artist Petrov has given us a few colorful sketches of awnings and sun-blinds, as well as an attractive crayon study of a Spanish house with its patterned sun-blinds and awnings.

Note, first of all, the two distinct types illustrated in the large, colorful sketch. The collapsible awning over the french doors, leading on to the garden, is probably the most popular kind in use to-day.

Some people object to these on the score of wear—that they are inclined to look untidy after their pristine freshness has worn off; but all depends on the way they are treated.

Fit Well, Treat Well

BUY the best canvas—sun-fast, if possible, and have them properly fitted.

See that they are drawn up in windy weather, and if, by any chance, they get wet, it is advisable to leave them out until thoroughly dry. They are likely to rot if drawn up in a soaked condition.

The simpler type of awning showing over each window in this specific illustration forms pleasing contrast to the collapsible one—and, if fitting up your home, keep these designs in mind.

We are all familiar with the type of sun-blind shown on the central color sketch. This need not, however, be

fashioned from the uninteresting red-and-white, or brown-and-white, canvas. Do get away from this ordinary color combination and look to the smart new color schemes.

Apart from the two-color blind illustrated, there are the three stripes to show you the clever arrangement of block and broken block stripes, which are but representative of the many gay designs offering in the shops to-day.

Best of all for the Spanish type of house are the intricately-patterned awnings—so full of color. On round-headed windows, they strike such a picturesque note, but they are not suited for the average bungalow. Stripes are better.

A final hint: With regard to color or color combinations—the matter must be considered from the outside and not the inside point of view. Select only those colors in keeping with the house.—E.E.G.



Now it takes only 3 days to make Dull Teeth Bright By Removing "Bacteria-Plaque"

Here's news for all of you who have yellowish, discoloured teeth, and who have tried perhaps a dozen different ways to brighten and give them an attractive whiteness and sparkle.

Start brushing your teeth with KOLYNOS. Use it just as you would an ordinary toothpaste, but with two important exceptions. Take only half as much and do not wet your toothbrush, but use it DRY. Brush your teeth this KOLYNOS way and see how astonishingly quickly your teeth become sparkling white.

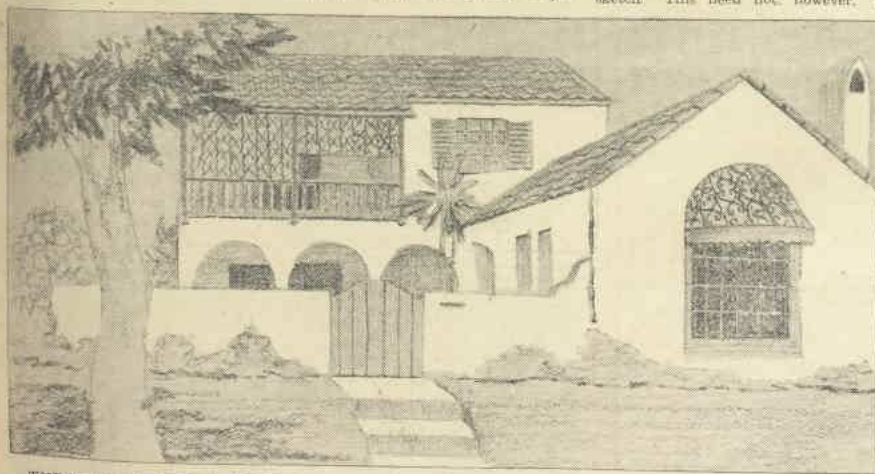
This scientific dental cream cleans and

whitens teeth quickly and effectively because it contains cleansing and active antiseptic properties not found in other preparations. It acts so as to remove from the teeth the "bacteria-plaque" which harbours harmful germs and makes teeth look dingy, yellow and unattractive. This super-cleansing improves the appearance of your teeth as nothing else can and makes them whiter—shades whiter.

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Get a tube to-day. Sold by all chemists and stores. KOLYNOS lasts twice the usual time—because you use half as much.

KOLYNOS DENTAL CREAM
The Antiseptic, Germicidal and Cleansing TOOTH PASTE



THE INTRICATELY-PATTERNED awnings and sun-blinds on this Spanish-style house are one of its crowning glories. On the balcony the roller-blind type in use is a triumph over the old-fashioned rope and pulley action.

Wet or fine
NUGGET
will shine!



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BLACKER AND BRIGHTER

*NUGGET waterproofs the leather and prevents cracking. Gives a deep rich polish which preserves the smoothness of shoes.

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A SURE FRIEND IN UNCERTAIN TIMES



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—the weeks slip by.

You can Share in the Society's 1935 Bonus if you act before 31st December.

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A GOOD TIME

Continued from Page 48

HE leant forward across the table and said to Chip:

"Call me a cheat, will you, you—"
"Travon, shut up!" Buck said sharply. He turned to Chip:

"I'm most awfully sorry this should have happened here—"
"You're sorry!" Travon burst out. "And you fixed it all! You'll say in another moment I spoke that these aren't your cards!"

"I do say I never marked 'em," Buck said brusquely. He was trying to put Travon wiser to the idea of his attack, trying to signal to him, without Chip's noticing it, to "come off" this stunt of outraged venom; but Travon was too far gone, his was the injured obstinacy of the half-drunk man, and Buck failed to recognise it as such.

He turned to Chip to urge him to leave.

"Turn your back on me, would you?" Travon spluttered suddenly. "Nice thing, I do think, when you get me here to-night—yes, and old Cas, too—'cos you said you'd a bird to pluck. An' then you let the young higher get in at me. You didn't mark the cards, no—but your wife did!"

"You—"
"Oh, I'm going," Travon announced mincingly. "I was going. Do not fear. I'm not so dashed fond of your society I'll stay to be insulted by you."

He started for the door, and then stopped, and swung round to admonish Chip.

"You may have mislaid me—I forgive you. Fact is, I'm sorry for you and want to warn you. Engaged to the little girl, aren't you? Don't you marry her. Put-up job, the whole affair, I assure you. Buck gave me details. I know all about the car business. She fixed that—Lady Moira. Clever as a pair of trained monkeys, and as cunning, the two of 'em, and their team work is marvellous. Good night, all!"

His steps could be heard in the garden, then the gate slammed.

Castlevine was gathering the cards together leisurely; his face looked wooden.

"You've an odd hundred or two of mine, I think," Chip said to him with blinding suddenness.

Castlevine's lined, supercilious face never altered.

He looked up and met Chip's glance, and said evenly:

"I think not."

Chip gave a short, bitter laugh.

"I might have known it was useless to expect decency from a cad," he said.

Buck broke in acidly:

"I don't think I can let that pass in my house, Lomax—"

Chip was beside him in a flash:

"You can't let it pass? Like to repeat that?"

He was so white his blue eyes looked black, his right clenched fist crept up nearer Buck's good-looking face.

"No," Buck said sullenly.

Without another word Chip flung from the room.

He never saw Biddy at the stair-head, crouching there, the tears running down her face.

But out in the car, driving back through the chill sweetness of the night, he thought of her—his whole mind became suddenly filled with a medley of thoughts about her. Travon's rotten, silly accusation—Yes, but he'd put it so clearly. Biddy couldn't help her people—he loved her—she was true to him. It was dashed odd Travon saying all that—just the same—supposing it were true? Supposing that old mother had faked the accident? Jove, if it were true, he had been every sort of a poor fool! Caught by such cheap bait, too—one of the oldest tricks in the world.

ALL night, in between heavy dreams, his mind puzzled and probed.

If it were true—then all this afternoon, all the days were just so much bluff.

He couldn't forget that one moment on the hillside, though—and Biddy's head, back-thrown, and the amazed, almost frightened radiance of her eyes as he had bent his head to kiss her! And her little ways.

"But you can't touch pitch and not get marked," Bill had said that, and it was true. Biddy had touched a good bit of pitch in her time, living with such parents.

He went to sleep finally about half-past seven, and it was noon when he woke, and the instant he did wake he remembered.

He was dressed before he noticed his letters. He turned them over; one was in Biddy's handwriting.

He tore away the envelope and spread out the letter—it wasn't very long:

"Darling.—Part of what Cecil Travon said was true. I have to write this because, if I saw you and felt how I loved you, quite near, I might not be able to tell you the truth. And I know I must. Just because I do love you so

truly and really, I know. Mother has always wanted me to marry a man with money, and so have I. I don't expect you to believe if you were penniless I'd marry you with the greatest joy. But I would. I know you can't want me now—after last night. I'll have gone by the time you get this. When you get this, read it, and think just this: 'She loved me enough to give me up, and she didn't whine or try to lie to me.' As long as I live I shall love you, and belong to you in my heart—Biddy."

He was down the stairs and across the lounge, and out on to the promenade, the letter in his hand, under the minute, and testing to the garage. "I think it's France they've gone to," the nice caretaker at the cottage told him, "or maybe it's Belgium; one or the other."

Chip set his teeth and headed for Lympne.

"Look here," he said grimly, "it's a case of life or death I reach Calais before the boat. Can you do it?"

Could he fail to do it? The young pilot asked loftily. At any rate Chip was on the quay five minutes before the boat berthed.

If she wasn't there, then it was Ostend, and he'd go on there.

He was in flannels, and hatless, and Biddy saw him long before he saw her.

She all but fainted then, for the second time. Instead, she wangled to get off the boat before her people.

She succeeded, and Buck and Lady Moira saw, with gasping amazement, Biddy make a little run and be caught up in a young man's arms.

"It's that fella Lomax," Buck exclaimed. "What d'you know about that, Moira?"

Lady Moira gave a rather shaky little laugh.

"I think I know it's love," she said.

Chip was waiting for them on the quay. Biddy more or less still tucked under his arm. He said, without any preface:

"I'm taking Biddy back by air; she says she can go as an aunt for a bit, just till I get a licence in a day or two."

"Hope you have a good time," Buck commented blankly, but they were already out of earshot, going off hand in hand to the car, utterly happy, utterly oblivious of the world.

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HOW OLD IS MARY BOLAND, the wonderful Paramount star? Some say 48, some say 50, some say more. But she is a charming example of what good grooming and regular beauty care can do to one. And what she can do, you can do.

THE BODY BEAUTIFUL

BEAUTY May Begin at Forty!

By . . .
EVELYN

Good Health, a Serene Mind,
Moderation in Make-up, and Regular
Care are the Simple Essentials

MANY women think—ah, how foolish of them—that forty sounds the death-knell to loveliness. So thinking, they give up the beauty "fight." How quickly they slump, and sometimes grow older in body and mind than women their seniors by fifteen years. Furthermore, they grow despondent, embittered, and as the milestones pass lose every vestige of charm and dignity—their rightful heritage.

THE essence of all beauty, however, lies not in youth but in the quality of expression and appearance. While the not-so-young cannot hope to be beautiful as a young girl is beautiful—fresh, slim, full of life and vitality—your seasoned maturity may possess as binding a charm. If you have a grace, a dignity of figure, a mellow, glowing radiance of face, a poised carriage, age will mantle you with beauty, even though time has stamped little marks on the face.

Even for a young girl, much of her beauty depends upon her expression—which comes from within. More important is it for the older woman without the disfiguring charm of youth. Have pleasant, happy thoughts, and your expression will assume happy lines. And even when the little marks of age appear, they will not detract from beauty of expression.

Apart from dieting, older women need less food than young girls. Instead of giving in with "Now I'm old, it doesn't matter," they should realize that, no longer using up so much energy, they do not require so much food.

Of course, if abnormally overweight, a

more rigorous plan is necessary—a diet not too harrowing, and exercise mild but regular.

Any diet which contains a maximum of fresh fruit and vegetables and a minimum of pastries and sweets is good. Take orange juice in the morning as a mild aperient.

There are innumerable things to watch. A double chin requires your close attention, for it is often the result of sagging muscles and accumulating fat.

Try this exercise: Sit straight on a straight-backed chair. Thrust the head up and back, opening the mouth wide and drawing the lower jaw out and up. Do this regularly night and morning as many times as you like. Make it indeed your morning's first exercise.

Other things to watch are upper arms and elbows. For the arms take one spoonful of skin food and two spoonfuls of olive oil, blend the two well together, and thoroughly coat the arms. Slip it on all over them, then massage it, starting at the finger-tips and working with

long, steady movements right up the arms to the shoulders.

Elbows inevitably roughen and sharpen with the years. Coat them well with cold cream, massage well in, and wipe off the surplus. Then tip some soap flakes into a basin of hot water, make a good lather, and soak the elbows in it. Then your skin is soft and pliable. Put enough warm olive oil in two cups and immerse the elbows in it. Soak them for ten minutes, then wipe off the oil. Soon you will have elbows that you will be proud of.

For your face, have frequent face packs—give them yourself. They are refreshing and revitalising.

Look to Your Hair

GREY hair need not make you feel old, if properly looked after and tastefully groomed. And a pure white head of hair is very lovely. However, keep your hair always scrupulously clean. Have it permanently waved, by all means, but be careful that you have it set in a big, natural-looking wave, that will be softening and at the same time neat. Never wear your hair to your shoulders, or ever so slightly "too long." Sculptured curls are hopelessly out of place on an older woman, as are riotous, untidy locks. Aim for a smooth, finished, natural-looking coiffure.

Give your hair regular brushing and massage and oil treatments. Ordinary olive oil is unbeatable for feeding the scalp and roots of the hair, and for softening the texture.

And a final word: Get as much rest as possible. Never hurry over your meals, and try and get in forty winks after your midday meal.

WHAT MY PATIENTS ASK ME

PATIENT: Why is it that so many people suffer from colds? One would be inclined to think that they are not really harmful, since comparatively few people develop serious conditions in consequence, but they are inconvenient and unpleasant. What is your opinion?

SOME persons are more susceptible to colds than others. Yet the individual who never had a cold is rare indeed, while most individuals, young and old, "catch" several colds regularly each year.

Because so many suffer from colds we have come to consider the condition as harmless, even if it often is annoying. For this reason we are careless about exposing ourselves to draughts; we do not clothe ourselves properly during seasonal changes, and we are particularly careless about remaining in contact with those who are suffering from an active cold.

Although the common cold still presents several features that are not altogether clearly understood by the medical profession, there can be no question that the disorder is due to germ infection.

These germs, whatever they are, can readily be transmitted from one person to another.

That explains why a factory or a whole school can become infected, the source being but one individual who brings the germs into the building and—because of improper ventilation or general disregard of others on the patient's part—causes every other person, one by one, to come down with a cold.

Theatres and moving picture palaces may also become places where colds multiply. And the same, of course, holds true for any single home. In fact, it is probable that colds are spread within the home more quickly than in any other place.

To avoid colds, therefore, we must avoid persons with colds, and places where persons with colds are likely to be. Secondly, in order not to infect others, we should remain in our own rooms when we take cold and stay there until we are cured.

Fever may or may not accompany a cold. Usually such fever is not high,

BY A DOCTOR

only a degree or two. To remain under cover in a fairly uniform temperature is best. A brisk laxative is also indicated when the very first suspicious signs of a cold make their appearance. Sneezing often gives the warning. Sometimes it is a sore throat. Coughing usually develops later. Only a liquid diet, preferably milk, should be taken for the first day or two—at least while an elevation of temperature remains.

Bronchitis may develop as an aftermath of a persistent cold. Especially is this to be feared in the aged. Pneumonia may also develop from a stubborn cold, although this is not as likely to

MAKE-UP for the not-so-young: After 45 you must shun brilliant make-up. A dead-white complexion with brilliant lips is dangerous. Try to get a mellow effect. Pat in a little powder base, not too much, and use a powder which is neither too light nor too dark (both of which are definitely ageing). Rachel No. 1 or No. 2 is the correct shade. Use a medium rose-shade of rouge with lipstick a shade lighter. Have the rouge well up on the cheeks to brighten the eyes.

occur as one might suppose. Persons with weakened constitutions should think of the danger of tuberculosis. In all colds, also, the danger of middle ear infection should seriously be considered.

Although home remedies usually suffice in the treatment of the ordinary cold, if the condition is unusually severe or resists treatment, a physician should be called. Besides, one should specially endeavor to cure a cold completely. To allow oneself to be "practically over it" and let it go at that is decidedly insufficient!

Swift Slimming WITH THALCO THERMAL SALTS



Lady takes only 3 Jars and Loses 11lbs. Fat
HEALTH IMPROVES

Every over-weight woman should read this letter: it speaks for itself—

Dear Sirs,

I feel it my duty to write and tell you of the benefit I have found in Thalco Thermal Salts. Since using them I feel better in my health and also have lost weight. I was 13 stone 7 lbs. before I started using Thalco Thermal Salts, and have used only 3 jars. Now I am 12 stone 10 lbs.

You may use this testimonial as you like as I feel that Thalco Thermal Salts will do the same for others as they have done for me.

Yours truly,
(Signed) Mrs. A. J.

NO DANGEROUS REDUCING PROPERTIES

Thalco Thermal Salts are a combination of salts similar to the principal salts found in many of the Thermal Springs of Europe and other parts of the world. They make it possible for stout people to reduce, not because of any dangerous or other reducing properties in the salts themselves, but by aiding the eliminating organs daily to clear away waste products out of the system before they have time to form into unhealthy fat tissue. The gentle, soothing solution of Thalco Thermal Salts completely cleanses the system of those wastes and impurities which are likely to cause Fatness, Bad Complexion, Headaches, Rheumatism, Backache, etc.

NO RESULTS—NO PAY!

We invite any stout person to purchase a 1/4 jar of Thalco Thermal Salts from the nearest Chemist.

Begin taking Thalco Thermal Salts to-morrow morning—a teaspoonful in a big glass of hot water before breakfast—and continue each morning until you have used two jars. If you are not then satisfied that it is benefiting your health and helping you to reduce, simply send the two empty cartons to the distributors—Parey, Barker & Co., 18-20 Martin Place, Sydney—and the full purchase price, with postage added, will be refunded to you, at once, without question or controversy. If satisfied you should continue the regular morning dose of Thalco Salts to gain perfect slimness and to prevent fat from forming.

THALCO THERMAL SALTS

The Charm of the Thalco Figure Price 1/6 per Jar. AT ALL CHEMISTS

N9—A long slim night-gown with empire top and flowing skirt. Alencon lace in a new contrast shade. SW, MW, W, 25/- FW, OS, 27/6

"POWDERFREE"
Hand-cut Lingerie
by Prestige

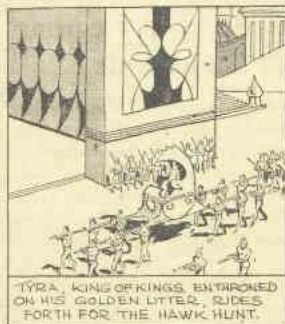


BRICK BRADFORD IN THE LAND OF THE LOST

BRICK BRADFORD has been cast up on an island peopled by the descendants of English adventurers. By his courage he has gained the favor of the King, and the devotion of Bulla, a slave whose life he spared. Now, as one of the Royal bodyguard, he is invited to the great hawk hunt. Now carry on—



TYRA, KING OF KINGS, ENTROINED ON HIS GOLDEN LITTER, RIDES FORTH FOR THE HAWK HUNT.



THESE SPEAR GUNS LOOK FUNNY, BULLA. BUT THEY SLAY AT GREAT DISTANCES, SIRE!



I'VE GOT TO SAVE HER! MASTER! MASTER! BEWARE OF THE OTHER HAWK!



IN THE HUNTING FIELD STAND LOVELY VASTA AND THE OTHER SLAVE GIRLS.



THE HAWKS! MY HAVE MEDDLED!



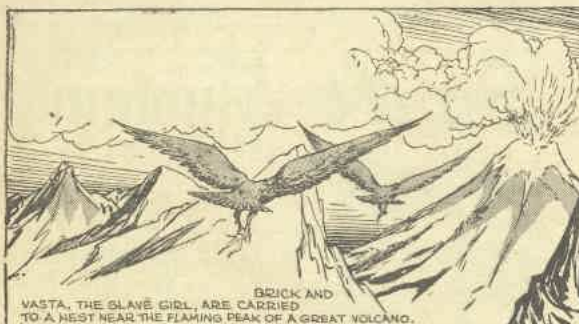
A GIANT BLACK BIRD SWOOPS DOWN—GRASPS VASTA!



WE'RE DOOMED! WE'LL SELL OUR LIVES DEARLY!



AT THAT MOMENT A ROBBER HAWK, HUNGRY, ATTACKS THE NEST.



BRICK AND VASTA, THE SLAVE GIRL, ARE CARRIED TO A NEST NEAR THE FLAMING PEAK OF A GREAT VOLCANO.



TO BE CONTINUED.



TO BE CONTINUED.

FRED IN THE LAND OF MAGIC

PETER IS CURED!

"A H," said Wunderlust, surveying a letter that had come by Wednesday's post, "would you like to go to Goooring this week-end? We have an invitation here from Mr. Solomon. He says he and his little son, Peter, will be the only ones at home, and that there will be plenty of fun, as he has bought two nice black horses."

"I suppose he'll let me have a ride on one of the black horses," said Fred. "I love black horses."

"Of course," said Wunderlust, "and even if he didn't let you ride one of his new horses, he has half a dozen or more other horses you could ride."

"We really must go, Wunderlust," said Fred, "for it is so long since we went riding. I hardly know if I'll still be able to ride."

"You never forget how to ride," smiled Wunderlust, "or should I say you never forget how to stick on."

"So do I," said Fred, clapping his hands. "I'll have a lovely time with Peter, for he is such a nice boy."

"I'm glad you already know him," said Wunderlust, a little surprised. "I didn't think you did, for on the whole, you and I have been up to Mr. Solomon. Peter has been away."

"I met him at the show, Wunderlust," went on Fred. "He was looking after a little pony, and it got away from him. I chased after it, and caught it, and brought it back to him. He told me his name was Peter Solomon, and that he came from Goooring. Then I told him I knew his father, and we became quite friendly."

"That is interesting," said Wunderlust. "I remember plainly his father telling me about the pony he was exhibiting at the show, and if I'm not wrong the pony took a couple of first prizes."

Wunderlust glanced at the clock. "Time you ran the message," he said. "And so Fred went off very cheerfully down the street."

The next few days went much too slowly, and when Friday night came round there was not a happier boy in all Bushman Grove than Fred.

Everything was neatly packed, and at 6.30 Fred and Wunderlust boarded the express train to Goooring. At 8.30 it pulled into Goooring Station, and Fred and Wunderlust were the first two to get off. They were met by Mr. Solomon in his big blue sedan car, and speedily they drove off to his home.

"Well, how are things?" said Wunderlust, as they stepped along.

"Quite all right," answered Mr. Solomon. "That is almost. Would you believe that my main worry is lemon cheese?"

"Lemon cheese?" repeated Wunderlust, looking oddly at Mr. Solomon.

"No, not lemon butter, lemon cheese," he corrected. "Do you know me, but actually drink lemon cheese in the summer?"

In these hot days I suppose that is really enough manna," said Wunderlust, trying to put the conversation off as lightly as possible.

But Mr. Solomon had not noticed what he had said on the drive, but by a long way he had.

"Something must be done about Peter," he said so seriously that Fred had to put his hand over his mouth to smother a laugh.

"Why not get some olive oil in a lemon cheese jar?" said Wunderlust, as the idea struck him. "They both look the same on a hot day."

"Splendid, splendid," said Mr. Solomon. "Wunderlust was rather taken aback, for the idea was really a very ordinary one, and one that required very little thinking out."

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As there were visitors, Peter temporarily forgot about the lemon cheese, and Mr. Solomon began to suspect that he could tell the difference between the oil and the lemon cheese. But not at 11.30, when everyone was out of the way, Peter ran to the kitchen and put the jar to his lips and gulped.

"By-er-er!" he yelled.

Mr. Solomon's mouth fell open quickly, and immediately sliced an orange for his son. This, of course, took away the bitter taste of the oil.

Strangely enough, Wunderlust's idea worked, for Peter has now developed a distinct dislike for lemon cheese, and he will not so much as touch it, much to Mr. Solomon's delight.

Wunderlust and Fred had a lovely time that week-end, and Fred was allowed to ride a black horse; in fact, he rode the bolli-son on the Saturday, and the other on the Sunday.

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THE GHOST OF AN
ONION

Pleasant Breath

Have Pure Breath
Instantly

At bridge—at the theatre—wherever you are in association with others, unpleasant breath is an unforgivable fault. Be certain always that you are not an offender—destroy all odours of food, smoking or drinking with May Breath. May Breath tablets are pleasant-tasting, refreshing and instantly banish objectionable breath. Get a tin from your chemist, and carry May Breath always in your pocket or purse—the tin is small and convenient.

1/- AT ALL CHEMISTS

May-Breath

An Antiseptic Mouthwash
in Tablet Form

TRADE

Acid Stomach inflicts untold misery



"Why am I always weak, nervous, despondent?"

There are countless women, men too, who for years have not known what it is to feel really fit and well. They drag heavily through life all unconscious of the fact that a chronically sour acid stomach is capable of souring one's entire existence. You can easily detect an acid stomach by the following symptoms—Always tired and low-spirited, frequent headaches, disturbed sleep, overtaxing nerves, loss of appetite, nausea, flatulence and indigestion. If that is how you feel, don't resort to pick-me-ups but take 'Bisurated' Magnesia to sweeten your stomach. This will correct the excessive acidity of your gastric juice and overcome the chronic sourness of your stomach. With the "mainpring" of your system in healthy working order your distressing symptoms will promptly vanish and you will soon be enjoying normal health and spirits. Get a bottle of 'Bisurated' Magnesia, powder or tablets, from any chemist and start on the road to good health by taking a dose after your next meal—the effect will be a revelation to you. In 'Bisurated' Magnesia you have the supreme remedy for stomach troubles, with over 20 years' reputation for untailing efficacy.

'BISURATED'
MAGNESIA
Banishes Stomach Ills
A concentrated preparation,
very economical. The package
bears the 'Bisurated' Trade Mark

BISMAG

FORCED Landing

Continued from Page 7

SHE laughed curiously and peered through a narrow chink in the hut.

There were the guards, gleaming and still. There was the encircling fringe of jungle, dark, dark, and against it the Swallow loomed as a graceful bird.

Out of that jungle came to her an oppression of mystery. These natives might be crude children by the side of the men who had conceived such marvels as the Swallow. Yet—

She laughed again, and stopped, and caught her breath.

She was almost glad when night blotted out the jungle fringe. It had kept snapping at her confidence.

Lying full length on the dusty floor of the hut, she wondered about Firth. Stubbornly she refused to be afraid for him and for herself. Fear couldn't help. Much better to concentrate on racking her brains for some means of outwitting Tibarawen.

But there were spaces when will-power failed, and the courage in her eyes changed to a pitiful wincing. Imagination would picture the dawn, Tibarawen squatting over some devilish trickery, and working up the horde of blacks to murder.

She clenched her hands and spoke aloud.

"Oh, David, my dear David!"

The sound of her own voice was reassuring. She thought of the many who had made long-distance flights, and come down to a crisis of danger, and yet escaped.

"Tibarawen's black magic is all rubbish," she whispered. "Of course it is." A plane was much more magical than any of the trickery in Africa.

She said to herself, very slowly and steadily:

"There isn't any magic. There's a sensible explanation of everything."

If she could expose Tibarawen's trickery.

It must be either that, or death for herself and David.

Sleep was impossible. After a while she got up and began to walk round and round the dark hut. The moon had risen, and though the jungle hid its direct rays, there was enough light to pick out a chink in the mud and branch-laced wall.

She peered through it and saw one of the guards, squatting and still.

But he was watchful. She caught the glimmer of his eyes.

Almost opposite was the vine-curtained entrance to Tibarawen's taboo'd trail, and as she stood there looking through the chink, the witch-doctor emerged and shuffled across to the centre of the clearing.

The guard outside squatted closer to the ground, as though in fear. She could hear his teeth chattering. Tibarawen dumped himself on the dust, his cloak in folds around him, and appeared to be holding an evil meditation. He was there for quite an hour.

At first, unwillingly, she felt the awe of the occult. Then common sense asserted itself. Tibarawen must have some good reason for coming out here in the middle of the night. It wasn't just to mutter incantations. No. He didn't believe in his own mumbo-jumbo, she could swear. He was too clever for that.

He must be preparing some part of his trickery to be performed at dawn.

She strained her eyes, but she could discern no detail, only the outline of him huddled on the dust.

At dawn there were sounds, rustlings, the labber of voices. The crude door of her hut was opened, and two guards led her out.

The tribe had gathered in a circle around the clearing. Every man had a queer, unhealthy tension. Towards the centre were Yendi and Gekiba. To the left a couple of guards held David by the arms.

He smiled across at her with set lips. "Time to kick-off for their devil's game. I wish to God I'd come alone on this flight."

"No. Don't say that, David. We'll win yet."

If the color had left her face, her

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eyes were calm. Even now she would not give way to sentiment. In their modern way, each was afraid of it, though each understood the wealth of the unspoken.

A kind of shiver passed through the blacks. The vine curtains swayed, and Tibarawen came out, advancing with hideous, crab-like movements. For the occasion he had decorated his wrists with strings of teeth, and made a cut on his scraggy neck from which blood dripped slowly down, staining the filthy cloak.

He reached the centre of the clearing. Fat Yendi rolled his eyes, and was afraid to look at the captives. Gekiba had the manner of a man ashamed but fascinated.

The witch-doctor squatted in the dust, drew something tiny from his cloak, pressed it into the ground. He called out, and an assistant brought a gourd of water, with which he besprinkled the dust heavily.

Tibarawen's arms began to writhe and twist, like lethargic snakes. Incredibly repulsive sounds came from his mouth.

IN the seconds that followed he gripped his audience with a spell that included Mollie and Firth. They could not help themselves. They stared and stared at that patch of moist dust, while the light in the sky deepened from pearl to primrose.

The lower part of the jungle fringe was still black with the night, and the circle of natives against it had the quality of luminous shadows that sometimes may be seen on shrouded waters. The clearing itself had a sad greyness. The silence was choking, an airless pressure, the apprehension before storm. The voice of the witch-doctor whined and mumbled into it with the effect of distant gusts and far-off thunder.

Yendi trembled with sheer terror, and the sweat poured from his good-natured face. His people craned forward, motionless.

Tibarawen's moanings were increasing—there was frenzy in them. His arms wriggled and writhed, faster, faster.

Then Firth and Mollie saw something that defied sanity. The patch of watered dust started to quiver. There was no mistake, no treachery of the eyes. It stirred and heaved, as if tortured by the witch-doctor's fanatical chanting and something came up through it.

Yendi uttered a terrified groan. The thing in the dust wavered and grew.

All the blacks were catching Tibarawen's madness now. The thing in the dust was a plant, a eucalyptus plant, and it grew before their eyes, inch after inch, until it was the height of a man's hand.

Firth moistened his lips; he wanted to say something to Mollie, wanted to comfort her in this last hour, but he could not speak. Something beyond reason had happened, and a sense of numbness possessed him.

Tibarawen rose. Slowly he circled about the plant. His right hand came out, pointed at the two captives. He howled at the blacks, and they howled an answer, a snarling vibration.

He turned to Yendi, and the fat chief growled, and wagged his head as if in agreement to some demand. Tibarawen's lips drew up, and his pointed fangs shone with lust.

FIRTH knew the rush was coming. He had braced himself to wrench free of his guards, leap across to Mollie's side, and at least go down fighting for her.

But in the moment, before he acted she called out:

"Gekiba!" she shouted. "Tell them I can do that magic! Quick!"

Training leaves its mark. Those words, shouted like a military command, made the interpreter jump to attention and salute. Instinctively he obeyed her, and yelled a string of words. Directly afterwards he seemed frightened of what he had done, and backed away from Tibarawen, who was splitting at him with the fury of a cat.

Still, the rush had been temporarily stayed, and the blacks, inquisitive as children, stared at her with wondering eyes. Their blood-lust was tempered with curiosity.

The witch-doctor screamed out furious sentences. Mollie screamed against him, at the top of her lungs.

"Tell them I can do greater magic!"

"I can call up the spirit of Tibarawen!"

Gekiba translated. The witch-doctor, his lips foaming, crouched as if to spring at her. But one of Yendi's huge hands stretched out and caught him by the shoulder. There was a boyish relief and eagerness about the fat chief. He said something.

Gekiba announced the chief's command.

"Yendi speak you do this magic." Firth looked across at Mollie, and for the first time he seemed to be on the verge of breaking down. He believed the strain had turned her mind.

Please turn to Page 54



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FORCED Landing

Continued from Page 53

SHE smiled at him encouragingly.

"No, David, I'm sane. I can beat this old devil. I'm sure of it. Don't say anything. Wait."

"Geleba," she called out. "Tell Yendi this."

She gave her instructions, and Geleba translated. Let them take her back to her hut, and leave her for an hour. Then let them come and watch her magic, one man bringing a gourd of water.

Tibawen, writhing with fury, began a harangue. But the froth of frenzy among the blacks had subsided, and curiosity had become the ruling emotion. Yendi, bordering on the cheerful again, shouted out some orders. Firth's guards took him away to his hut, and the last sight he had of Mollie was as her guards conducted her towards the other hut, and she turned her head over her shoulder and gave him a confident smile.

To Firth that hour seemed a year of nightmare. He could not begin to guess how she would carry out the counter-trickery. And this time, because there was more hope than there had been in the night, there was correspondingly a keener and more relentless dread.

THE sun was well up when they fetched him from the hut. It shone down on the Swallow and gave it a gleaming grace. He stared at it over those short fifty yards with yearning eyes, and told himself resolutely:

"In a little while, perhaps—"

Around the open door of Mollie's hut was a circle of blacks, goggling with excitement. The guards made a place for him, near Yendi and Geleba and Tibawen. The witch-doctor was quiet with a murderous sullenness.

Mollie sat on the dusty floor of the hut. As an incantation to impress her audience she was calmly singing "It ain't gonna rain no more," and clapping her hands together in time.

"I want," she said to Geleba, "one hair from Tibawen's head."

He translated. The witch-doctor spat out protests, but he had enough sense to read the mood of the tribe, and tugged a wisp from his matted hair. She took the hair and squeezed it down into the dust with her thumb.

Geleba passed her the gourd of water, and she poured it on the dust.

Tell them the spirit that inhabits Tibawen will rise."

Geleba jabbered out the information, his voice shrill with excitement.

She started on a second series of incantations, and Firth nearly laughed aloud. Though their lives depended on the result she was calm enough to help on her trick by reciting the rhymes she had used as a child in playing games.

"One, two, three, four, five, six, seven. All good children go to heaven. Penny on the tramcar, Turpence on the sea, Threepence on the railway—And out goes she!"

Next she recited one of a similar type. "Piggie on the railway, picking up stones; Along came an engine and broke his bones."

"Oh!" said Piggie, "that's not fair." "Never mind," said the engine, "I don't care."

All the time she was clapping her hands and staring solemnly at the dust. The only sign of strain Firth could detect was a little blue vein swelling at the side of her temple. Without being aware of it, his lips moved in a prayer that her trick might work.

At length the moist dust began to shake and quiver, in a similar fashion to Tibawen's bewitched patch. Something with a definite shape stirred in

it, and her superstitious audience was spellbound.

Out of the ground, like the investigating snout of a mole, poked a blunt edge. It turned, rose, gradually exposed itself as a flat, shallow box. It was smeared with damp dust, but Firth recognised it immediately. It was an ordinary three-ha'penny vesta box.

YENDI'S teeth chattered. There was no awe about Tibawen. He glowered with rage.

Mollie picked up the box, shook it, opened it to show the goggling blacks that there was nothing inside.

Then she addressed Geleba. "Tell them that this is the message of the spirit. It means that Tibawen is no real witch-doctor. Like this box, he is empty. There is nothing in him."

Geleba's wide mouth creased into a huge grin. He began to translate. Yendi's sense of humor was tickled. He burst into a splutter of laughter, and the rest of the blacks, with the true and sudden reaction of children, gurgled and chuckled as if they had his brother's funniest jokes in the world.

Hell glared from Tibawen's eyes. Snarling, he made a spring at Mollie, only to be grabbed and held helpless in Geleba's powerful grip.

"Tell them it is no magic," said Mollie. "Tibawen dug a hole out there in the dust at night. He put in some of this."

She pointed to some yellowish hempen fibre with which the branches in the hut walls were bound. "When it is wet, it swells and swells. He put in that tiny eucalyptus plant, and covered it with dust. When he poured water on the ground this morning the fibre swelled upwards and pushed the plant through the light dust."

Geleba could not understand some of her words, but he gathered the general trend of her meaning, and explained to his brother. They laughed like school-boys sharing some ridiculous lark. As for Yendi, he was beaming with relief and good-nature. Plainly, he was glad the stock of Tibawen had fallen with a bang. He was too simple and indolent to be fond of black magic.

Impotent in Geleba's grasp, the witch-doctor gibbered with fury. Yendi drew himself up to the full bulk of corpulent dignity, pointed across the clearing, and said something in a commanding voice. Tibawen slunk away and vanished through the curtain of vines.

"PHEW!" Firth mopped his forehead. "If it hadn't been for you, Mollie—"

She laughed and said shakily: "I saw the old beast squatting out there in the night. I knew he must be getting his back ready. He had his cloak round him. I didn't know he was digging away at the dust underneath it. But when that plant came up this morning I spotted a bit of that fibre with it. It was puffed up and swollen. Then I remembered an adventure book I'd read. It explained that particular trick. I believe they do it a lot in Morocco. The rest was easy."

Twenty minutes later they were in the Swallow ready to take off. Behind had gathered a cheerful crowd headed by Geleba and Yendi, the latter immensely delighted with the present of a pen-knife. He jabbered out a stream of unintelligible benedictions. Geleba saluted, and said:

"Yendi greater than a roaring lion, speak this. It would be good to lion this woman the chief of your wives, for she has wisdom."

Mollie smiled into Firth's eyes. "You can tell him, Geleba," said Firth solemnly, "that I should be honored to be the least of her husbands." (Copyright)

DINNY THANKS Her STARS

Continued from Page 13

"SWEET!" he gasped, "your old husband's been a wretch and a brute. But he's had a lot to bother him." He paused for breath. "I've been in torment the last month. Changes in our organisation—I dreaded being sacked every day!"

Mrs. Martin's eyes met Dinny's squarely. "I was sick with worry. But now the news is out. They're more than satisfied with my work—and, instead of being sacked, I'm to take charge of my department!" Dinny gasped. Mrs. Martin's eyes widened with pleasure.

Martin turned to his mother. "This child's been an absolute angel. Mother, you'd never guess. Never nagged or worried me. And I've been pretty awful to live with." He gathered Dinny into his arms. "Kiss me, precious. Then get on your toes, and we'll go and celebrate!"

In the bedroom Mrs. Martin turned to Dinny with a slow twinkle.

"Those stars were a bit out, weren't they, dear?"

Dinny frowned. "Even if they were they kept me going!" She spoke slowly. "But I can't quite make it out. They're right about me—I have been strong and sensitive!" Mrs. Martin nodded. "But they're wrong about our marriage. They said I shouldn't have married Martin. He's a twelfth of August baby, and I—"

"He's a what?" Mrs. Martin threw back her head and laughed. Laughed in that gay, ringing way her son had. "Martin's no twelfth of August baby, the rascal. He was born on the thirteenth!" She winked at Dinny. "But you can't get him to admit it." She slipped her arm through Dinny's.

"You see, dear, Martin is not strong and sensible, like you. Poor old Martin's superstitious." And they both laughed—though Dinny's was a wee bit wobbly. (Copyright)

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TENNIS STANDARD has Fallen ... but Not THE JUNIORS!

Promising Players Provide Hope for the Future

Specially Written for The Australian Women's Weekly by
JOAN HARTIGAN

It is common knowledge that during the past few years the standard of women's tennis in Australia has fallen considerably, but since my return from abroad I cannot help noticing the remarkable improvement that has taken place in the play of a number of our junior girls.

This is certainly encouraging, as it must enhance the present bright prospects of a women's team being sent overseas.

THE recent successes achieved by Miss Thelma Coyne speak for the improvement in her game. To have defeated Mrs. Hopman, who is graded No. 3 in Australia, was a fine performance.

Without detracting in any way from the brilliant tennis played by Miss Coyne, whose skill I admire greatly, and in fairness to Mrs. Hopman, it must be realised that she has had very little

tennis of late and no competitive tennis. Sadie Berriman, Nancy Wynne, and Dorothy Stevenson, the Victorian juniors, will also be making their presence felt before long.

Miss Berriman has made such rapid progress during the past 12 months that she would hardly be recognised as the same player I saw taking part in the last Victorian championships. She is very versatile, possessing a forceful forehand, and a backhand that produces many winners. Her best shot in this connection is a sliced "cross-court" shot played similarly to that of that popular player, Emily Westacott.

Proved Worthy

SHE is, however, impetuous in making her shots, which loses her many points, but this is a fault she will no doubt correct with more experience.

It was unfortunate that she was drawn against Alison Hattersley in the first round in the N.S.W. championships, but did well indeed to take that well-known player to three sets.

I am not in a position to comment on any improvement that may have taken place in Miss Nancy Wynne's game, as she is not taking part in the present championships, but I formed a high opinion of her game when I saw her playing in the final of a junior singles championship against Miss Coyne some 12 months ago. This particular match was the finest I have ever seen in junior tennis.

Miss Wynne is a player who will appeal to an audience, as she is very keen and active, and hits with great power.

Miss Dorothy Stevenson shows great improvement, and here was a fine performance to win both her singles in the recent interstate match against New South Wales. Her performances during



MISS SADIE BERRIMAN, whose future progress will be keenly watched by tennis enthusiasts.



MISS DOT STEVENSON, who played so brilliantly in the recent interstate tennis contests.

the present championships will be watched with great interest.

Not far behind these girls there are many others who show great promise, and, as they are provided with every opportunity both in Victoria and New South Wales, their game should rapidly develop.

Great Leaders

SO far as can be gleaned, there do not seem to be any promising juniors making their appearance in the other States. Consequently it is to be hoped that the junior interstate competition and the Wilson Cup which will be completed for again next January will produce some more promising stars.

The tennis associations of New South Wales and Victoria are fortunate in having two such enthusiasts in executive positions in which they show so much ability as Mrs. Conway and Mrs. Harper. Both are indefatigable in their efforts in the promotion of women's tennis in Australia. Only those closely associated with them can form any idea of the amount of time they give up to a game in which they were such able exponents.

The women tennis players in Australia certainly owe a debt of gratitude to both, for they labor without reward, or thought of reward.

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See Special Story on
Page 23

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NATIONAL Games in ADELAIDE

Preparations on Huge Scale

"Say it with music" could well be the slogan adopted by the National Games Council for the opening of the National Games in Adelaide in January, for bands and massed choirs will be much in evidence.

Australian women will take part in swimming, and, it is hoped, in track and field games, but there is still a little uncertainty about this.

ACTING on the assumption that the women athletes of Australia will be given the necessary permission to take part in the National Games which begin on January 25, the National Games Council is drawing up an elaborate programme in which the women are included.

The National Games mark the first big event in the South Australian Centenary.

Some years ago the Australian women amateur athletes severed their association with Olympic sports and rules (and the National Games are to be run on Olympic lines), so that now they have had to seek special permission to affiliate the Women's Amateur Athletic Union with the men's unions and thus be allowed to compete. The matter recently went before the executive, which decided that the affiliation should take place, but not until its meeting in Adelaide in January will the conference be able to give authority for it.

The organiser and secretary of the Games (Mr. W. E. Mackay) says that it is expected that the affiliation will meet with the approval of the conference, so his committee is including women's athletic events on the programme.

Women will definitely contest the national swimming events. Indeed, those who wish to compete for Olympic

selection must take part in the Centenary National Games.

The opening ceremony of the Games promises to be both spectacular and impressive, and "the more women competing the more colorful will the scene be," said Mr. Mackay. "Clad in probably white frocks, and wearing their State blazers, they will take part in the pageant. Never before in Australia has there been anything like the opening for the Games we are planning; in fact, our opening is being modelled upon the opening ceremony of the Olympic Games in Los Angeles on July 30, 1932.

Inter-State Race

THE Governor of South Australia (Sir Winston Dugan) is to be asked to declare the programme of events open. He and the leading officials are to be escorted by a band to the Adelaide Oval, where the playing of the National Anthem will be taken up by a massed choir, dressed in white, and the National Anthem will then give place to the Song of Australia. Then will come the parade, the opening words, and the simultaneous release of at least 1000 pigeons—these symbols of goodwill and freedom dispersing themselves in all directions.

Naturally, there will be a great deal of public interest in the torch relay from Melbourne to Adelaide—a run of 480 miles, in which 20 athletes will take part, followed on the road by motor cars.



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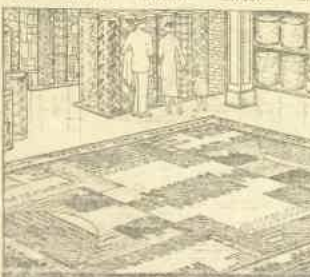
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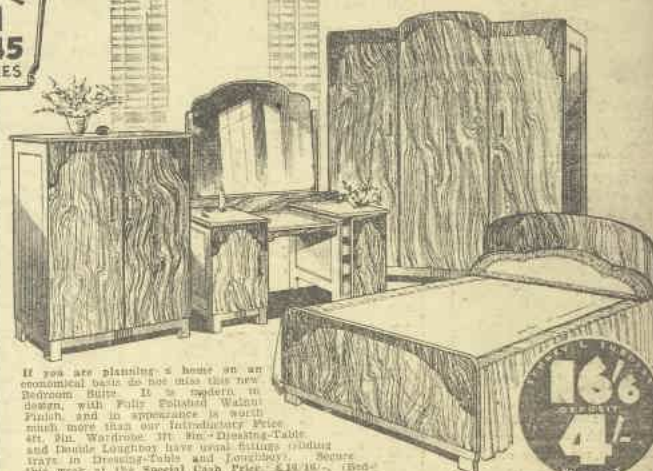


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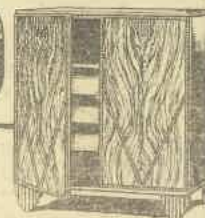
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By M. N. A. MESSER

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OF NEW SOUTH WALES

CHAPTER 1

LESBIA CARGILL drew up her car to the side of the road, got out, and lit a cigarette. Then she sat down on the running-board and took in the view. She was glad to stop for a few minutes, for since she had left Geneva some time that morning she had been driving steadily, where she didn't exactly know, but driving, certainly. And driving fast, she thought: firstly, because driving fast was her usual procedure in a car, and secondly, because the faster you were driving the less thought you could give to anything outside the car; and just at present she was particularly anxious not to think.

Now she sat on the running-board, on an empty road somewhere in Switzerland, some time on a late May afternoon, to face up for a few minutes with the fact that for the first time in her life she was entirely and painfully unhappy.

When her parents had died—the one ten and the other five years ago—she had been very, very sorry, but not passionately unhappy. She had not had this awful feeling that everything in the world had come apart and could never be put together again and made into a working whole; she had not then wanted to bury herself somewhere out of sight and forget everything, as she did now. Their deaths had caused a gentler grief, a regret, not this awful stabbing pain.

Neither her father nor her mother had ever played a big part in her life. They had died within a very short time of each other, and Lesbia at twenty was left in possession of an income that exceeded most people's capitals, perfect health, an excellent education, and the comforting and hitherto undisturbed assurance that if she wanted a thing badly enough she could almost certainly have it.

It was really a wonder that she wasn't unbearably spoiled, for she was not only quite unusually good-looking, but she was also particularly good at things: she seemed to succeed at whatever she took up, and without much trouble, too, which is always bad for any one. She had been her own mistress now for five years, and she had spent the time in ably deputising for her dead parents and making sure that she did without nothing that she thought might give her pleasure.

She had a train of admirers wherever she went, eligible and otherwise, who spent their days, when she would let them, in hymning her beauty and prowess, and imploring her to bestow herself and her

money on them. It wouldn't have been very surprising had she become slightly cynical as time went on—she was a little arrogant—but there was something in her that just saved her from cynicism, some quality of youth and a freshness of outlook that kept her astonishingly radiant and happy-minded. Perhaps it was her love of adventure, and that incurable hopefulness that some people possess, which is always sure that something thrilling lies just round the next corner.

THAT was Lesbia Cargill in May of 1929, when, having nothing more exciting to do, she joined a party of friends who were going to Switzerland, and with her middle-aged maid, Soames, who had been her bodyguard and protectress ever since she had left school, and her beloved car, a beautiful Bentley, which she drove herself, and from which she was absolutely inseparable, she arrived in Geneva to meet the first rebuff in her twenty-five years of indulgent existence.

She fell headlong in love with Charles Carey. For a week, from the moment they met and danced together at the Eaux-Vives, they were hardly one waking moment out of each other's company. At ten every morning he called for her, and at night he left her at the door of the hotel, and wherever they went in between they went together.

And no one was surprised, because they were so obviously suited: a more personable couple it would be hard to find; each was the complement of the other.

No one seemed quite to know what had brought Charles Carey to Geneva, for he had been there a full month before Lesbia arrived, and during that time had not seemed to belong to the idle, pleasure-chasing company he was with when he met her. Often he disappeared from the view of his acquaintances for days at a time, but always turned up again, cheerfully debonaire, amusing, distinguished-looking as ever. He seemed to know everyone who was anyone—residents and visitors, visiting diplomats and the League of Nations Secretariat—and was vouched for by all of them, though none seemed very definite as to exactly who he was or where he came from. However, no one bothered, Lesbia least of all. She was content to be with him, walking, driving, picnicking, dining or dancing, talking or silent, as long as he partnered her.

That was for a week, and then one morning there arrived at her hotel, instead of Carey, a bunch of flowers and a very hastily written note to say he had been called away on business for a couple of days; and that

was all. Lesbia sat down and thought—realised that she had allowed herself to be entirely monopolised for seven days by a man of whom she knew absolutely nothing except—and it was a big exception—that he loved her as completely and consumingly as she loved him, though the word had never been spoken between them.

So she possessed her soul in patience and waited for his return. He came quietly into her salon on the evening of the second day, grave and calm as usual, and then gave her that smile he seemed to keep for her alone.

"My dear," he said, "I am sorry. Accept all my apologies, and forgive me. I hated to leave you so suddenly, but there was simply no help for it. Am I forgiven?"

For a breath's length she hesitated. Then: "And what is this engrossing business that has such peremptory claims?" she asked.

"Oh, just business," he answered. "It's a name that covers so many things, and you'd find them very dull and boring. But don't let's talk about such stupidities. Tell me what you have been doing these two unending days I haven't seen you."

And it wasn't until hours later that she realised that her knowledge of whatever had claims on him superior to hers was exactly what it was before.

A WEEK later the crisis came. They had gone everywhere together as usual, and Lesbia, at least, had made no plans beyond the moment, content to drift thus happily, and to assume that when the right moment came Charles would just tell her he loved her and ask her to marry him.

A day-long picnic had been planned, and with a party of their friends they were going in cars to see the Mer de Glace at Chamonix. The night before, Charles said to her, between dances, "Lesbia, I'm most devastatingly sorry, but I shan't be able to drive you to this do-to-morrow."

For a moment she hardly took it in. Then: "Not drive me? What do you mean?" she asked.

"I can't come, my dear," he answered, obvious regret in his voice.

"Can't come?" she repeated. "But why can't you come?"

"Business. I just can't. I heard this evening that I'm needed elsewhere to-morrow; so, much as I hate the thought of it, I must go and you must get some other lucky devil to take my place."

She ignored his pleading. "But, Charles, you must come to-morrow. I'll never forgive you if you don't—never. I mean it, I'm serious. If you don't give up this business I'll— What is it, by the way?" she interrupted herself. "What is the business

that's so important it can't be put off for a single day?"

"That I can't explain," he said decisively. "It's not my own affair entirely, and I can't tell you about it. Please try to help me, Lesbia. Can't you see how it hurts me to refuse you anything you want, apart from my own disappointment in not being able to be with you? Try to make it easier for me, my dear, and believe me that for my own pleasure or will I would never leave you for the rest of my life."

But even that note, the one she had been waiting for for days, struck no answering chord in her, and she turned half away.

"Charles," she declared, not looking at him. "I mean what I said. Unless you give up this nonsense, whatever it is, and come with me to-morrow, I shan't ever forgive you, and, as far as I am concerned, you can go away and stay away. I don't want to see you again."

He turned very white. "Do you mean that, Lesbia?" he asked in a low voice. Not meeting his eyes she said "Yes," and expected him to renew his explanations, but to her surprise he turned sharply away and left her without another word.

She could hardly run after him in that crowded room, even had her own dignity not forbidden it, so she stayed where she was, trying hard to control her feelings, until another partner claimed her. But she had had a shock.

Early next morning she was up and ready for her day's expedition, still hoping against hope that Charles would relent, or repent—she wasn't quite sure which was the right word—and come and call for her.

But there was still no word from Carey when she got back to her hotel that night, and she had to force herself to face the possibility that she herself had driven him away, that he had taken her at her word, gone out of her life, and she had only herself to blame. She began to realise that Charles Carey was not the kind of man with whom one played lightly. He was forceful and determined, only said what he meant, and expected other people to do the same.

Till noon of the next day she waited, and then her patience gave out. If she stayed there alone in that room any longer she'd get desperate, and the last thing she wanted was to be with a crowd of other people. She only wanted Charles, and no one else.

"I'm going off in the car, Soames," she told her maid at last. "I feel in the mood for driving. Pack me a bag in case I decide not to come back for the night, and expect me when you see me."

Soames disapproved of this procedure, and said so, but she was really so used to it that her protest was purely a matter of habit. There were times when Lesbia felt the necessity of peace, and then she used often to go away by herself in the car. She said that driving alone soothed mind and nerves, made her in love with life again when she was weary.

So to-day she drove off in her Bentley for some unknown destination, by roads she had not looked up in the map, intent only for the moment on driving on and on until she was ready to face the consequence of her own action—life without Charles Carey.

And so we come back to her where we left her, sitting on the running-board of her car, listlessly admiring the view from that lovely, lonely Swiss road right on top of the world.

CHAPTER 2 A CASTLE TO BE SOLD

THE view was worth looking at, too. On both sides of the road stretched flower-decked fields, and beyond them, looming up high over everything, the mountains, their slopes covered now with every varying shade of green, from the newly-opened beeches at the base, to their crown of dark pines.

In front of her was a little village,

sheltering at the foot of the mountains, and high above the village, perched precariously, it looked, on the mountain-side, she saw a big chateau standing there like the guardian of the village it overlooked. A long, straight wall faced the road, pierced by only one or two small windows, and no sign of an entrance gate or door was visible.

Somehow this isolated, almost forbidding-looking building fascinated Lesbia, and she stood up on the seat of the car to get a better view. To her surprise she saw painted in large black letters, across the pink-washed facade of the chateau, the words:

"A VENDRE"

At first she could hardly believe that her eyesight hadn't tricked her, but looking again and again she found it was true enough. Far off as she was, those giant letters were sufficiently clear for her to read their message, put there for all to see: "A vendre." The spring sunlight, westerling now, caught the pink walls and invested them with a sort of unearthly glamor, and suddenly Lesbia felt that this was just the kind of house she would like to live in, and that, anyway, she must get nearer to it and see what it was like close to. Somehow, it caught her imagination and held it, that chateau standing there high above the village, watching it, yet so aloof and isolated itself.

SHE stood up on the seat of the car again. No road from the village to the chateau was discernible, but she thought she saw, branching off the main road where she now was, a tiny lane, which debouched from the broad track before it reached the village, and seemed to run zigzag up the mountain-side towards the back of the chateau.

She wasn't sure if this were so, but anyway she decided to try it, and, starting the car up, she set off again down the broad road. The lane, when she came to it, proved to have an awful surface, and appeared to be very little used, so grass-grown was it. But she was not to be put off, and turned boldly up its winding way, and presently had the satisfaction of seeing that she was appreciably nearer her objective.

Soon she realised that the lane didn't lead up to the village side of the chateau, but was taking her by devious turns round to the back, the side that faced on to the mountains, and before long she was able to bring the car to a standstill before a pair of huge iron gates guarding a long avenue of trees, at the end of which she could make out, through interlaced branches, her longed-for castle.

Already she had half made up her mind she would buy that chateau if she liked it on closer inspection and still wanted it. Furnishing it would be an occupation, something she could carry through successfully—she knew a good deal about furniture—and if she couldn't get the lover she wanted she could at least have a castle!

She got out of the car and tried the gates. They were apparently securely locked, for no amount of pushing or shaking would persuade them to open.

She considered the possibility of climbing the gates. They were massive old wrought-iron ones, whose twistings and interlacings offered very little in the shape of a foothold, though very much enticement in the way of a view of the promised land. She deposited bag and scarf in the car, and with her hands well protected by her driving-gloves, got ready for an attempt.

"Excellent!" she murmured, as she tried to get her toe wedged between two narrow scrolls of ironwork, but had to give it up. Another place and another she tried, but not one of them gave her the least encouragement.

She was just standing back for a moment's rest after her fourth attempt, when somewhere in the middle distance she saw a man. Hardly any sight could have been more pleasing at the moment, and she welcomed him with waving arms and a call in French to come quickly.

At a trot he came, and then drew up on the far side of the gate and looked at her, and she at him. He was a formidable sight—a huge bulk of a man, at least six foot three in height, and, as it seemed to her, about twice as broad as he had any right to be. His great shoulders announced enormous strength, and the big, broad hands looked as though they could have broken the gates' lock with one grip.

His face was bovine and rather stupid and decorated at the moment with a menacing scowl, but he didn't look in the least a reasoning animal, but rather like some great ox, massive and patient, who could be trained to use his strength but never his intelligence.

"What do you want?" he asked roughly. Lesbia spoke rather peremptorily. She was tired of being kept waiting for her own way.

"Will you please open these gates?" she said, but it was more a command than a question.

"The gates, mademoiselle?" he repeated stupidly. "Open the gates?"

"Yes, if you please." She said it slowly, as one explains to a not very intelligent child. "I wish to go to the chateau."

"To the chateau?" he echoed her again. "No one is permitted to enter there."

"But I wish to enter," she protested. "I understand the chateau is for sale."

"Ah!" A huge, benevolent smile overspread his face. "But yes, mademoiselle wishes to see M. le Vicomte about"—his smile broadened—"about the chateau which is for sale. Mademoiselle is then without doubt the lady M. le Vicomte was expecting—Mademoiselle Gairdner—is it not? I cannot pronounce these English names."

"Miss Gardner?" said Lesbia with slow, deliberate enunciation. "Yes, that is the name," the man assented with some satisfaction. "Miss Gairdner. And you have been sent by the Agent Dubonnet, of course. You are early, mademoiselle; we did not expect you for more than another hour at the soonest. However, that is of no account. M. le Vicomte will be more than pleased at mademoiselle's arrival. I will open the gates at once, and if mademoiselle wishes, will conduct her to M. le Vicomte."

Lesbia didn't quite know what to make of all this, but she saw that she was clearly being mistaken for some one who was expected to inspect the chateau that was for sale, and she decided that she might as well take advantage of the mistake and see her chateau while she had the chance, especially as it promised to be a personally-conducted tour. If only Miss Gardner was to be allowed in, then for the present she would be Miss Gardner, who was apparently welcomed with enthusiasm while other strangers were scowled upon. So she climbed back into the car, as the big gates were opened by a key that matched them in size, produced from somewhere about the person of the bulky serving-man.

She didn't give him the opportunity, which he was perhaps expecting, of getting into the car with her and escorting her up to the chateau, but drove straight past him as he relocked the gates behind her, and up the mossy, weedy drive, right in front of the house itself.

The immediate entrance to the Chateau was a paved courtyard, which led presently under a stone archway, whence two wings jutted out right and left.

Through this she went, determined to get a good look at her castle of dreams before the big man arrived to hurry her on. Everything was deathly still—even the breeze didn't seem to penetrate into this second and almost enclosed courtyard in which she now found herself.

ON all four sides of the paved rectangle rose high, pink-washed stone walls, broken here and there by vine-surrounded windows, high and narrow. In the centre of the court a stone basin stood, filled to the brim with clear, green water, its surface faintly troubled by the languid

flow from a leaden fountain-head a few feet above it.

She paused a second to dip her fingers into the ice-cold water of the stone basin, and then walked over to investigate a promising-looking window, its sill so low it almost reached the ground.

She looked in, and what she saw only served to strengthen her determination to see more, for there through that window was an almost perfect room, perfect in shape and furnishings.

"That room I must go into, if I get no farther," said Lesbia to herself, and turned to see the Cerberus of the entrance behind her.

He seemed somewhat disgruntled, and she guessed that he would have preferred driving to the house in her car to the apparently hurried walk to which he had been left.

His first words confirmed the idea. "Had mademoiselle but waited," he said grumpily, "I would myself have escorted her to the chateau. M. le Vicomte does not care for visitors who arrive unannounced; it is more than fortunate that he has not noticed mademoiselle's car. However, I am here now, and can advise M. le Vicomte of mademoiselle's arrival. This way, if you will be so kind."

She followed him through a little door, obviously not the castle's main entrance, but more a sort of cubby-hole, which he unlocked to let her in.

He led her along a little passage and then, to her joy, into that perfect room.

Instead of being disappointing, as things seen from a distance so often are when you get close to them, the room was even more beautiful than it had looked through the window.

Lesbia gave a little gasp of real wonder, for she was a true amateur of the arts, and here and there in her wanderings had seen Europe's most beautiful furniture and pictures and esteemed herself something of a judge.

She had been lucky, too, and had viewed the contents of many a private collection inaccessible to the general public.

"If mademoiselle will kindly wait here," said Cerberus formally, "I will inform my master of her arrival."

HE left her alone in the perfect room, and after a glance or two at individual treasures she sat down quietly in a chair it seemed almost a desecration to sit on, to absorb the atmosphere of the room and wait for his return.

Presently she heard voices outside the shuttered windows, voices that started away in the distance, came close, and passed by, accompanied by footsteps that sounded shrill and sharp as though men were walking over stone. One voice was that of the giant servant; the other, quiet and very cultured, presumably belonged to his master.

"You are certain," the high, clear voice was asking in the precisely enunciated French of the educated Frenchman, "that this lady is the one we are expecting? She answered all your questions correctly? You are certain of that, Mirepoint?"

"But positive," the servant's voice answered. "She told me her name, said she was sent by the Agent Dubonnet and so on. Yes, it was all perfectly correct and in order."

"She had the password exactly?" the first voice insisted as it passed the window. "Exactly, mind you, word for word."

"But yes, there can be no doubt whatever. M. le Vicomte. You will question her for yourself, no doubt, but you will find that I have taken every precaution, and there can be no possible mistake."

The voices passed out of earshot, and Lesbia, thanking heaven that her French was good enough to let her follow the conversation easily, felt more and more curious to know the reason why these people were so suspicious and hedged themselves about with so many safeguards.

Her musings were cut short by the opening of a door, and she got up from her chair as a man came into the room. She

stood looking at him for a second, waiting for him to speak first, and her impression was somewhat disquieting.

A thin, ascetic-looking man he was, of middle height, with fast greying hair. His eyes were those of some watchful bird, half hooded by their lids, but his mouth was that of an artist, and belied the cruelty of those wary eyes. His hands, too, long and thin and tapering, were at once those of a craftsman and of a miser. Skilful they looked and grasping, and his whole aspect gave Lesbia a feeling of repulsion which she could not repress. She felt that if he should touch her she would surely scream. He broke the silence at last.

"To what do I owe the honor of this visit, mademoiselle?" he asked coldly.

And almost automatically she answered, in a rather surprised voice, "But I understood the chateau was for sale."

"And by whom were you sent?" he continued.

Her mind, questing for the correct reply, seemed to catch the echo of a half-remembered name.

"By the Agent Dubonnet," she answered swiftly. Then the whole aspect of the man before her seemed to change, and instead of suspicion she read welcome on his face.

"Yes," he murmured, half to himself, "All is well. Be very welcome, mademoiselle." He bowed deeply. "Permit me to introduce myself. I am de Nomperru who is conducting these—er—negotiations which have brought you here." He paused a moment to look at his watch. "You are marvellously punctual." He smiled. "I really prefer to admit any visitors myself, but I hope that Mirepoint deputised for me successfully?"

"Oh, admirably!" Lesbia answered at random. She was furtively trying to get a glimpse through the shuttered windows. There were people out there, people who were talking in raised voices, and among them she heard one which sounded vaguely familiar. As the Vicomte stopped speaking she listened more intently, and the one voice outside came more clearly to her. She knew it; she was sure it was the voice whose every tone and inflexion she had heard so many times lately, whose sound she had learned to listen for. She strained her ears again to make sure, and then, unmistakably, she heard Charles Carey's voice saying in French:

"A most successful trip, I am glad to say. But where, Leblanc, is the Vicomte? I must tell him at once what luck I have had—"

De Nomperru had evidently heard this, too, for he took his attention momentarily from Lesbia to listen.

"Pardon me one moment, mademoiselle," he apologised. "One of my friends has been away on a most important mission, and I hear him saying to the others outside that he has accomplished it successfully. I must beg your indulgence whilst I just confirm the news—"

He broke off to walk to the window and opened half the shutter.

"Charles, Carlos," he called, "did I hear you say you have succeeded with the Italian? Have you got the pictures?"

Gaily back came Carey's voice in answer. "More than succeeded, Vicomte. You will be delighted, I know. Won't you come and see the spoils?"

"Presently, presently, my dear fellow. I am engaged at the moment. Had you any trouble at the frontier?"

"None whatever. We've done Mussolini this time, I fancy. He can whistle for his pictures now."

While this conversation was going on Lesbia, on tiptoe, was doing her best to see over the Vicomte's shoulder and make sure of what she was already almost certain, that the man outside, with Charles' voice, was in very truth Charles himself.

AT last she succeeded in standing at such an angle that she could get a glimpse outside, through her half-opened shutter, and there unmistakably was Charles Carey—there was no doubt of that—and dressed in a man's leather kit, too, which seemed somehow to make his presence here the more remarkable, though

she didn't know why. He seemed perfectly unconcerned, as always, and thoroughly at home.

"Yes," she heard de Nomperru saying, "the lady has arrived, Carlos. I was just talking to her when I heard you outside. Lenoir, won't you go along to the workroom? I wish to show her the diamonds immediately, and explain to her how very little remains to be done before they are ready for her to take away."

He turned back. Lesbia was busy doing her best to invent some theory that would account for all these curious remarks, for Carey's presence here, for all the queer proceedings that seemed to go on in this chateau that was for sale and yet so strictly guarded.

"Now, mademoiselle," he said, "forgive me for interrupting our conversation. One of our colleagues has just been taking a little trip to Italy in his aeroplane, and helping various people to evade the despotic Signor Mussolini's rather arbitrary laws about the sale of pictures. Some people might uncharitably call it smuggling; but then some people are always uncharitable—the police, for instance." He laughed in evident appreciation of his own pleasantry. "But let us delay no longer," he continued. "If you will come with me we will go at once to the workroom and I will show you the necklace. Permit me. I will go first, if I may, and lead the way."

As she followed him out of the room, and along passages and corridors which seemed at once endless and yet too short for the time she felt she needed, she tried to collect her thoughts. So Charles' mysterious absences and business were explained—he was just a common smuggler. And yet, was that all? Hadn't she better try to find out a bit more about it and him and all these people and the chateau before she condemned? And for whom were they mistaking her? And what was all this about a necklace and diamonds that she was to take away? Before they had reached their destination she had made up her mind not to leave this place until she had got to the bottom of everything. If necessary she would let them go on thinking she was Miss Gardner until she had found out what she wanted to.

The Vicomte was opening, with several keys, a heavy iron-studded door, and as she stepped through it she looked hastily around her. She was in a huge, dim room, whose few windows, set high up in the walls, were cross-crossed with iron bars. In the middle of the room was a sort of glorified workman's bench, littered with a medley of small tools whose use she couldn't guess.

As de Nomperru switched on some lights there was a curious knocking at the door—slow raps and fast ones which seemed to make a tune. He went to the door again and opened it, letting in a man, whom he brought up to Lesbia.

"Permit me to introduce M. Lenoir, who is responsible for the resetting of the necklace you have come to fetch. Monsieur Lenoir—Mademoiselle Gardner."

They both bowed, Lesbia by now so bewildered that she acted almost mechanically. "And now," de Nomperru went on, "for the diamonds!"

From some inner pocket he produced yet another key, and going to what she guessed was a safe built into the wall, unlocked it and from its recesses produced a tray of some kind. This he brought to her side, and very carefully, almost reverently, he removed the square of velvet which covered it. Involuntarily she stepped back a pace, and gave an irrepressible gasp of amazement and admiration, for there before her was the most marvellous diamond necklace it had ever been her lot to behold.

It winked and glittered at her as she gazed, the Vicomte and the man Lenoir were evidently gratified at her astonishment.

"Is it not superb?" asked the former, almost gloating over the jewels he held.

"Are you not overwhelmed, mademoiselle?"
"I am indeed," she answered with complete truthfulness.

WITH seeming reluctance he turned and replaced the glittering trayful in the hidden safe, and while he did so Lesbia looked around her again, seeing now that the lights were on, that the walls of this extraordinary room were hung with pictures, many of them frameless. Nearly all of them she felt she recognised, and some of them she was certain she had last seen in the gallery of a palazzo in Italy, proudly displayed to her by their owner. Had Charles, she wondered, brought these here, too?

"Mademoiselle," de Nomerdu was saying as he faced her again, "I cannot tell you how I regret to have to lock those jewels up again. I know my promise was that I would hand them to you to-night, but as it is I shall have to beg your indulgence for another twenty-four hours. Owing to unforeseen delays the necklace is not wholly completed—after dinner I will point out to you what still remains to be done. However, you will agree, I am sure, now you have had a glimpse of it, that it is well worth waiting for, and the delay will give me the pleasure of your company for longer." He looked at her in frank admiration. "This will be the first time that I have had the pleasure of entertaining a lady under my roof since it became mine. How fortunate we all are in our guest."

She made no attempt to reply. Indeed, she dared not do so, in case she said the wrong thing. It was very important, she felt sure, that she should seem to agree to everything at present, until she had accomplished what she had now determined to do—until she found out what Charles Carey was doing in this gallery.

Once more the Vicomte turned his curious eyes on Lesbia. "And now, mademoiselle, it is growing late," he said. "Let us therefore consider our dinner before we consider the necklace which has given us the pleasure of your acquaintance. If you will follow me I will conduct you to your room. Your suitcase has already preceded you."

"So," thought Lesbia, "I am expected to stay the night. This is all very bewildering, and I don't think I quite like it. I wonder if it is better to go quietly or make a fuss?"

Aloud, she asked, "Had I better not garage my car before dark, M. le Vicomte?"

"But that has already been done," he assured her. "Your car is securely under lock and key, so you may rest assured as to its safety."

"Will you follow me, mademoiselle?" he went on. "I regret most deeply that my hospitality can no longer be what it used to be; the poverty that has driven me to use my house for this gipsy-trade—has also prevented me entertaining my guests as I should wish. However, I trust you will not be too uncomfortable. We have done our best." He smiled ironically. "The English have a saying that beggars cannot be choosers, and I have found that very true of late."

Still speaking, he led the way out of the room, up some stairs, and stopped at last before a heavy oaken door, one of a row of others lining a wide corridor.

"Here is your room," he said, opening the door. "I do so trust we have provided all that you need. I regret greatly that the exigencies of my present profession—make it impossible to keep any women servants. Au revoir, mademoiselle," and leaving her no time for comment or question he went out of the room, shutting the door behind him; but outside in the corridor she heard footsteps softly pacing up and down.

She sat down on the bed. Evidently he didn't trust her, in spite of his apparent air of taking her into his confidence, and treating her as if he expected

her to know something of his "profession." "Curiouser and curiouser," she thought. "Now, I wonder who I'm supposed to be, and what I'm supposed to be here for. Obviously something to do with a diamond necklace; but what? I fancy I shall have to keep my wits pretty well about me if I'm to be a match for M. le Vicomte."

Mechanically she got to work unpacking her suitcase and getting out what things she needed immediately; and as she washed and got into the dinner-frock her maid had packed for her, she talked busily to herself under her breath, a habit made in childhood, whenever she was perplexed, trying to straighten and reason things out. Her comments might be somewhat disjointed, but they were cogent.

"This is going to be a difficult business, but I'll see it through. What is Charles doing here, I wonder? No, I don't wonder it's only too obvious. Lesbia, be honest with yourself. You can see what he's here for, and why he's evidently been here before, and why he couldn't go out with you, and all about it. And you know how what his job is and what he does with his life. He's a thief—he steals pictures. Where did Soames put my powder? Oh, I see. The sooner you get Charles out of your mind the better. And yet thieves have reformed before now, and he may only be doing it because he's terribly hard up. I wonder if this is the sort of dress the sort of person I'm supposed to be would wear? It's terribly awkward not knowing even what your full name is, or what nationality you are. Evidently I'm not supposed to be French, at any rate, as he accepted me all right. My accent's good, I know, but no one could take me for a Frenchwoman, alas! They don't seem to think I need much hot water..."

There was a discreet rapping at the door and a man's voice said, "Mademoiselle, le diner est servi. Peut-on vous conduire a la salle a manger?"

One more glance in the mirror, one final dab of her powder-puff, and she was ready. She felt satisfied with her appearance at least, as she followed the man down the staircase.

CHAPTER 3 EVENING IN THE CHATEAU

THE door her escort led her to was somewhere on the ground floor, but what was its relation to the other rooms she had visited, Lesbia found it impossible to make out. They had gone along several passages all alike, wide, stone-flagged, and dimly lit, and leading out of one another in such a bewildering way that she wasn't any nearer to learning anything of the geography of the place.

The door swung open, and as she went into the room Lesbia had time for one hasty glance around before the Vicomte, now in evening-clothes, conducted her with the utmost formality to where a group of men was standing at the far end of the room. Charles was not among them.

"Permit me, mademoiselle," he said, "to present to you these fellow-workers. M. Lenoir you have already met; this is his assistant, M. Leblanc; this M. Renaud—an artist in wood, mademoiselle, a veritable artist, I assure you; there is nothing he cannot copy—and M. Sentier, the gentleman who has such a marvellous success with the old masters."

And with a ceremony behind which she felt sure she was beginning to detect irony, he escorted her to her chair.

The table was long and narrow, of oak, polished and darkened by the ages—a museum piece; it looked of fabulous worth. The room was lit only by the candles that stood in high, massive silver candelabra at intervals on its shining surface.

"You are admiring my table, I see, mademoiselle," said de Nomerdu. "Have you,

then, a knowledge of such things? It is very beautiful, is it not?"

"It's marvellous," Lesbia answered, admiration in her voice; "one of the most perfect things of its kind I've ever seen, is it—is it an heirloom?"

All the men round the table laughed.

"It's the work of Renaud," the Vicomte explained. "That is why they are amused. I, alas! can no longer afford myself the luxury of keeping the furniture I inherited, so it had perforce to be sold. It was very fine of its kind, and so, before I parted with the best pieces, our talented friend Renaud made me a copy of every one. And when the original sale has been forgotten, it seemed possible that his marvellous skill and craftsmanship may deceive another, less expert buyer into thinking this, also, an original piece. He is even now engaged on a second copy."

Lesbia gasped in astonishment, not so much at the skill of the fake as at the cold-blooded way in which the Vicomte boasted of his chicanery; but her audience took the gasp as a tribute to Renaud's workmanship.

"Well, it's wonderful," she reiterated. "I've seen a good many show pieces at one time and another, but this easily deceived me."

Lesbia had by now realised that the Vicomte was in earnest in his appreciation of his treasures, and as the dinner progressed through four excellent courses, she delighted each one of the companions by her genuine and not inept admiration of his art.

AT length the service of the meal came to an end, and the party gathered around a small fire which was sending its flickering lights around the tapestried walls. The room was still dim, and beyond the radius of candlelight nothing was plainly visible.

Examining himself, the Vicomte left the room, the four men gathered together in a group to talk, and Lesbia was left in a big chair, to move as close as she could get to the grateful warmth of the fire and sit and think.

So far she was only sure that she was going to stay here, if she could, until she had fixed Charles' place in this scheme of things, and found out if he were too deeply involved to be detached from these crooks. She must continue to be Miss Gardner for as long as she could, find out all she could about the cracked business that was going on in the chateau, and then, when she was in full possession of the facts, she must offer to sell her silence for Charles' release from whatever hold these men had over him.

Thus far she had reasoned when the Vicomte came back.

"I have just been to interview the missing member of our team," he announced. "and I am happy to say that he has nearly succeeded in repairing the damage to his aeroplane. He has dined in the garage—a rather oily meal, I fear—and hopes to be able to join us before we retire. M. Carlos," he explained to Lesbia, "is the gentleman I told you of, who takes so deep an interest in the Italian old masters. His knowledge of them is quite unusually extensive, and although he has not been working with us for long he has already proved himself a great acquisition. In the last few days he has succeeded in persuading an Italian nobleman whom I will not name to part with one or two canvases that I greatly coveted. I cannot afford, of course, to keep them for myself, much as I should enjoy doing so, but our good Sentier will see to it that a worthy reproduction is made of the best of them before they leave me."

He bowed to Sentier, who turned, smiling, to both of them.

"Has it occurred to you, Vicomte," asked Sentier, "that there is to be a marvellous exhibition of Italian old masters in London in the autumn? You have probably heard of it. It seems to me that such an opportunity might well be taken advantage of

If one could find out by what route these pictures will travel to London.

"A most timely reminder, Sender. In transit—yes, yes. That will bear thought, will it not? We must put heads together, as the English say. Another cup of coffee, mademoiselle?" he asked Lesbia. "I trust you find it good. I made it myself."

"It's excellent," she answered, bent now on getting him into the most amiable mood possible; "but so is everything, M. le Vicomte. The most perfect dinner, wonderful wine, all in a veritable treasure-house of beauty, and the most delightful company." She gave him her most special smile, and for one moment his whole face lit up with satisfaction.

"Praise from Sir Hubert, as the English saying has it," he answered. "Mademoiselle, you should have been a Frenchwoman!"

Lesbia bowed enchantingly, and the Vicomte went on:

"BUT we must now, I think, turn our thoughts to business. I am greatly distressed that there should have been a slight delay in completing the setting of the diamonds for which you have come, and if it will not bore you I should like to explain how it happens, for, you know, I really do take a pride now I have become a—tradesman, in keeping my promises to the minute." He paused, lit a cigarette contemplatively, and went on: "It was two months ago that my colleague in Paris, M. Dubonnet, approached me on the subject of the Duchess's necklace. There was, he said, a very wealthy gentleman, a Mr. Brown, shall we call him?—he smiled at Lesbia—"whose wife desired more than anything in the world to become the possessor of that necklace. She wished above all things to wear it at a function in London, which is to occur in three days from now, at which Royalty is to be present, and at which she desired to outshine some rival. Mr. Brown was given to understand, would for domestic and other reasons, stop at nothing to gratify his wife's desire, and M. Dubonnet was anxious to know if I, for a price, would undertake to obtain this necklace. Well, for a price—I would do anything. Mr. Brown was informed, would ask no questions, make no inquiries as to the source or origin of the necklace, if only it became his. When I first considered the matter it seemed impossible—not the obtaining, but the difficulties in connection with the affair appeared unsurmountable. I asked for a few days to think the question over and I consulted with my colleagues here, and we evolved a plan.

"If Mr. Brown would be content with a necklace containing the same stones as that of the Duchess, of the same splendor, value and magnificence, the thing could be done. If he desired the identical necklace it could not. M. Dubonnet consulted Mr. Brown, who in turn consulted his wife, who said, I understand, that all she wanted was a necklace"—he dropped into English—"that would make all other women's diamonds look like the product of the esteemed Mr. Woolworth, and the Duchess' was the only one that filled the bill." I trust my English pronunciation passes muster, mademoiselle?" he asked Lesbia, who replied suitably and satisfactorily.

"It is well," the Vicomte purred. "It is not often that I have the opportunity of speaking English nowadays. I always fear I shall become rusty. What was I saying?" He spoke once more in his elegant French. "Ah! so I undertook to supply the lady with a necklace that would satisfy her demands. I will not weary you with an account of how the necklace was obtained—we have our ways and means. Suffice it that it was obtained, brought here, but alas! after more delay than I had contemplated. Consequently, when Leblanc and Lenoir set to work on their task, the time I could allow them was definitely shorter than I had promised them. However, they

have made herculean efforts, and I trust that in twenty-four hours at the latest I shall be able to hand over to you, mademoiselle, the finished piece of work."

He paused, and Lesbia felt he was looking at her expectantly, as though she were due to make some contribution to the conversation. For a second she could not think what to say, and then, fortunately, an idea came.

"And when am I to examine this chef-d'œuvre thoroughly, M. le Vicomte?" she asked, trying to speak as naturally as possible, and hoping she had said the right thing.

Evidently she had.

"To-night, if you wish, mademoiselle. I can understand your anxiety to fulfil your trust thoroughly. Dubonnet told me that he had explained our method of procedure to you, before he introduced you to Mr. Brown to receive your final instructions about paying over the money, and so on."

"That is so," ventured Lesbia, "but I am anxious to look at it closely for its own sake."

"Oh, I will venture that it will please you, mademoiselle, with your appreciation of fine workmanship. It is so nearly the same as the original, and yet so very different were it to come to a question of identification."

Again Lesbia felt that something was expected of her. "You make me positively long to handle it, Vicomte," she said. "When shall I be permitted to have another view of this wonder?"

"Your wish shall be gratified immediately," he answered, rising. "Come, let us go to the workroom. Will you follow me?"

THEY all trooped out of the salle a manger in his wake, and once more, after a journey through a maze of dim corridors, Lesbia entered the room where her adventure had started.

This time it was flooded with light from unshaded electric bulbs which glared from the ceiling, but as they all approached the centre table someone turned them off, and lit a powerful green-shaded lamp whose light was concentrated directly on it. The Vicomte took the necklace from the safe and handed it to Lenoir, who took up the role of showman, and with a fine gesture of pride and flourish uncovered his handiwork, and there in the centre of the square of black velvet, Lesbia saw again the most magnificent diamond necklace she had ever imagined.

Then, "Oh, it's incredibly marvellous!" came her exclamation. "I should think Mrs. Brown will indeed be satisfied." She turned to Lenoir. "I congratulate you, monsieur," she said heartily, her artistic sense swamping for the moment all thoughts of right or wrong, and her admiration of pure craftsmanship for the time in the ascendant. "I do indeed! It's a triumph of setting. And you, M. Leblanc, your work has been done magnificently. I am amazed!"

The men kindled visibly at her praise. Lenoir bent over the table, a pencil in his hand. "You will see that only the setting of these few diamonds at the back remains to be completed. At the moment they are only arranged as they will presently be set. Alas! we cannot work on it too many hours without respite or our hands become unsteady. However, we shall not be very long now."

"And now one very important point," the Vicomte interpolated, drawing her aside. "The money!"

"The money?" Lesbia repeated, not knowing quite what else to say.

"Indeed yes, mademoiselle, the money. The laborer is worthy of his hire, as someone justly says. I verily believe you have forgotten such mundane trifles in your artistic pleasure in this masterpiece! I, however, cannot afford to do so, and must

press you for an answer. I do trust you have not been rash enough to bring so large a sum with you on your person?" He sounded almost eager.

"Is it likely, M. le Vicomte?" she answered suavely, and took advantage of the succeeding pause for rapid thought.

"Touche!" he exclaimed at last with a wry smile. "But in that case what arrangements have been made?"

She thought like lightning; then, "The plan is," she answered, "that, if you agree, on the day the necklace is completed I shall drive into Geneva, obtain the money from the place where it is deposited, and with an escort return half-way here, in my car, to some spot we shall both agree on. You will meet me there, and simultaneously you will hand me the necklace and I will hand you the money. Thus everyone will be satisfied."

A noticeable time elapsed before he answered slowly:

"An excellent scheme, mademoiselle, quite excellent. I am indeed relieved of a great anxiety that so clever a plan has been evolved. I was really worried to think that one so young and seemingly defenceless as yourself would be driving around the country carrying so large a sum of money. And you will be safely guarded. In this way you suggest, both coming and going. Indeed an ingenious plan. I must think it over. I had been really troubled about you. I had not expected Dubonnet to send me an emissary so young, and, may I say, so very charming. It was indeed a pleasant surprise."

Lesbia smiled sweetly at him for the compliment, and then the moment which she had been longing for, yet dreading all the evening, was upon her when she least expected it.

The door opened and Charles Carey walked unconcernedly into the room.

CHAPTER 4 BIRDS OF A FEATHER

WITH a common impulse they all turned and looked at Charles as he stood there, tall and calm, debonair, composed as always, a gay smile on his lips, his keen blue eyes surveying the assembled party as he prepared to greet them; then for the first time since Lesbia had known him his polite desertion of him, as he caught sight of her.

"Good heavens!" he cried. "You! What-ever are you doing here?"

Fortunately she had been half prepared for this moment, and like a flash she broke in to save the situation. Stepping forward smilingly, outwardly as calm as he was flurried, her hand outstretched, "Mr. Charles!" she exclaimed, willing him with all her might to play up to her, "but what a delightful surprise to see you here! I had no idea when we met before that you were a friend of the Vicomte's. Can it be that you are the aviator we have been awaiting all the evening?" She was playing now for time to let him recover his composure before he had to speak, and, without giving him a chance to answer, she turned to the Vicomte. "Had you only told me, Vicomte," she said, "that your 'M. Carlos' was my compatriot I might not have been so startled at seeing my acquaintance, Mr. Charles, here."

Charles had pulled himself together now, though he had never had such a shock in his life before as the sight of Lesbia in this place and company had given him. He bowed over her hand like a Frenchman. "I, too, mademoiselle," he said in French, "never dreamed that our pleasant acquaintance would be renewed here. How more than delightful to meet a friend so unexpectedly!"

The Vicomte was obviously further taken aback. "You have met before?" he asked abruptly.

"But yes, a dozen times," Charles was himself again now, and with an answer

ready for anything. He had been doing some very quick thinking. "Up and down Europe all this spring," he continued, "I have had the good fortune to encounter mademoiselle, never for one moment suspecting M. le Vicomte, that I had in her not only a friend but a colleague. I am charmed. I can assure you. Work will be far more enjoyable if she is to share it. Can it be, monsieur, that she is the lady you were expecting from France?"

"But yes," the Vicomte answered, "she is the Miss Gardner of whom I spoke to you. How more than strange that you two should have met before, each ignorant of the other's acquaintance with me!"

"Perhaps not so strange, after all," Lesbia took up her part in the conversation. She saw that any incipient suspicions on the Vicomte's part must be allayed, and that until she could get a word alone with Charles she must give him his cues, confident that he would take them. "We did not discuss business of any kind during our few pleasant meetings, as perhaps you may imagine. Mr. Carlos believed me to be a lady of leisure, and I mistook him for a gentleman of no occupation but that of amusing himself." She lowered her voice a semi-tone, not so that it was inaudible to Charles, but so that the Vicomte fancied it was, and took her words for himself alone. "Alas!" she said, prettily confiding, "he constituted himself an admirer of mine, Vicomte; he was almost too persistent. And then to meet him here like this, when I never expected to see him again—you can imagine what a shock it gave me for a moment. However, all's well if he is a friend of yours, and I am delighted to renew our acquaintance under such happy auspices!"

She gave him the most enchanting smile, a mixture of the fluttering girl and the confiding colleague, with just a hint of deference to an older man, and he melted under it and became all amiability. Lesbia was an adept at such matters. People who didn't like her said she practised her smiles before her mirror.

This one did its work well. "My dear mademoiselle," the Vicomte assured her, positively beaming, "I confess that for a moment even I was startled at our friend Carlos' face when he saw you—he is usually so very calm. He appeared to be so horrified at the sight of what I myself consider a positive vision of charm that I began to wonder what could be wrong."

LESBIA laughed lightly and turned to Charles.

"I have forgiven you for startling me so by your appearance here," she said, "but I am not sure that I shall be able to forgive you for your lack of confidence in me. Had I only known, when we were meeting each other at various places, what your profession was, we might have been very useful to one another."

Every harsh word stung Charles as it was intended to, but he gave back a Roland for each Oliver. "I am beginning to realise how true that is, mademoiselle," he answered pointedly, "but surely you should reproach yourself a little? The lack of confidence was not all on one side. Had I known you were to be a guest at the Chateau a Vendre, I should not have been so overwhelmed with sorrow at the thought that I might never see you again. You could have spared me such suffering had you but confided in me."

"So he thinks I'm a crook, too, does he?" Lesbia asked herself. "I might have known he would. Of course he couldn't think anything else. Perhaps it's a good thing. I may have more influence with him that way."

"Well, monsieur," Charles was saying, "have you examined the pictures yet? I am anxious to tell you my adventures with our Italian friends, and to know if you think I have made a good bargain."

Inwardly he was repeating over and over

to himself, "Lesbia here, Lesbia here! I must get her out of this."

He hardly heard the Vicomte's reply. "I am greatly obliged to you, M. Carlos, for what you have done. No, I have not yet examined the pictures. I do not think artificial light gives one a real chance of appreciation. Let us wait for the morning. In the meantime it is growing very late, and I feel sure mademoiselle will be glad of a night's rest. She has come far to-day. Perhaps, M. Carlos, you would be good enough to wait and have a few minutes' chat with me when I have conducted your charming friend to her room? There are one or two things we might profitably discuss before we retire, I think."

With a gracious and comprehensive good night to all the men, careful not to let her glance dwell more on Charles than on the others, Lesbia let the Vicomte conduct her ceremoniously upstairs. He paused in the corridor outside her bedroom and, lowering his voice, said anxiously, "Your recognition of M. Carlos startled me, Miss Gardner. I do trust that you are concealing nothing from me with regard to this young man. All is as it appears, I hope?"

This time she was sure of the veiled threat, certain that if she could see his face those eyes of a bird of prey would be unhooded; she must be very wary. She simulated an earnestness to match his own. "I assure you, Vicomte, I know nothing whatever against M. Carlos. Indeed, I should almost say that my very ignorance was in his favor, for several times I pressed him to tell me what was his work in the world, and he gave me no slightest hint, and I assure you he was very epris; a little indiscretion would have been almost excusable in him." She smiled quietly to herself as she thought how true the words were.

"I am indeed relieved at what you say," the Vicomte answered. "I should so very much have disliked to feel that one of my colleagues was not what he appeared to be. One does so dislike to have to take strong measures. It is so unpleasant. I am indeed relieved. And now let me wish you a very good night, mademoiselle, of dreamless slumber, a welcome guest in my poor home. In the morning I shall hope to ask your opinion of the pictures M. Carlos has brought for our inspection. It will be an artistic treat to see, I feel sure. Oh! I do trust you will forgive me if I look your door, mademoiselle. With such a mixed household—you will understand—" His words died away as he turned the key in the lock, and Lesbia was at last left alone with her thoughts.

IN the meantime Charles was downstairs in the workroom. The other men had drifted away to bed, and he was left alone to prepare himself for what looked like being a very unpleasant tete-a-tete with the Vicomte. He had no doubts as to what that gentleman's parting words had meant; he was coming back to subject Charles to a searching questionnaire on the subject of Lesbia. And on that subject Charles felt neither competent nor anxious to be questioned. His mind was anything but clear on the matter, and for the life of him he was unable even to guess what she was doing here. However, here she was, apparently hand in glove with the Vicomte and his crew, an environment that he knew to be neither safe nor wholesome for himself, let alone for her.

It now appeared that she was an adventuress, that her maid, her car, her luxurious surroundings, her clothes, even her charm, were all part of her stock-in-trade; and that, in short, she couldn't be, morally, the kind of girl that the average honest man would want to make his wife if he knew all about her.

But Charles told himself he wasn't the average honest man, and whatever her past and present, he wanted her future to be

his, and he would marry her to-morrow if he got the chance, adventuress or no, good or bad, poor or wealthy.

But the first thing to do was to get her out of this place. She might be a crook like themselves, but she was at any rate far too young to deal on an equality with this set of rogues. He himself didn't particularly care for being associated with them, for he knew that once any of them had ceased to be useful, the Vicomte would have no scruples whatever about silencing or removing him in whatever way seemed quickest and safest. And he didn't believe, from what he had previously heard, that Lesbia was a permanent member of the cabal.

The Vicomte came abruptly into the room and put an end to his meditations.

"And now, M. Carlos," he said decisively, "for our little conversation. It is better that we have no boasting about the bush, no attempts at diplomacy. I wish you to tell me frankly just what you know of this young lady whom you recognised here to-night."

Charles laughed. "Exactly nothing, M. le Vicomte, except what appears on the surface—that she is a charming young lady." It was difficult until he knew what account of herself Lesbia wished published, to know quite what to say. He decided he must be as truthful but as non-committal as possible.

"But where exactly did you meet her?" the Vicomte queried.

"Well," Charles answered with an assumption of frankness, "as I have told you, my affairs have taken me up and down Europe this spring pretty extensively, and several times I have met mademoiselle—in Geneva a month ago, for instance. I made no inquiries about her—I regret it now—but as she seemed to be a lady of leisure on her travels I accepted her as such. Frankly, Vicomte, I was attracted—immensely so—and was far too busy in urging my suit to bother about anything else."

"And she offered you no information, made no confidences?"

"None."

"And beyond what you have told me you know nothing about her or her antecedents?"

"Nothing whatever."

The Vicomte hesitated a moment, sighed, and then, "Very well," he said. "You are telling the truth, I fancy. You see, I speak with complete openness. I know so little about either of you that I am compelled to make every inquiry I can. Both of you have been sent to me by others. I have not, so to speak, discovered either of you for myself, and have had to admit you here on someone else's recommendation. Therefore it is necessary for me to exercise particular care. You will forgive my seeming lack of trust, M. Carlos? I do hope so. And now shall we retire? I have had a somewhat harassing day, and am weary. You, too, will, I feel sure, be glad of the sleep which you have undoubtedly earned."

He put his arm through Charles's and patted him almost affectionately on the shoulder. Switching off the lights as he went, he drew him from the room, locking the door behind them and pocketing the key.

LESBIA slept well in spite of her knowledge that she was a prisoner. The bed was comfortable, she was weary in mind and body, and it was with some surprise that she was awakened in the morning, by a knocking at her door, to a realisation of where she was, and that another day of adventure was upon her.

She answered the knocking, and when she was told it was to announce the arrival of her petit déjeuner she began to feel quite hungry and got out of bed with enthusiasm, to find a most appetising-looking tray waiting outside the now unlocked door.

She dressed at leisure when she had

breakfasted, and then, finding her door still open, went out into the corridor. The moment she put her foot outside her bedroom she heard steps approaching, and in a second last night's butler appeared with polite cheerfulness to conduct her, he said, downstairs.

At the foot of the staircase a door stood open, and as no objection was raised by her escort she went boldly in, to find herself in that dream-room which, seen through the window so alluringly yesterday, had enticed her into this adventure.

And there, in a patch of sunlight, stood Charles Carey. Before she could speak he made her a tiny gesture, enjoining silence, and came towards her, hand outstretched. "Good morning, Miss Gardner," he said, speaking rather slowly in English. "I hope you have had a very restful night. Be formal," he added under his breath.

"Excellent, thank you," she answered. "And what a heavenly morning!" She walked over to the window on the far side of the room. "Mr. Charles," she exclaimed, "what a marvellous view! These mountains look wonderful in this sunshine, don't they?" She turned to him again. "And have you got over your surprise at seeing me here?" she asked, mischief in her voice.

"Over my surprise, but not over my pleasure," he told her suavely. "It's delightful to think we are going to work together."

A shadow which she had half noted on one of the windows moved a fraction, and after a moment there was a brisk step outside and the Vicomte looked into the room. "Good morning, mademoiselle," he called gaily, opening the window and coming in. "I trust you have passed a restful night under my roof. And what a delightful morning, is it not? I have been walking round the garden eating the air for the last half-hour. It is indeed good to be alive on a day like this. Can I tempt you and M. Charles to join me on the terrace?"

"That sounds delightful," she answered, stepping through the window he held open for her. "I am longing to explore your park, Vicomte. Is it permitted?"

"Another time, mademoiselle," he answered. "Another time; and I hope you will do me the honor to allow me to conduct you myself. This morning, however, it would not be suitable for either of you to leave the terrace here; the keepers are busy in the grounds, and you might come to harm if you were to wander about alone. I, alas! greatly though I regret it, cannot spare the time now to be your guide. It is imperative that I should this morning unpack the pictures M. Charles brought us yesterday."

CHARLES, who had been following close behind, now came up with them and spoke. "You asked me to wait till you returned, Vicomte. You had something you wanted to tell me."

"Ah, yes!" The Vicomte smiled. "I was going to tell you that I have decided that we will inspect the pictures after déjeuner, get them packed up again immediately, and then I am afraid that I shall have to trouble you to start straight off with them for our distributing station. From various advices I have had this morning, it seems that it would be as well to dispose of them without delay. That was all, I think. And now I really must leave you and get on with my business. As I said, you will both be perfectly safe on the terrace, though the park is unfortunately so disturbed this morning."

"The wily old devil!" said Charles in a low voice, as he walked with Lesbia to the edge of the terrace. "He made me stay in that room so he could see how we should behave when we met each other unexpectedly and thinking ourselves alone. He was watching and listening outside the window the whole time."

"I guessed perhaps he was," Lesbia agreed. "He doesn't really like our having met before, does he?"

"Charles," she continued, "I want to talk to you, now we've got the chance. I don't know how long we've got before déjeuner, but we'd better not waste any time. Shall we go and sit on that stone bench over there?"

Charles laughed. "No, I think not," he said rather grimly. "That's where we were meant to sit, well within earshot of these windows. Don't you see they've all been left open? No, the parapet, I think, must do us. The Vicomte hasn't reckoned on our British habit of enduring discomfort, and he won't be expecting us to park ourselves there. It may be a bit uncomfortable, but at least we can see all round us, and we can't be overheard. Don't raise your voice, though. I've a good deal to say, too. However, place aux dames! as the old man would say himself. You have first shot. Fire away, I'm listening."

They perched themselves rather precariously on the terrace wall, and then there was a pause, for Lesbia hardly knew how to begin, although she had so much to say. She fidgeted with a bag, picked a rose and smelt it, dropped it, retrieved it, and then Charles with a laugh took it from her.

"It is awkward, isn't it?" he mocked. "Never mind, Lesbia, I'll say it for you. What you want to know is what I'm doing here and how I dared, in our not very distant past, to let you make a friend of one of the Vicomte's gang of crooks. That's about it, isn't it? Well, my dear, let's take all that as said, and now it's my turn. I want to know just about the same. In other words, my lady, what the devil do you mean by pretending in Geneva that you were a young woman of fortune and then turning up here hand in glove with a set of outsiders?"

"Aren't you one of them yourself, Charles?" she asked maliciously. "I gather you haven't known them very long, but you're in it up to the neck. Do you think that under the circumstances either of us has anything on the other? Suppose we cut all that out, call it our murky past and forget it, and begin with the present?"

"That's all very well, my dear," he told her; "but I don't fancy you've got the faintest idea of what you're up against. The question before the meeting at present is not what we're doing here now, or why, but how to get you out of it at the earliest possible moment. Whatever your murky past, you can't have been at this game very long, and I'll swear you haven't had enough experience to enable you to deal with the Vicomte safely. He seems all artistic enthusiasm and amiability, I know, but underneath he's as cruel and ruthless as a hunting jackal. Yes, and he'll play with you too, before he destroys you, if he feels like it. No, you needn't smile in that superior way. I'm not being melodramatic—at least no more so than the facts warrant."

Your famous charm won't cut any ice with him; and, though that smile you've used with such deadly effect on me and the other poor devils you've wanted to annex may flatter his vanity now when he's got a job for you to do, it won't be the least use to you when the trouble begins."

CHARLES, you're making me angry," Lesbia burst out. "How dare you talk like that—as if you despised me?" "What else do you expect me to do?" he retorted. "Don't you despise me? If you're a crook and I'm a crook, what is there to choose between us?"

"We're wasting time," she reminded him, controlling herself with an effort. "If you think I'm in such danger, what do you propose to do about it?"

"Get you clear of here the minute I can think of a way. First of all, tell me what you're here for. We're being watched, Lesbia. Try to look as if you were flirting with me. Lay it on rather thick; the

Vicomte won't understand English methods." As he spoke, he took her hand, and she with admirably-done coyness, drew it away and looked alluringly down. "Quite good," he told her. "Now carry on—both ways, I mean."

"Well, don't you know all about it?" she asked.

"Who's wasting time now? Should I ask if I knew?"

"Charles, do we have to quarrel?" Her voice was plaintive. "Let's say that we're both shocked and horrified to find out that the other isn't straight; but we were friends surely—great friends—and we're just the same people as we were before, only now we know about each other's jobs and then we didn't. Can't we go on being friends?"

"Friends!" he cried. "Don't you know, my girl, that I've worshipped you since the first time I saw you? Don't talk to me about friends when every inch of me just wants to take you in my arms and kiss you. Good God, Lesbia, can't you see I love you? Haven't you always known it? I don't care if you're a crook or a thief or a murderer, I want you. You told me you never wanted to see me again; that you'd finished with me, and I've been half-mad ever since. I'd never have come near you again after that, till you sent for me; but to see you here, in danger, and you taunt me and talk of friendship! It's more than I can stand. Lesbia, tell me straight out, were you playing with me in Geneva? Was it all just part of some damnable game, or were you in earnest, as I was? Be honest, girl, for once; and if you love me, say so, and I'll get you away from here to-day and marry you to-morrow, and damn the consequences."

There was no need for Lesbia to act now. She lifted a flushed face to his, met his keen blue eyes with her clear grey ones, and in a low, unflinching voice answered him.

"Yes, I do love you, Charles, with all my heart, and I'll marry you the minute we're out of this, and—be careful, Charles, they're watching—and I'm not a crook, and I don't care if you are."

Carey had gone as white as she was red, and his hand shook as he took hers and raised it to his lips.

"Oh, these abominable windows!" he muttered. "My darling, do you really mean it? Oh, my blessed child, how I want to kiss you! Look here, we can't talk about ourselves now. Tell me quickly how did you get here?"

"I came by chance, Charles. I was motoring. I saw the notice that the chateau was for sale, and came to explore it. I overheard some curious remarks, and then I saw you and I wanted to find out what you were doing here. The Vicomte mistook me for someone else—I said the right password by accident—and I played up. That's all."

"Whom did he think you were?" he asked quickly. "That is, what's your job supposed to be? I knew he was expecting a woman from France, but not what she was coming for."

"He thinks I've come to fetch some diamonds—some necklace he's stolen and he's having reset. I'm supposed to be the agent of the person who's buying it, and when it's finished I'm to take the diamonds and hand him over the money. It's a famous necklace belonging to some duchess or other. He didn't say her name."

"GOOD LORD!" cried Carey excitedly. "Then I've got him! If I can catch him handing over those stones I'll have him at last. I must see the police to-day somehow and make—"

Lesbia broke in with a rush. "My dearest, would you mind telling me who you are?"

He laughed happily. "Didn't I tell you? Oh, my blessed dear, I'm so happy I don't know if I'm standing on my head or my

heels. I'm not a crook, though I'll never be able to love you enough for being willing to marry me when you thought I was. I'm Charles Carey at your service for life; an expert on pictures; at present lent to the Italian Government to see if I can trace and identify a number of pictures which have been smuggled out of Italy against their regulations!"

"And not a crook at all!" she exclaimed ruefully. "What a disappointment. Now I shan't be able to reform you. But what about these pictures you were supposed to have smuggled in yesterday?"

"Lent me by the Italian Government to ingratiate myself with the Vicomte," he answered. "I've been working with the Geneva police and trying for months to get into this chateau. I'd pretty well spotted the Vicomte as the villain of the piece, but I couldn't get a sight of the pictures he's already got. This gave me my chance. It was because of this job of work I had to leave you the other day when you were so angry with me. I couldn't explain, you see, for it was a matter of the utmost secrecy. I'd never have disappointed you if it hadn't been so urgent. You must know that, my darling. Then I was up against another snag. It's an offence to sell masterpieces out of Italy, but it's not an extraditable crime. I might spot him, but I couldn't have him arrested. This diamond business you've told me of is criminal, and I can get him over that. When are these diamonds going to be ready for you?"

"The day after to-morrow, I understand."

"And how are you supposed to be going to get them?"

She told him her hastily-concocted plan for getting away, and how she had been forced to improvise it.

"That's brainy," he exclaimed, "but it wants just a little more polishing. My dear, will you be most frightfully brave and sporting and see this thing through? I hate to think of your saying in this danger a minute longer than can be helped, but I think I see a way of getting you out of here to-morrow without his suspecting anything. Are you on?"

"Of course I am," she assured him. "Oh, Charles, how frightfully thrilling it all is! But, by dear, suppose the real woman turns up?"

"Oh, my Lord! Well, we shall have to deal with that when we come to it. Personally, I don't understand how you've got away with it for so—"

"Luncheon is served," announced the Vicomte, appearing suddenly from an open window. "I trust your morning in the fresh air has given you both an appetite."

CHAPTER 5 AN ARTISTIC INTERLUDE

LUNCH at the Chateau was very much the same kind of meal as dinner the night before, except that Charles was there. For Lesbia that was a pretty big difference, for she felt that nothing now could frighten or hurt her, and her heart was singing rapturously something between the Song of Solomon and the Te Deum.

The meal came to an end at last, and Leblanc and Lenoir, without waiting for coffee, excused themselves to go and get on with their work. That, Lesbia assumed, must be the necklace, and she wondered if it would be in keeping with her part to display any anxiety as to how far the work had progressed. But at the moment the Vicomte preferred to talk to Charles, so she was able to sit silent, half-listening, half-dreaming, and wondering when, if ever, she could be able to get another moment alone with him.

"I was pleased to see," the Vicomte was saying, "that you succeeded in persuading our Italian friend to part with three pictures, M. Carlos."

"I am glad you are satisfied with my work, Vicomte."

"More than satisfied, my dear young friend. I trust that in the near future you will be instrumental in supplying my little collection with many other treasures. I think, do you know, before long," the Vicomte went on, contemplatively lighting a cigarette, "we shall have to remove ourselves and our treasures from my chateau here and establish ourselves elsewhere. I have always made it a firm rule never to remain in one place for too long, and I fancy the time has almost come to change our headquarters."

"Indeed?" queried Charles in a non-committal tone, while Lesbia listened intently. "Have you any idea that the chateau is becoming suspected in any way?"

"No—oh, no," the Vicomte assured him suavely; "not that, I do trust. Merely that I should prefer to leave it before suspicion falls on it."

Lesbia thought her turn had come. "And how is the necklace getting on, M. le Vicomte?" she said with what she hoped was the right amount of eagerness. "If Mrs. Brown wants to wear it—"

He hastened to reassure her. "Have no fear at all, my dear mademoiselle. By to-morrow night, I believe, it will without doubt be absolutely completed. Let us go and inspect the labors of those admirable artists, MM. Lenoir and Leblanc."

THEY found these admirable artists in the workroom engrossed in their labors. Inspection was, at the moment, neither invited nor welcomed, so they passed on to where three large canvases had been hung in a good light; and then, for the first time, Lesbia saw Charles at work at his own particular job. She was temporarily relegated to the background as he gave his audience, consisting of the Vicomte and Sentier, a masterly lecture on the pictures before them.

Lesbia, who thought she knew something about art, now realised that in the presence of Charles she was not even a beginner—she simply didn't exist. She was enthralled by his display of erudition, and found herself extremely sorry when he ended by saying laughingly, "But, of course, I'm only telling you gentlemen what you already know. Forgive me for allowing my enthusiasm to carry me away like this."

"You do not need to apologise," Sentier said quickly. "If I knew half of what you do about this subject I should never cease to brag about it. It has been a most unusual pleasure to hear you speak on a matter so near my heart. May one presume to ask how you come to be so extraordinarily well informed?"

"Like the devil," he answered lightly, "by walking to and fro upon the face of the earth. My father was an artist. I'd seen every picture gallery in Europe before I was eighteen; almost all my school holidays were spent in them. Then when I was a gentleman of leisure for a time, I repeated the performance. Now—well, it helps me to earn my living. I was a pilot in the war, and since then I have combined art and aviation most profitably."

"Alas, that war!" said the Vicomte. "How much it has to answer for! I, too, was a gentleman of leisure, as you call it, until the war ruined me. Well, well, let us not repine but earn our livings as best we can. Shall we set to work on the packing of these pictures, my friends? I will have the necessary materials brought in."

For a moment they were left alone, Charles and Lesbia, at one end of the room. At the centre table Lenoir and Leblanc were oblivious to all but their work, and Sentier had gone out with de Nongern.

"Here I kiss you?" Charles asked in an urgent whisper.

"Letting I dare not wait upon I would," Lesbia taunted. "Never ask a woman per-

mission for a kiss, because you won't get it."

"I haven't," he retorted, and took one. There was a breathless moment; then, "That only makes me want more," said Charles.

"But not now," she protested. "I can hear them coming back." Indeed there was a clatter outside the door.

"Pretend to be looking at this picture," he told her softly. "Child, try not to let yourself in for any definite arrangements about paying over the money till I can get a word alone with you. I think I've got an improvement on your plan. So you see"—he raised his voice to its normal pitch—"in all the works of this master we look for this distinguishing sign. If it is absent we doubt its authenticity. Ah, Sentier, let me help you with that packing-case."

For an hour they all worked more or less in silence. Lesbia wasn't allowed to do very much, but she held nails and handed hammers as though she were being useful, and once or twice in the process Carey managed to touch her hand, and both felt rewarded.

About mid-afternoon the Vicomte looked at his watch. "How the time flies!" he exclaimed. "We shall not have to be very much longer, M. Carlos, if you are to deliver the pictures and get back before dark. I know how awkward it is for you to land here when the light has gone—yes? What is it, Mirepoint?" he broke off to ask the servant, who was entering the room.

"A telegram, M. le Vicomte."

"My telegrams," the Vicomte explained, taking the envelope from its salver, "are addressed to Mirepoint, who is caretaking in this empty chateau. They mostly concern possible purchasers of the place. At least, they appear to do so, that is to say," He slit the envelope as he spoke. "They come in code. But here is one which has not. Strange—indeed strange," he said, frowning heavily as he read the telegram over and over again.

HE turned to Lesbia abruptly. "Perhaps you can explain this." He held out the paper, and then before she could take it drew it away: "No, on second thoughts, I will retain possession of it. I will read it to you. It was sent off from somewhere called Lareine, which I believe is not very far from Paris, at two o'clock this afternoon. It says: 'Am arriving by car to-night. Please have all ready, must leave within an hour.' And the signature, mademoiselle, is Gardner. That is a little curious, is it not?"

There was a long pause, during which Lesbia's brain whirled round and round. Charles, seemingly as imperturbable as ever, was thinking with fearful rapidity, concerting and discarding plans for getting her away immediately.

"Well," said the Vicomte at last, when the silence had become almost unbearable. "Is there an explanation? I am waiting."

Now indeed she saw what Charles had meant when he talked about the man's ruthlessness. The whole face had altered, the artist was gone, the eyes were unhooded, and the vulture was waiting to swoop.

Praying that her voice might not tremble, she essayed a laugh. "Heavens!" she exclaimed, "but the woman is clever! I wouldn't have believed she'd have had the courage."

"And your meaning?"

"Why, of course, you see, it must obviously be the woman who's been following me around all the spring. Twice she has got into my room and ransacked my belongings, but I have never caught her at it. I assumed she was a police spy, and that's why I've had to move around so much these last few months; but I've never succeeded in evading her for more

than a couple of days. And now I suppose she's lost sight of me, but, knowing my plans, is going to try to impersonate me here."

"Evidently she didn't know the code," Carey hazarded. "or she wouldn't have wired in plain French."

"The Vicomte evidently thought that over for a moment."

"Undoubtedly," he said at length. "Dubonnet has the code, and I instructed him that all communications should come to me in it. However, she might not have."

He was turning over the envelope as he spoke, and suddenly stopped and read it. "I see it is addressed to me and not to Mirepoint. I do not like this at all."

Again he paused, and then looked straight at Lesbia. "Mademoiselle, I do not know what to think," he said slowly. "It is not often that I find myself at fault, but I confess I do now. It would appear that there are two Miss Gardners. The one has come, the other announces that she is coming. The first arrives on the appointed day, with the appointed password, and the second telegraphs on a later day and not in code. You, mademoiselle, have a plausible story, and yet, what would a police spy think to gain by coming here? If she knows anything at all about the situation she would know you are already here and that she cannot impersonate you."

"She may merely be wanting to gain admission to the chateau, Vicomte, or she may have misread, in the letter she stole, the date on which I was to arrive. I can think of a hundred explanations," Lesbia told him.

The Vicomte seemed to think deeply before he replied. "All perfectly plausible, mademoiselle; and then, on the other hand, you may be a police spy, may you not, and the other lady the genuine emissary of M. Dubonnet and Mr. Brown? You will observe that I do not insult the intelligence I have come to think so highly of by asking you to assure me that you are the real Miss Gardner, for you would naturally tell me, in any case, that you were."

"Certainly I should," Lesbia was feeling a little more cheerful now, seeing that he was not at any rate condemning her out of hand. She believed that effort would pay her best, an assumption that she must be all right. "Really, Vicomte, I can't see why you should be so serious about this. I think it's quite funny. I can only see one way out of the difficulty. You'll have to wait for the lady to arrive and then confront us—the two Miss Gardners." She laughed. "And then you'll have to deputise for the late King Solomon and judge between us!"

"THE Vicomte thought a minute. 'I confess, mademoiselle,' he said, turning to her with a bow, 'that all my prejudices are in your favor. But this is a serious matter. It is not a question of whether I personally am attracted to you, nor yet, which is true, that I hope you will prove to be the genuine Miss Gardner. You see my difficulty? Whoever proves to be false will have to be well-disposed of. However, as they say in England, 'Sufficient unto the day!'"

"Or 'First catch your hare!'" said Lesbia. "That's an English saying, too. What I mean is that perhaps the other woman won't turn up at all. She may find out I'm already here and give it up as impossible."

"I have a suggestion," Charles interrupted. "Why not telegraph M. Dubonnet for a description of his lady?"

"Oh, my dear young friend, I thought of that within a moment of reading the telegram. Unfortunately, Dubonnet, as I happen to know, is in Brussels until to-morrow, and his address I am ignorant of. Therefore until he is in Paris again I cannot take that most obvious step."

Charles looked, as he was meant to, thoroughly snubbed.

"Never mind, M. Carlos," cried Lesbia gaily. "Your suggestion was good enough, though you were a bit late with it. I'm glad I'm not going to be shut up, though. Vicomte. Ancestral dungeons are nearly always damp, aren't they? Now we can have a charming evening until the lady arrives."

"Mademoiselle, you're a sportsman," said Charles, his eyes telling her a good deal he dared not say; "all the more so if you're not the genuine article."

"Sportsman?" queried the Vicomte. "An English phrase meaning—"

"Meaning that whether mademoiselle is an impostor or not she is extremely courageous," he explained.

"Ah, yes, indeed, I am fuller than ever of admiration for her. 'A sportsman'—I must remember that. It is very true, her—esprit is the word I should use in French, prejudices me still further in her favor. However, if I am to be King Solomon later on in the evening I must not forestall myself. Let us for the time forget all this unfortunate happening. We will enjoy one evening, mademoiselle, whatever may be at the end of it, seeing you are such a 'sportsman.' You, M. Carlos, and I must hasten and finish our work of packing; the afternoon is almost gone."

They were another half an hour over that job, and while it was going on Charles managed to get a brief word with Lesbia under cover of the clatter of dropped hammer and nails. "You're marvellous," he whispered. "Keep it up; don't be afraid. I see a way out." That was all, but it was enough to help her to carry on as long as needs be.

At last, however, the packing was finished, the pictures taken outside, Charles bade her an audible and formal au revoir, and she was left alone in the workroom with the unheeding Lenoir and Leblanc, gazing at the walls now denuded of all their unframed canvases and most of the others, while the Vicomte went to give Carey his final instructions. Presently she heard the low humming of an aeroplane overhead, and knew that she was truly alone now, for Charles had started on his journey.

CHAPTER 6
THE ADVENTURE OF MISS GARDNER

CHARLES, starting off on his journey, the plane packed with pictures, was fairly cheerful, because he believed that while she was busy bluffing the Vicomte a chance remark of Lesbia's had given him a perfectly workable idea, which, if he could carry it out, would accomplish all he was anxious about at the moment. It would ensure her safety, which was the most important thing, and it would keep the real Miss Gardner away from the chateau that night and it would give him the time he needed.

Suppose the necklace were to be finished to-morrow night, as Lenoir promised, and Miss Gardner had not turned up at the Chateau a Vendre, the Vicomte would be prepared to hand the diamonds over to Lesbia in exchange for the money. That meant that he would be forced to allow her to go into Geneva to get the money, which she had very wisely and fortunately said was deposited there. Then he or she, if by any chance he was not allowed to leave the chateau (and he thought it quite probable that owing to his previous acquaintance with her they might be kept apart), could make arrangements with the police, and they could catch the Vicomte in the act of handing over the stolen necklace. Of course he could see it wouldn't be easy, because the Vicomte never trusted anyone entirely, and he wouldn't trust Lesbia; but however much he hedged himself round with precautions, they could probably be evaded somehow.

It was no use sending the police to the chateau to get the diamonds, because they would never find them. The chateau was far too well guarded for the police to be

able to get in before an alarm was given and the jewels hidden; and there was no other actual crime, bar the selling of stolen jewels, that they could bring home to de Nomerdu on the evidence they had at present. If, on the other hand, they could arrest him while he still thought himself safe, they could search the chateau, in what he had only intended to be a temporary absence, and they might find all kinds of other proofs of his guilt.

By the time Carey had worked out all this in his mind, in the intervals of attention he could spare from his plane, he was over the aerodrome outside Geneva. He was pretty well known there, and when he landed he called up one of the gendarmes on duty and told him to get the pictures out of his plane and send them off to the Italian Consulate, where their return was anxiously awaited. Then he himself picked up a taxi and drove to the Hotel de Ville.

"M. le Prefet de Police cannot see you at once," the gendarme at the door told him; and when he demanded an immediate interview, "He will be engaged for at least another half-hour."

Carey controlled his annoyance with difficulty, and took a card from his pocket and wrote a few words on it.

"Give that to M. le Prefet at once, I beg," he asked. "My business is so urgent I think he will see me when he knows what it is."

This had the desired effect, and the gendarme, though indulging in a little more grumbling and expostulation, said that in that case he would venture.

Carey was left to kick his heels in the ante-room for five minutes at the outside, but it seemed to him five hours at the least, as he reckoned and re-reckoned just how little time he had left to carry out his plan. At last, however, he was summoned to the Commissioner's office, and got to work on his errand without wasting more time than was essential on those circumlocutions and compliments which seem to be necessary to oil the wheels, even of justice on the Continent. However, once he had got well into his story the Chief saw its importance and was willing to let the conversational trimmings slide.

WHEN Carey had finished, the Commissioner summed up briefly. "Now let us see if I have understood all this correctly, monsieur. You believe that if you can prevent this woman from arriving at the chateau for at least another eighteen hours, you not only can get Miss Cargill safely away, but will provide our police with actual evidence that this Vicomte de Nomerdu, as he calls himself (his dossier, by the way, contains at least half a dozen equally ingenious aliases), is disposing of stolen jewels?"

"You can arrest him in the act," said Charles. "If my plan works out properly; and as far as I can see, if you don't do it that way, you can't do it at all."

"That is true, unfortunately," the Chief agreed. "Tell me now exactly what it is you want."

"Well," said Charles, "to begin with, I want an unobtrusive police patrol round the Chateau a Vendre. I want them to be instructed to act instantly on my orders. I want all telegrams that are sent to the chateau to be delayed until I have seen them, and, if necessary, they must be suppressed or altered however innocent they seem. I want the local police told to hold themselves at my disposal and someone to listen-in to all telephone messages to and from the place. That, I think, disposes of that part of it."

"All that can certainly be done," the Commissioner assured him; "and for how long are these instructions to hold good?"

"Until either I or Miss Cargill, or both of us, report to you in person and ask for you to suspend them. At present I am hoping to get Miss Cargill out of the chateau by noon to-morrow; but should my plans

miscarry in any way the most I can hope for is to get her safely outside the gates, and in that case the police patrol must get her into Geneva without any delay, and she will come direct to you. If she comes alone it will probably mean that I am in the chateau in danger. However, your immediate concern will then be to arrange for the arrest of the Vicomte with the jewels. Miss Carell will tell you her plan for this, and you will no doubt be able to improve on it. If, however, I can get away with her we can arrange it together."

"One moment," the Commissioner interrupted. "So that there shall be no mistake or delay I will give those orders now, so that you can hear and correct me if I have not understood your wishes rightly."

For five minutes he was busy with the telephone, and then turned interrogatively to Charles.

"Correct," he answered. "Now let us get on to the next matter—how to stop this woman Gardner from reaching the chateau. I can see only one way of doing that. She must be delayed at the frontier on some pretext, and kept there for as long as possible—twenty-four hours for choice. After that I don't care what happens to her. Have you got a road-map handy?" he broke off to ask.

The Chief rang a bell on his desk. To the man who answered it he said, "A large-scale map, please. Roads between—" He looked at Carey.

"Paris to Switzerland," he answered; "both routes, to Geneva and to Berne."

When the map was brought the two men spread it out on the desk between them, and Charles picked up a pencil and pointed.

"Look," he said, "here is Larcine, where the telegram was sent from at two this afternoon. That means, allowing for her having a powerful car and driving at an average of thirty miles an hour, which she's not likely to do the last part of the way—I know those gradients—that she'll get to Pontarlier at about eight or Bellegarde at about nine on the shortest reckoning. Now—pointing—"here is the Chateau a Vendre, and assuming that she knows its exact whereabouts (she's probably been told which route to take), the chances are a hundred to one that she'll come through the pass at Pontarlier. The trouble is, of course, that I don't know the woman when I see her, and haven't any description of her to give to the frontier guards, but the likelihood is that she'll have an English passport, made out in the name of Miss Gardner, and that she'll be travelling alone. Now, assuming I leave Geneva in half an hour, I can get to Pontarlier by seven o'clock, which is over half an hour before she can possibly arrive there. If you tell your men at the douane to let me land where I want, I can probably find some possible place close at hand. Then tell the frontier guards—both at Pontarlier and Bellegarde—to hold any woman likely in any way to be the one I want. If she turns up at Bellegarde instead of Pontarlier I can get there within a very short time if the Bellegarde people telephone to the Pontarlier douane. Does that seem all right to you, sir?"

"Perfectly," said the Commissioner. "And now on what pretext do you propose that we hold the lady if we get her?"

"That I must leave to you," said Charles. "You'll be far better at that kind of thing than I am. You know the ropes, which I don't. Something wrong with the passport, I should think."

THE Prefet thought a moment, and then pulling the telephone towards him rang up first Pontarlier and then Bellegarde, giving clear and minute instructions to the Chief of the douane at both frontiers.

"That covers everything, I think," he said as he put down the receiver. "Presently I will arrange matters with the police of the other cantons involved in your scheme, and my men will make it all right with the

French side in case you have to land there, or anything of that kind, so you ought to have all the odds in your favor."

"I am infinitely obliged to you," said Carey, rising, "and I hope that the arrest of de Nonperdu will reward you for all your trouble."

"Indeed, I trust so, too," said the Commissioner; "and if we do succeed in taking him our heartfelt thanks will be due to you."

"And Miss Carell," Carey put in.

"And to Miss Carell, whom I hope to meet to-morrow."

"I'll do my best," said Carey, holding out his hand. "Au revoir, and again a thousand thanks."

"Bonne chance," the other answered, shaking hands. "You will find a police car waiting outside for you. It will be faster than a taxi. Keep it as long as you need it."

That, Charles thought, as he ran down the stairs, was really thoughtful, and he drove off in high spirits to the aerodrome.

Everything seemed to be in his favor this evening. It was still and the clouds were low and black. It would be almost dark by the time he got to Pontarlier. De Nonperdu would be expecting him back at the chateau about ten o'clock, and if luck were with him still he ought to do it comfortably.

Presently he saw what he took to be the lights of Pontarlier below him, and cautiously flew lower. Yes, he was right, and he started queuing about for a possible landing-place. There wasn't likely to be too much flat ground around the pass, and he hoped there wouldn't be too great a difficulty in finding some.

However, before he had time to worry about that much, he saw a green light being persistently flashed in his direction and guessed with joy that some intelligent man of the Commissioner's was showing him a landing-place.

"Stout lad," he praised the gendarme with the light as, having landed safely, he made sure that his engine was ready for an immediate re-start. "That lamp saved me a lot of bother."

He went off with the man to the douane, where its head welcomed him with enthusiasm.

They were all extremely pleased to see him and assured him that they had understood the Commissioner's instructions thoroughly and were ready to carry them out the moment the person Charles was waiting for arrived.

In most Swiss roadside douanes there are two rooms, the outer one into which travellers go, and the inner one in which sits the man who examines your passport and takes your money. Between these two is a sort of large-sized ticket office, through which from the outer room you speak to the man in the inner one. It was in the latter that Charles Carey sat to wait for the car which he hoped would contain Miss Gardner crossing the frontier from France into Switzerland, where she would have to stop to go through the Customs formalities.

He waited for half an hour, smoking and talking with the douanier, but nothing but the ordinary routine of carts and motor passengers came through, and an occasional lorry.

All of these were accustomed travellers who knew the ropes, had their passports and their money ready, and were soon back again on their road.

Presently, however, he saw through the outer room window an opulent-looking car drive up. It was stopped as usual by the gendarmes in the road, and he could see that a lot of protest and expostulation was going on between the occupants of the car and the official.

Carey was on the alert now, for though he didn't expect that his much-desired Miss Gardner would have any trouble before she was inside the douane, it was as well to be ready.

PRESENTLY a woman got out of the car, and, escorted by a very determined-looking officer, came reluctantly into the outer room.

Charles hastily got out of range of the guichet as the woman stalked up to it. She was a very typical travelling American, with lots of money, and no breeding, who had never been abroad before. Middle-aged, expensively upholstered, and talking loud, nasal American, she came across the room like a ship in full sail, her voice preceding her like a siren.

"I'd like to know who's in charge here," she demanded. "Here I've been stopped right in the centre of this one-horse street while some stupid individual all dressed up in a musical comedy uniform jabbers French or Swiss or something at me. And they told me that everyone could understand English all over Europe, but I couldn't get any sense into his head. Is there anyone in this place that can understand when I speak to him? I'm Mrs. Washington K. Hodgson, and I'm not going to be put off by any underlings; I want to speak to the head of this department right now. I want to know the reason why an American citizen, and a lady, too, should be stopped like this on the highway. When I bought this car in Paris two days ago they said I shouldn't have any trouble anywhere, and what d'you call this?"

The douanier assured her in very uncertain but understandable English that he merely wished to see her passport.

"Then why didn't you say so before?" she expostulated. "There wasn't any need for me to get out of my car just to show you that. Why couldn't this policeman here have looked at it without all this fuss?" She felt in the pockets of her handsome motoring coat and produced her passport. The douanier, under pretext of examining it, passed it back to Charles, who thought it looked all right, but couldn't feel absolutely certain. This woman might be Miss Gardner, unlikely as it seemed.

"Don't let her go till I come back," he told the man, and went out by the back door into the road.

He examined the car that stood there, spoke, pretending he was an official, to the passengers, of whom there were four. Two of them were so exactly like the protestant lady that he had no doubt they were her young; and everything about them so loudly proclaimed the American tourist that he felt pretty sure this wasn't the car he wanted.

Back again in the office he found a lively scene in progress. The front of the guichet was heaped with what were apparently the contents of the lady's handbag, a large, expensive-looking affair, which the douanier held open in his hand.

There was a pile of money, another of notes, a pair of gloves, letters, matches, a powder box, a mirror, a comb, a flask of brandy, another of eau-de-Cologne, a cigarette-case, lipstick, rouge, and various other trifles, all of which had been taken out and examined. When Charles came back the officer handed him something he had been holding in his other hand. It was a bundle of little white paper packets, eight or nine of them, bearing the mark of a Chicago drug store and labelled, "One to be taken in hot milk at bedtime."

"I saw these in her handbag when she opened it to get out the money," the man explained. "What does the writing say, monsieur? Are they drugs?"

Carey opened one of the packets, which was filled with fine white powder. He tasted, smelt, and examined, and then said in a low voice, "I don't know, but they're not cocaine anyway. What does the lady say about it?"

"Alas, monsieur!" the man complained, "I cannot understand one word of what she says. She grows more and more excited, and I can but understand a little

English, and that only when spoken slowly. Ah, there, she gives tongue again! If monsieur would but listen and translate."

Charles listened as well as he could to the spate of words flowing unceasingly from the other side of the partition. The American was reduced now to a state of semi-coherence, between pleading and anger, and the gist of her remarks appeared to be that these powders that the Customs' gentleman objected to, were her sleeping-draughts. They had been prescribed for her by her own physician in Chicago, and without them she couldn't sleep a wink on her worst nights. Only once at a time did she take and within five minutes she was asleep, and then she slept for seven hours solid. It was really to try to cure her sleeplessness that she had come abroad, and she considered this treatment of an American Lady (all in capitals) an outrage, and a very poor advertisement for Switzerland, and she'd just as soon as not turn right back now, instead of going on to Neuchatel, where she'd booked rooms in the most expensive hotel in the place, and she reckoned her money was as good as another's and not a dime of it would she spend in Switzerland if this was the way they treated their visitors, and so on, and so on, until at last, perhaps for want of breath, she wound up by saying that she didn't mind if she had to pay duty on her powders if she could have them back, and that she never took more than one a night because the doctor had assured her that more than that would keep her asleep for twenty-four hours without waking, and she'd have a terrible headache next day; and if they wouldn't let her have back her powders, would they at least let her have her letters back, because the prescription was among them?

"I think it's all right," said Charles. "Just hand me the letters."

HE glanced through half a dozen envelopes, one of which contained undoubtedly a prescription for a sleeping-draught. The letters seemed all of an intimate nature; one was an introduction to the American Consul in Lausanne, and all of them served to establish the lady's identity and confirm the information on her passport.

"I should keep these," counselled Carey, pointing to the white packets. "Give her back everything else, notify Neuchatel, and let her go. You've searched the car?"

"Thoroughly, monsieur; there was nothing."

"She's all right, I'm pretty sure, and these"—he picked up the powders—"are only what she says they are. You'll be glad to get rid of her."

When at last the lady had departed, mingling thanks and imprecations and threats in equal proportions, Charles picked up the white packets again.

"One never knows," he remarked meditatively, abstracting a few of the packets and putting them in his pocket. "The Lord helps those who help themselves."

Things were happening fast now, for hardly had the indignant American's car driven away before another pulled up, and its driver, a woman, got out, and, in the manner of an accustomed traveller, walked into the douane.

She had her papers and her money ready, and without having to be asked produced them, passed them over, and stood quietly by waiting for the formalities to be completed.

Once again the officer was uncertain and turned to consult Carey, who was sitting well out of sight, and this time he handed him a passport for his inspection, pointing to the name written on it. It was a British passport, made out in the name of Lydia Gardner. Carey said in a low voice, "That's the woman. Hold her."

He stood up to look sideways through the guichet at this mysterious woman on whom so much depended, and found himself sur-

prised at her insignificance. She might have been anyone, or anything: a little provincial spinster, a city typist, a shop-assistant, a schoolmistress. There was something non-committal about her, so ordinary that she hardly emerged from obscurity. She was neither small nor tall, her coloring was nondescript, and her clothes matched it. They were well cut, neat and dull. Her hat was of that dreadful drabish color one too often sees, and pulled well down over her eyes. She looked neither prosperous nor poor, neither patrician nor plebeian—merely mediocre. Her voice when she spoke to the officer was low and well modulated and colorless, and her French was grammatical, correct, her accent neither aggressively British nor noticeably French. Her age might have been anything between thirty-five and forty. On the other hand, the car which she had left in the road was a magnificent Chrysler of the newest model.

The douanier opened the door of his office and went into the outer room. "I greatly regret to inconvenience you, madame," he said, "but my orders are to detain anyone with a British passport crossing the frontier to-night."

"But"—Miss Gardner was clearly taken aback, though, even so, she remained unemotional and level-headed—"but I have no contraband, monsieur, my passport is in order, and I—"

"Even so, madame"—he was apologetic but firm—"those are my orders. Every holder of a British passport is to be detained here while inquiries are made."

"But why? This is most unprecedented."

"That may be, madame, but it is unquestionable. I will try to inconvenience you as little as possible, but I must ask you to wait while I telephone headquarters for instructions."

"How long is that likely to take?" she asked.

"I cannot be sure. Half an hour perhaps. I should advise you, madame, to go to the hotel over there and pass the time with a cup of coffee."

"Thank you. I will go and sit in my car."

"I am afraid you will find that tiresome, madame. I have put a gendarme in the car to take charge of it for the present."

"How very annoying!" was all she permitted herself to say. "Never mind, I will sit there all the same."

"As you will," he answered, and walked with her out of the douane and opened the door of the car for her.

A GENDARME was sitting in the driving seat and another on the running-board beside him, but beyond a brief and courteous "Good evening," Miss Gardner took no notice of either of them. She took a book from a pocket in the side of the car, a cigarette, a pair of horn-rimmed glasses from her handbag, and switching on the inside light of the car sat there, apparently calmly smoking and reading until, when about half an hour had gone by, the chief of the douane went out to the car. "I regret extremely, madame," he said untruthfully, "but I have communicated with headquarters, and my orders are to detain you till I receive further instructions in the morning."

"That is absurd," said Miss Gardner quietly. "There can be no reason whatever for such a thing. Are you certain you have understood properly?"

"Of that there can be no possible doubt."

"But what am I to do?" she asked.

"Well, my suggestion is that Madame should go across to the hotel and spend the night there; it is clean and comfortable; and then when this trouble is cleared up in the morning, Madame will be able to continue her journey. In fact, there is no alternative; it is an order, and I must ask Madame to descend from the car, which

will be placed in our garage for the present."

There was a good deal more conversation and argument before Miss Gardner resigned herself to the inevitable. There is something inexorable about the French. "It is an order"—the quite unyielding attitude of the douanier persuaded her that it was simply no use making herself conspicuous by kicking against the pricks, and in the end she went quietly.

Charles had the satisfaction of knowing that she was safely shut up in a bedroom of the hotel, a gendarme outside her door, another in the street, and her car under lock and key, and then with heartfelt thanks to all his friends at the Customs house, he went rejoicing on his way back to Lesbia at the Chateau a Vendre.

CHAPTER 7

A QUESTION OF IDENTITY

FOR Lesbia, left alone at the chateau with nothing to do but wait, the time had gone dreadfully slowly. For an hour after Charles' departure the Vicomte had been away, leaving her rather obviously under the surveillance of the painter Sentier, who first embarked on a few gallantries and then turned the conversation to pictures, clearly the only subject in which he was really interested. Finally de Nomperru had come back, and the conversation became triangular and a trifle strained and formal.

Deciding that this atmosphere wasn't at all what she wanted, Lesbia went upstairs early to dress, escorted by the unfailing Mirepoint, who established himself, as before, in the corridor.

She dawdled over her dressing, spinning it out as long as possible, examined her room again, calculating what were the possibilities of escape from it if the worst came to the worst. The windows overlooked that terrace where she had sat that morning with Charles, and it seemed to her a happy omen. They were high, but not, she decided, too high for a determined woman to manage somehow to get out of them and on to the flagstones below. True, she would be easily seen from the windows of the salon, but if it were dark that wouldn't matter. Another alternative, she thought, would be to bribe Mirepoint not to keep too close a watch on the corridor for five minutes, or to get him to unlock her door, should her need be to escape in the night. She didn't doubt that money could somehow unlock this door as all the others in her life that she had wanted opened. That fear or loyalty or any other thing could withstand the power of hard cash she never for one moment contemplated.

Presently she began to have a feeling that she had spent long enough in her room, that her dressing was finished, and that she was feeling chilly. The evening had turned dull and cool, and it looked as though it might rain at any minute.

She felt reluctant to go downstairs, but the evening had to be got through somehow, and it would be easier in company than alone. Besides, she had made up her mind to make a good job of it, and as far as it might be done to get herself on the right side of M. le Vicomte de Nomperru. He might be, as Charles said, relentless when it came to a question of his own advantage or safety, but he undoubtedly fancied himself as a squire of dames, and if she could only play with him that game in which she had won so many points in the past, and at which she believed she was an adept, it might be that if things came to an ugly crisis she would at any rate have ranged his weakness on her side.

So, full of determination to exploit her beauty and charm to the utmost that evening, she opened her door and let Mirepoint conduct her downstairs. She paused on the way to say a friendly word to him, meaning to get all the allies she could, but he wasn't particularly responsive.

"Ah, mademoiselle!" was the Vicomte's greeting as she entered the salie a manger. "You must really allow me to congratulate you. Such charm, such grace, they do not often lighten my lonely chateau. You see in me, mademoiselle, an exile—an exile from all I used to think made life worth living: pictures, music, the theatre, that sophistication which is the very breath of Paris, and, above all, an exile from your marvellous sex."

She smiled very sweetly. "You need have no fear, Vicomte, I think. If this flattery is an example of what you can do when you are exiled, as you call it, I don't think you would be safe in your native land. Paris society indeed suffered a lot when you left it, but think of my gain! Had you never been exiled we might never have met."

"That is a calamity that does not bear thinking of," he assured her, with a bow. "My loss would have been irreparable."

THEY dined, and as the courses followed one another Lesbia found herself talking with a brilliance and fire that surprised her. "If I could only talk like this whenever I wanted to!" she thought. "I wonder if it's being frightened or being in love that's having the effect. Being in love, I do trust, for that will last as long as Charles is alive, and I hope to goodness the other won't!"

All the men were entirely her slaves by the time the meal was finished, de Nomperru most of all; but she felt very surely that it was only the upper stratum of his nature that was subjugated. Underneath there were layers of cold determination and cruelty that she could never penetrate. However, she had done her best, and she had made, at any rate, a superficial impression.

When dinner was over and they were all sitting round a very welcome fire, the Vicomte looked at his watch. "Half-past nine," he said regretfully. "I have never known an evening fly so fast. And at any moment now we may expect to have our charming little party broken up. With what feeling, Mademoiselle the Sportsman, do you anticipate the coming of your impersonator—for such I do trust she will prove to be?"

"My hated rival, you mean, Vicomte," Lesbia told him. "Consider for one moment my feelings should she take my place in your regard. Positively I should feel that more than if she took the diamonds!"

"Oh, heavens!" she thought. "I honestly can't stand much more of this, nor make up many more silly speeches. If Charles doesn't get back before that woman comes I'll lose my head, I know."

Just when she had begun to feel almost at breaking point the door opened. Her heart beat so fast she could scarcely breathe, but she managed somehow to control herself. Her prayer was answered. It was Charles Carey who came into the room, and not Miss Gardner.

In the Vicomte's inquiries and Charles' replies about the safe delivery of the pictures, she found a moment's peace to quiet her nerves. Carey gave her one swift look of reassurance that brought fresh courage, but she began to wish now that the dreaded moment would arrive so she could get it over.

"So the lady hasn't turned up yet?" she heard Charles asking.

"No," the Vicomte answered. "If she is coming at all she should have been here by now, I think. But I propose we wait for her until midnight, for had she been delayed anywhere she would surely have telephoned by then."

"Midnight," thought Lesbia. "I don't know how I can hold out till then."

Then a brilliant thought struck her. "Vicomte," she asked, "do you play bridge? For, if so, and one of these other gentlemen does, too, why shouldn't we have a game

while we are waiting? I know M. Carlos plays quite a good game."

"An excellent idea," the Vicomte replied. "Sentier, you play, I know. Come, I shall thoroughly enjoy this. Shall we cut, or will you, mademoiselle, be my partner—I hope not for the last time?"

Cards and a table were found, and in concentrating on the game Lesbia managed to banish her fears for the time being.

"A spade," said Charles.

"Two hearts," said Lesbia.

"M. le Vicomte," said Mirepoint, opening the door, "there is a lady outside who demands to see you. She says you are expecting her."

"And her name?" asked the Vicomte, laying down his cards.

"Her name is Mademoiselle Gardner."

"Is she alone, Mirepoint?"

"Quite alone, M. le Vicomte."

"Then show her in."

There was a moment in which everyone looked at Lesbia, who felt herself growing white, and then another moment when Mirepoint returned and, throwing the door open wide, announced:

"Mademoiselle Gardner to see M. le Vicomte."

A SMALL, insignificant figure entered the room quietly and stood looking round the faces all turned to hers.

Then the Vicomte stepped forward and in clear, slow French asked, "And to what do I owe the honor of this visit, mademoiselle?"

"But I understood the chateau was for sale," Miss Gardner replied.

"And by whom were you sent here?" he continued.

"By the Agent Dubonnet," came the answer.

Lesbia could never remember properly what happened after that. She knew Charles looked very startled and surprised, not in the least as calm as usual, and she knew that Leblanc, Lenoir, Renaud, and Sentier all talked very fast to one another and all at once, but beyond that there was a good three minutes unaccounted for in her memory. She supposed she must have spent that time getting hold of herself again, for she found that at length her heart was beating more slowly and her breath coming more evenly.

She got up from her place at the card-table.

"That," she said clearly, "is the woman who has been following me about for these last two months."

"That," said Miss Gardner quietly, "is a lie. I have never seen you before."

"One moment, mademoiselle," interrupted the Vicomte. "I have a number of things to ask this lady, and then if you wish you shall converse with her. Now—he turned to the newcomer—"perhaps you will explain one or two small matters. Firstly, you were expected here yesterday afternoon; you did not come, and no explanation of your non-arrival was forthcoming. May I ask how it is that firstly you disregarded the arrangements that had been made, and secondly, having done so, why you did not notify me that you would not be here yesterday?"

"Well," said Miss Gardner, "my reasons are perfectly good ones. I had arranged to leave Paris yesterday morning, but just as I was about to start, M. Dubonnet rang me up and said that there was a difficulty with Mr. Brown over the money. He said he wouldn't pay until he had seen the necklace and satisfied himself that it was what he was paying for. So there was a considerable delay over that. M. Dubonnet had to come to terms with Mr. Brown, and it proved to be a lengthy business. When I did at last get away, it seemed to me that I might just possibly manage to get to you very late last night, if things went well. They did not go well; something went wrong with my engine, and I had to spend

the night and the greater part of the morning at Larcine having the car put right. I telegraphed to you as soon as I left there, saying I should arrive to-night."

"Yes, mademoiselle, but why did you not telegraph me yesterday?"

"I did not think there was any need. M. Dubonnet had not given me to understand that you were expecting me at any particular hour."

"He should have done, then," said the Vicomte grimly. "My arrangements with him were, I thought, perfectly clear. However, let us pass on. You telegraphed me to-day in plain French, which anyone might have read. Why?"

"Pardon me, monsieur," Miss Gardner answered with some asperity, "but I should like to know why I am being cross-examined like this, and by whom? I fancy there were no introductions."

"By the Vicomte de Nomperru," that gentleman answered stiffly, "and because when I give instructions I like them carried out, and if they are not so carried out, I demand to know why. Now, mademoiselle, perhaps you will answer my questions."

"I telegraphed in plain French, M. le Vicomte, for the simple reason that I had not brought the code with me, not having supposed I should have any necessity to use it. Now, is this inquisition at an end? I do not particularly care for this treatment, though I recognise that you have some reason for wanting to know what delayed me."

"Do not excite yourself, mademoiselle, I beg," said the Vicomte. "I am, as you say, quite within my rights, and I have several more questions to ask before I have finished."

"I never excite myself," said Miss Gardner calmly. "Very well, continue."

"I will," he told her. "Having left at the time you despatched your telegram, how is it that you do not arrive here till midnight, nearly three hours after you should have done by the slowest reckoning? Are we to hear more stories of engine trouble?"

MISS GARDNER looked dispassionately round her, selected the most comfortable-looking chair, and sat down on it.

"I suppose you must have your own way," she said. "You have that reputation; but if this conversation is to be prolonged I will make myself as comfortable as possible. I was delayed to-night at the frontier at Pontarlier. The officer in charge said he had orders to detain all holders of British passports. He gave no reasons, and I dared not make a fuss for fear of attracting unwelcome attention. He ordered me to spend the night in the hotel, and there was nothing for it but to appear to obey. They shut me in, posted a man in the corridor, and another one in the street outside the hotel, and promised to try to let me get off in good time in the morning. That was hardly good enough under the circumstances. I believed my passport was all right, but it was the only one I could get hold of at the time I obtained it, and there might, I thought, have been some bad workmanship put into it somewhere—you know how difficult it is sometimes to make them look all right. However, as I say, it might have been faulty somewhere, and I wasn't taking any risks. I waited till everything was quiet (luckily they go to bed early in these places), then I got out of my bedroom window, which fortunately looked out on to the roof of the hotel garage at the side, so it wasn't as difficult as it sounds. It was impossible to get my car, so I crawled across two fields, and then waited by the side of the road until I saw a car coming in this direction. I told the driver a plausible story and got him to give me a lift to within a mile of the chateau, and the rest of the way I walked. It was all perfectly simple, and if you doubt my

story you can ring up the douane and ask them if they delayed a woman called Lydia Gardner there this evening."

The Vicomte laughed. "You know I am unable to do that. However, let us go on. With regard to the money, what arrangements have you made? Have you it with you?"

"I have Mr. Brown's cheque."

"Oh, no, no," he said, shaking his head. "No, no, and again no. My firm does business only for cash, and Dubonnet knows that. He would never send you here with a cheque!" There was a world of scorn in his voice.

"We feared you would take it like that," said Miss Gardner calmly. "M. Dubonnet told Mr. Brown it would be useless, but he insisted that I should at any rate try. There is an alternative arrangement. I have deposited negotiable bonds on my way through, at a place I know of in Dijon. If you will accompany me there those bonds can be handed to you as you hand the diamonds to me."

"There is an astonishing similarity in these arrangements, do you not think, gentlemen?" de Nonperdu asked, turning to his colleagues. "One fancies there must have been plagiarism somewhere, and yet which is the original, do you suppose?"

"I fail to understand," announced Miss Gardner.

"Allow me to explain, mademoiselle. No, first let me present you to this lady." He wheeled round and faced Lesbia. "Miss Gardner, permit me to introduce Miss Gardner. No, do not interrupt, I beg of you. It grows very late. I will elucidate. Yesterday, at the right time, with the right password, in a car, arrived this lady"—he indicated Lesbia—"to fetch the diamonds, which were then not quite ready. To-night, at the wrong time, with the right password, and on foot, you arrive to fetch the diamonds. And you both propose very much the same scheme of payment. You will agree that it is puzzling—and confusing. You will permit me, if you please, in silence, one moment in which to think. Thank you."

They were all silent, as he asked, while he walked away from them and stood at the far end of the room, drumming with his fingers on a table.

Lesbia's head whirled, and she couldn't manage a coherent thought. Charles was amazed, dismayed, and alarmed for Lesbia, while the other men were alarmed, also, for themselves.

THE moments passed slowly, and then the Vicomte turned to the waiting group.

"I have it, I think," he said, with the delighted air of one who is about to perpetrate a stroke of genius. "I fear we must put both ladies, not in my oubliettes"—he bowed to Lesbia—"but in their rooms, until such time as a telegram, which I shall send off in the morning as soon as the office opens to my friend Dubonnet is answered. And the question I shall ask will be: 'Of what coloring and description is your emissary?' Have I your leave, gentlemen, to do this? Do you agree that it is the only way to distinguish between the rival claims to be Miss Gardner? I need not, of course, say that whichever lady does not answer to Dubonnet's description may, alas! live to regret that she doesn't; but what would you? The fortunes of war!" and he laughed gaily.

There was a moment's pause, and then he looked at the two women.

"And you, mademoiselles?" he asked. "Are you both willing to abide the issue as I suggest?"

"Of course," said Lesbia emphatically. "So you really are going to lock me up, Vicomte?"

"Alas! yes, mademoiselle. You will admit the necessity."

"But I do not," said Miss Gardner

sharply. "I assure you, Vicomte, you are making the mistake of your life. My instructions were to be back in Dijon by ten o'clock to-morrow morning. As you will see, I can't do that if I'm to stay here until you send a telegram to Paris and get a reply. Besides, the whole thing is absurd. Who is this woman who says I've been following her about, says she's the person Dubonnet sent? She knows as well as I do that she's no more Lydia Gardner than you are."

"You have perhaps papers?" he asked slowly—"something of which you have not told us that will establish your identity?"

"They were in my suitcase," she said, "and I had to destroy them before I left that hotel in Pontarlier."

He smiled pityingly almost and turned to Lesbia.

"And have you, mademoiselle, anything that will settle your claim finally and without further delay?"

Lesbia shook her head smilingly. "Vicomte," she asked, "do you think I'd go round the country with papers on me for anyone to steal and read? No, thank you. I was taught my lesson when this lady ransacked my room in Paris. Since then I have destroyed everything as soon as I had memorised it."

"Oh, how wise!" He breathed ironic approval. "Such discretion! How admirable! But that being the case, I can see no alternative to my plan. Ladies, may I conduct you upstairs?"

Lesbia rose to follow, but the other woman remained calmly seated in her chair, passive, immobile.

"Vicomte," she began, "I fancy it's time you and I came to some sort of an understanding. I'm not here to be treated like this; I'm here to collect the diamonds, and pay over the money for them and get to Dijon by ten in the morning—this morning it is now. You can have the cheque here and now, give me the jewels, and I'll be away ten minutes after, if you'll find some way of putting me safely across the frontier. Or if you like it better, you can come with me yourself to Dijon. Only, I'm not going to stop here as a prisoner to please your fancy."

She rose. "If my terms are unacceptable to you I'll go—now. I would never have undertaken this business for Dubonnet if I'd imagined that there were going to be difficulties of this kind."

"And how do you propose to go?" he asked quietly, but with deadly effect. "Your car is in the hands of the police at Pontarlier; it is now impossible for you to cross the frontier. As soon as the police find you are no longer in your room at the hotel, your description will be circulated round every frontier in Switzerland. I fancy also that you may find that it is easier to get into the Chateau a Vendre than out of it, mademoiselle."

For just one moment a desperate, hunted look came into her eyes, but she showed no other sign of emotion, and her voice was perfectly level as she answered:

"When I want to get out of your chateau you'll open the doors for me. For the rest, I suggest you find me an aeroplane. A clever pilot can cross frontiers unseen."

"Very true; and should you prove to be the lady sent me by M. Dubonnet an aeroplane shall take you across. But you have not yet been proved to be that lady, and until you have you will stay here."

"I stay nowhere against my will," she answered quietly.

DE NONPERDU laughed ironically. "Fortunate woman!" he mocked. "However, this time I fear your will must be mine." His voice changed and Lesbia thought she had never heard such deadly venom, such horrible menace in any voice before. "You mentioned my reputation for getting my own way," he said in a voice that cut. "Well, let me assure you that I have not earned that reputation without

cause. If you do know anything of me at all, you know that what I say I do; and in this case I say you had better make no more resistance or you will wish you had never been born. This castle is my web and I am the spider who lives in it. You are the fly who has come into the web. As long as I wish you will stay here. If I am satisfied that I can trust you, you shall leave the chateau to-morrow with me in safety. If not, I fear, if you leave it at all, it will be without the power to tell the world the results of your espionage. Have I made myself understood?" He looked at Miss Gardner, who had shrunk back into her chair white and breathless. "Yes, I see I have. Understand, then, what I threaten I fulfil. No one, no one, you understand, comes between me and my wishes."

He turned to the group of men in the background. "Gentlemen," he said smiling, "I do not ask you to emulate the judgment of Paris, but I should be glad if you would observe the difference between these ladies. Mademoiselle the First, you will agree, has hair of the purest chestnut. There cannot be two opinions about that, I think, while Mademoiselle the Second"—he looked at Miss Gardner's now uncovered head—"is quite decidedly a brunette. Her hair is undoubtedly dark. The exact color I cannot name, but dark. You agree? Again our first visitor is tall, quite above the average, while our second is certainly inclined to be below it. Yes, that is perfectly satisfactory, I think. Sentier, you are an artist, do you confirm my judgment?"

Sentier agreed, and was thanked.

"There can be no doubt then, when the telegram arrives, to which lady it refers. How glad I shall be to have my mind set at ease on that point! And now, mesdemoiselles, pray forgive me for this delay. Let us ascend. I will see you later, gentlemen, if you will be so kind as to await me here."

Carey rushed to the door to open it, and stood by it while first the Vicomte, and then the two women went out. As Lesbia passed him she dropped her bag, and as both stooped to pick it up he whispered rapidly and low, "Don't be frightened, darling. Try to show me which is your room."

CHAPTER 8 THE UTILITY OF MRS. WASHINGTON K. HODGSON

LOCKED in her room, Lesbia knew real fear for the first time in her life. As she heard the Vicomte turn the key, panic seized her, and it was all she could do to prevent herself from beating on the unresponsive panels and crying to be let out, calling for Charles to come and save her, take her away from this horrible man, who now, at least, had succeeded in terrifying her.

She was doomed now, she felt; all hope, all chance had left her. The telegram would arrive to-morrow describing Miss Gardner, and no one, not even Charles, could save her from whatever awful fate this man had in store for her.

She hoped it would be death, swift and painless, but her mind saw de Nonperdu, as his own words had suggested, as a gigantic spider, a revolting, repellent tarantula, like those hateful, bloated-looking creatures at the Zoo, playing with the poor helpless fly, herself, pulling its legs off one by one, then its wings, then letting the poor maimed thing crawl a few steps looking for safety, for cessation of pain, and then hauling it back again, and finally, when the blessed, longed-for end came slowly, slowly crushing it to death. The sound of a door banging somewhere away in the distance called to her senses again; thinking that way lay madness. She remembered she must find some way

of letting Charles know which was her bedroom.

It wasn't very easy to think of a way, but at last she thought of something. It wasn't too good, but they would have to chance that. She arranged a handkerchief so that just a tiny corner, with an embroidered L, lay beneath the door, and even allowing for the thickness of the wood, could just be seen in the corridor outside.

That done, with what calmness she could muster she undressed, put out her light, and went to bed.

What was going on in Miss Gardner's mind all this time? Who can say? Probably very little. She must certainly have been unafraid, for she had the consciousness of complete innocence on the charge of impersonation at any rate, and the advent of to-morrow's telegram held no menaces for her. She had nothing to fear from de Nonperdu's threats, and if she permitted herself to feel anything it was probably only annoyance at being delayed.

But Charles, of course, was in a very different state. First he was afraid of Lesbia, then he was angry beyond all words with the fools at the frontier who had allowed Miss Gardner to escape, then he was afraid again for Lesbia. He felt, of course, that it was his fault that she was in this danger. Moreover, it was his fault. If he had arranged to take her away with him in his plane just as soon as he knew what a perilous position she had got herself into, none of this would have happened. But he'd been so keen on carrying through his own beastly plan for arresting de Nonperdu that he'd allowed her to put her adorable head into this rotten noose. Well, now he'd got to get it out.

All sorts of plans sifted through his mind, and then at last he hit on one that seemed possible, and he felt he could carry out. "I'll do it all myself, though," he decided, "and not chance there being any mistake this time. When I get out of this, I'll go and have five minutes with those bungling idiots at Pontarlier that they'll not forget in a hurry."

However, as he realised, he had to get out of this first, and get Lesbia out, too.

Now he had thought of a workable plan he began to feel better. He had really had the wind-up thoroughly before that; the Vicomte was beginning to get on his nerves. Somehow his threats didn't seem theatrical as they might have done in another man, because he gave you so completely the feeling that what ought to have been sheer melodrama to an ordinary normal-minded person was the merest commonplace to him.

Carey hadn't really enjoyed his nightcap. De Nonperdu had come down from locking Lesbia and Miss Gardner into their rooms, to join the other men in a last drink. He had told them nothing about his plans, and only said that after he got a reply to his telegram in the morning he would know better what to do.

"But supposing you don't get a reply, sir?" Charles had suggested. "You'll be as far as ever from the truth."

"I think not," was the reply. "There are methods, you know, M. Carlos, of making people speak, and if for any reason Dubonnet should fail to reply, I should have to try the effect of those methods on the ladies."

CHARLES didn't like the sound of that at all, but the remark didn't matter so much now he had thought of a way of circumventing the Vicomte, and he went to bed to get enough sleep to prepare him for to-morrow.

Luckily he had the gift of making himself wake when he wanted, and having set his mental alarm for six-thirty the next morning he was able to sleep calmly until that time, when he woke and dressed and proceeded very quietly to explore the upper regions of the chateau. He found many things and places he hadn't known of before, and at last he found a door from

under which was protruding a small piece of cambric with the letter L embroidered on it. He had all ready a slip of paper with a few words of reassurance written on it, and this he now pushed under the door. The message was non-committal and unaligned. No one knew his writing but Lesbia, so supposing by evil chance this were not her door, no harm would be done, though someone might be mystified.

Carey didn't feel a bit sure about de Nonperdu. It seemed very likely that he had several more tricks up his sleeve, and anyone who was out to double-cross him would have to be very wide-awake indeed, and be prepared to cope with every sort of unexpected manoeuvre.

He heard sounds somewhere, so strode boldly downstairs with no attempt at camouflage. It was as well, for at the foot of the stairs he met the Vicomte.

"You are indeed early, M. Carlos," he was greeted. "Have you breakfasted?"

"Not yet," Carey answered, "but it struck me that there was more than a chance of your wanting to use the plane to-day, and I thought I'd better see that everything was shipshape beforehand. Something was a bit wrong when I landed last night, and I don't know how long it will take to put it right."

"Admirable forethought!" The Vicomte was graciously approving. "I also, as you see, am an early bird. I have determined (I tell you in confidence) on an almost immediate removal of our headquarters, and I am going to make sure that our new habitation is ready for us to move into at a moment's notice. I shall only be away a mere couple of hours, and I trust to be back before the answer to my telegram arrives. But come and join me at my déjeuner before you go to your work."

The ate their meal rapidly and almost in silence. The Vicomte was evidently in a hurry to get away, and was not in a mood for casual conversation.

When they had finished, "I'll come and help you get the car out," said Carey, seized with a sudden happy inspiration.

"How most kind of you," the other purred. "It must be the Renault, I fear—at least we can depend on her. When this affair is happily concluded I think at last I shall be able to afford myself an English Bentley, the ambition of my life."

The ambition of Charles' life at the moment was to make sure that one could not depend on the old Renault. It would be very convenient if something were to go wrong with her when the Vicomte was, say, an hour away from the chateau—nothing serious that might raise suspicions, but one of those trivial misfortunes that may happen to any car, and Charles was an admirable mechanic.

With real and consideration he filled up the petrol tank, poured in more oil, and so on, as obliging as he could be, while de Nonperdu was most gratified at being spared the dirty jobs. When the Renault was started up and the Vicomte started off, Carey had the satisfaction of knowing that she oughtn't to run much more than thirty miles without needing quite half an hour's attention. He only hoped that the Vicomte had been truthful in saying he intended being away a couple of hours. One could never be sure. Anyway, he was down the avenue and out of the gate and safely on the high road. Charles, from the height of the courtyard, watched him some distance, and then bolted indoors and upstairs as fast as he could go. He hurried to the door which he took to be that of Lesbia's bedroom and knocked softly.

"Who is there?" asked Lesbia's sleepy voice.

"Thank God it was the right door and she was safe! Nothing had happened to her in the night."

"It's I—Charles. The Vicomte's gone out and I want to talk to you."

There was a swish and a scurry, and her voice just reached him through the thickness of the wood.

"Charles darling, is it really you? Are you all right?"

"Perfectly. Listen, my dearest. I've only got a second. You're not to worry. Everything is going to be all right. You're not frightened, are you?"

"No-no, not now, not if you say we're safe, Charles." She was urgent. "You're safe, too, aren't you? He doesn't suspect you?"

"Not yet—at least, I don't think so; but one never knows with him. But I've got a plan that'll make things certain. Quick! Do you know where that woman is sleeping?"

"No—at least, not exactly. But their footsteps went along this corridor last night. Fast this door, going away from the stairs. I heard him lock her door, so she can't be far away."

"Good! Well, I'll soon find out, at that rate. Now who brings your breakfast?"

"Mirepoint, I think."

"What time?"

"Oh, about eightish."

"Right! Well, look here, my dear, I'm off now, and I hope I'm going to muzzle the Gardner woman this time."

"But Charles, the telegram! He'll know as soon as that comes, and then we're done for."

"Now please don't worry. I'm going to settle that, too. I swear I believe it'll be all right, darling. Listen, I'm going now, and I'll come back if I can; but if I don't, don't be afraid—it won't mean there's anything wrong. And don't forget when you see de Nonperdu bluff it out. You were marvellous last night. Keep that up. Now I'm going really."

CHARLES turned from the door and surveyed the corridor. It was long and wide and dim, with only one window looking on the courtyard to light it. That side of it was blank wall otherwise. The other side was broken by an occasional doorway. Heavy velvet curtains, drawn back from this window, reached to the ground, and on one side of it stood a huge armchair. Carey, not too easily, inserted himself between this and the window, draping the folds of the curtain over himself as much as possible. Then he peered out, and found to his satisfaction that he could see the whole length of the corridor with the minimum chance of being seen himself.

He glanced at his wrist-watch. It was almost eight, and faint sounds of life could be heard below on the ground floor of the chateau.

Five minutes he had to wait before his patience was rewarded, and then up the staircase came Mirepoint, cleverly balancing a tray on each vast hand. One of his burdens he eased down on to a small table which stood near Lesbia's door. Then he stooped down, put the other tray on the floor, and from some unidentifiable place produced a key, with which he unlocked the door, and put the key in his pocket.

Then he knocked loudly. "Le petit déjeuner, mademoiselle." He retrieved the other tray, passed on down the corridor, and stopped, by the grace of Heaven, at another door almost opposite to Carey's retreat.

Once more the performance was repeated, the tray placed on the floor, the key produced, the door unlocked, the key pocketed, loud knocking, and then the words, "Le petit déjeuner, mademoiselle," and he went on down the corridor in the opposite direction from which he had come.

A lightning survey showed that the tray was loaded with coffee and milk-jug, rolls and butter, and Carey dared not wait a second more. It is very difficult to make haste quickly, but somehow he managed it, and with a sleight-of-hand he didn't know he

A CASTLE FOR SALE

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possessed, shook the contents of three of Mrs. Washington K. Hodgson's sleeping-powder packets into Miss Gardner's hot-milk-jug and was back in his hiding place just as she opened her door and took in the tray.

And now Charles prayed with a fervor that he had certainly never exceeded in his life before: prayed that the powders might be tasteless, that Mrs. Washington K. Hodgson had spoken the truth about them, that Miss Gardner would mop up the whole lot, and that he hadn't given her enough to be dangerous, because he didn't want a murder on his conscience. As a matter of fact, he knew his conscience wouldn't trouble him over seven murders if they were necessary for Lesbia's safety!

In the midst of his petition back came Mirepoint.

"Priez de sonner quand vous desirez de l'eau chaude, mademoiselle," he called. Then he locked the door, removed the key, and passed on to Lesbia's room, where he repeated the performance. Then with both keys in one hand he opened the armoire beside which Charles was hiding, and presumably deposited them somewhere inside it.

"Oh," thought Carey, "this is almost too good to be true. It's almost too easy; there must be a catch somewhere!"

Mirepoint was off downstairs again, and Charles waited until his footsteps had completely died away before he ventured out. Then he ran down the corridor, away from the direction of the stairs, until he came to a door he had marked down in his previous explorations. It was still unlocked, thank heaven, and having made sure of that he bolted downstairs at top speed. Every moment now was valuable if his plans were to be carried through successfully before de Nomerdu came back.

From the direction of the kitchen he heard the clatter of crockery, and assuming thankfully that Mirepoint was responsible for that noise, Carey made for the room, not much more than a cupboard, where the telephone was. Hastily he tried the handle, but the door was unyielding. Evidently the Vicomte, with his usual thoroughness, had locked it before he left the chateau.

"Damn!" said Charles hastily, and proceeded to think of a way out of the difficulty. He had been in that room once before, and knew but too well that the one window, which only amounted to a large grating, was well up in the wall near the ceiling, so there was no hope of getting in that way. Well, then, the only hope was to find the key. He wished to heaven he had been brought up as a burglar and known how to pick the lock, but his education had been unfortunately neglected in that branch of learning.

A MOMENT'S quick reasoning told him that it wasn't likely that de Nomerdu had barred everyone from access to that telephone; of course, the most likely person to have the key to it was Mirepoint, and there wasn't the least hope of getting it from him by either bribery or persuasion. Stupid he might be, but he was incurably faithful to his master, and he would be manifestly stupid as well as probably useless, and there only remained guile. With the beginnings of a plan shimmering in his mind, Charles abandoned his unequal contest with the locked door and set off for the kitchen. It was a room he hadn't visited before, but it wasn't difficult to find, guided by the noise that came from it and a particularly appetizing smell of cooking.

Mirepoint was busy washing up the breakfast things in an almost incredibly primitive fashion, very slowly and deliberately murmuring to himself as he did so.

"Mirepoint," Charles began, "can you tell me where everyone is? Are they up yet? I know M. le Vicomte has gone out, but where are the others?"

Mirepoint put down the plate he was drying. He was usually ready for conversation unless he were very busy.

"M. le Vicomte and M. Lenoir are in the workroom, M. Sentier has taken his painting things into the courtyard to paint the fountain, and M. Renaud has not yet left his room. A queer one that," he commented. "If there is work to be done he will work until he drops, but let him have nothing on hand to finish and behold he cares for nothing but his bed. This morning, I assure you, you will not see him till M. le Vicomte returns. 'Mirepoint,' he says to me last night, 'if it be true that M. le Vicomte goes out in the morning, you will greatly oblige me by warning me when you see him return. Until then I will sleep while I have the chance.' And sleep he will. Truly, I believe he would sleep all day if one did not disturb him."

All the time the huge man was talking in his leisurely, rumbling way, Carey was taking stock of his surroundings, and at last he saw to his joy, hanging over a chair near the fire-place, the coat Mirepoint usually wore about his work in the house. He had obviously taken it off so he could roll up his sleeves, and get on more comfortably with his job of washing up. There was a hope, Charles felt, faint but possible, that the key might be in one of the pockets of the discarded garment.

"It's quite fresh this morning," he remarked casually, strolling over to the fire-place as he spoke. "This fire of yours is welcome." He held out his hands to the blaze, standing between the servant and the coat. Then turning, with his hands behind his back, in the usual attitude of the Englishman on his hearthrug, he waited till Mirepoint leant over his basin to extract another plate, and quick as thought ran his fingers over the coat.

Something hard they soon encountered—not one key, alas! but several. However, it was encouraging as far as it went, and waiting for the next dive into the washing-bowl, fortunately a lengthy one, he managed without being seen to purloin the keys from their resting-place, apparently listening all the time to Mirepoint's conversation, which flowed on uninterrupted by his occupation.

"And the ladies," Mirepoint was saying when Charles was able to listen properly, "the ladies are also in their rooms." He dried some spoons in leisurely fashion and put them down on the table, while Carey took advantage of the noise he made to transfer the keys to his own pocket. "Whether they sleep or not," the man went on, "I do not know. M. le Vicomte gave orders they were to remain locked in their rooms till he returned. The younger one I admire," he commented—"monsieur also, I think?"

"Undoubtedly," said Charles. He rather obviously took a note-case from his pocket and removed a Swiss twenty-franc note. "Look here, Mirepoint, are you very busy this morning?"

"As monsieur sees, not of an extreme business."

"Then will you do something for me?"

MIREPOINT became suspicious. "Alas, monsieur, if it is to let monsieur have a few words with the younger lady, then I fear it cannot be done, much as I should like to oblige." Charles laughed. "No, it's not that," he said—"nothing of the kind. I shall be able to talk with her when M. le Vicomte returns. No, it's a much simpler matter. Last night I had an unfortunate accident and I spilt oil all over my coat-sleeve. Therefore I have to wear this one"—he indicated the old flannel coat that didn't match his trousers. "With ladies in the house—you understand!" He left the rest to Mirepoint's Gallic feelings.

"Ah, but what a tragedy! Indeed I understand, monsieur. The blue coat that I have so admired that undoubtedly came from an

English tailor! And monsieur wishes me to remove the stain that he may wear the coat at luncheon! That is without saying. Of course it shall be done at once. I may have the petrol from the garage?"

"Of course," Carey assured him, putting the twenty-franc note down on the table. "Can it be done soon, do you think, Mirepoint?"

"But assuredly, monsieur. If I start at once, I will get the coat from monsieur's room immediately."

"I hung it in the garage, Mirepoint, it smells so of oil. You can clean it there if you like; it will be safer there than bringing it indoors."

"But monsieur is thoughtful. I go now," and pocketing the note he lumbered off happily, with the nearest approach to speed he could muster, leaving his coat still hanging over its chair.

So all his ingenuity as a pickpocket had been unnecessary! However, the chance had been there, asking to be taken, and he hadn't dared to lose any least advantage he might see. As it turned out, he hadn't got to fear Mirepoint's finding he had been robbed of his keys.

Charles got back to the telephone-room in record time, and to his extreme annoyance wasted several valuable seconds in trying every key but the right one first. At last, however, he got the door open, went in and shut it behind him, locking it on the inside. Then he got through to the local police station and gave quick, curt orders.

"A telegram was probably telephoned from the chateau early this morning, addressed to Dubouquet in Paris. Find out what it says. If the message was in code, decode it. It probably asked for a description of a lady. If a reply comes from Paris, probably addressed to Mirepoint at the chateau, stop it, decode it, and yourself make up a reply in code to the first one. If the telegram is a description of a lady, your answer must be that the lady is tall, chestnut-haired, very distinguished. Do you understand? Repeat your instructions, please. Yes, correct. Then you may send the substituted telegram to the chateau. Stop any other telegrams that come until I cancel that order. Thank you."

He slammed down the receiver, ran back to the kitchen, still fortunately empty, replaced the keys, and rushed upstairs to the corridor where the women's rooms were.

He listened outside Lesbia's door and heard her moving about; he knocked softly and said, "It's Charles. Are you dressed?"

"Nearly," came the answer.

"Hurry and finish then, and be ready to come and give a hand if I want you."

He went on to Miss Gardner's room and listened there. Not a sound of movement. He flashed his torch into the armoire. Yes, the keys were there hanging on a nail. A very short experiment proved which was which, and soon he was very softly unlocking the lady's door. He pushed it gently open and edged into the room. Miss Gardner lay on her back, in bed, her mouth slightly open, breathing very heavily. She was not an attractive sleeper. Charles hastily felt her pulse, which seemed all right, and then he got to work. He examined the coffee-pot and milk-jug on the tray which lay on her bed; both were empty, as was her cup. Then with infinite caution at first, but growing bolder as he found his movements did not waken her, he moved the breakfast-tray, and very carefully and firmly wrapped the unconscious lady in the big driving-coat which lay over a chair. Then he tried to lift her, but, strong as he was, he found it a considerable task, for she was a good deal heavier than she looked. He gave it up, and went quickly and unlocked Lesbia's door, telling her to come and help him. She was dressed and ready and full of excitement. When she was in the corridor he locked the door again and put the key in his pocket.

THEN together, having seen carefully that the coast was clear, they lifted the unconscious Miss Gardner, inert and limp, and carried her cautiously down

the corridor through that door which Carey had previously examined.

Their task was harder now, for they had to go up a short but very steep and narrow flight of stairs, and the weight of the drugged woman seemed to become greater at every step.

At last, however, they got her to the top and put her down on the floor of a sort of lumber-room, covered with dust and cobwebs, where it appeared no foot had been set for ages.

They locked her in there and Charles took the key, and quickly, and without speaking, they went down the stairs again. At the bottom Charles went first into the corridor, and seeing no one was about they ran back to Miss Gardner's room.

"Quick!" said Charles, speaking almost for the first time. "Make all her clothes into a bundle—don't leave anything she might need to wear. I want to make it look as if she had escaped."

As he spoke he was busy tearing sheets and tying them together. Having made what he considered a reasonable length of rope, he tied one end of it to the heavy central jamb of the window and pulled with all his might. Each length, each knot, he stretched and tested, so that when he had finished it actually looked as though some one had climbed down it. Then, satisfied, he lowered it cautiously out of the window, where its end dangled about six feet away from the terrace below. The spare piece of sheet he stuffed into his pocket.

Then he gave a comprehensive glance round the room, and catching Lesbia by the hand cried, "Come on," and pulled her with him. He locked the door, and carrying the bundle of Miss Gardner's belongings, went along to Lesbia's room. He shut the door behind them and for one second he stood and looked at her. Then, as if moved by the same impulse, they were in one another's arms, and for a long moment the world ceased to exist for them in their consciousness of each other.

The moment ended as such moments do, and Charles released her, slowly and reluctantly. "It's hard to go," he said, "but I must, quickly. There's more to do. Lesbia, if the Vicomte asks you about the money for the necklace, repeat the plan you made and say the price is in negotiable bonds. I've got to try and find out how much he's supposed to be getting. You try too—try to trap him somehow into saying how much. Good-bye, my only dear, we're safe now, I think. If you're in doubt about anything, use your own judgment—it's good."

He left quickly, for it was an effort to go he had so much to say to her, but his watch told him time was getting very short. Hastily he put back the keys in their hiding-place and dashed up to Miss Gardner's prison again, thankful to find her still where he left her, and as he left her. He was beginning to be a trifle afraid of this lady, who had already outwitted him once, and he was almost prepared to find she'd done the disappearing act again.

He tied her feet together with part of the sheet he had brought, and strapped her arms to her sides with the remainder. He didn't want her to be unnecessarily uncomfortable—Charles was one of those charming men who adopt the old-fashioned attitude towards women, treating them, when he was allowed to, as though they were fragile; and though his previous experience of Miss Gardner ought to have warned him that fragility was not her most characteristic attribute, he nevertheless handled her as tenderly as though it were, and made her as comfortable as circumstances permitted.

He felt he must gag her, because he wasn't sure of how long the effects of Mrs. Washington K. Hodgson's sleeping-draught would last, and he didn't want her coming to and shouting before, at any rate, Lesbia was out of danger.

So he did his job thoroughly, but without any malice, deposited her clothes on the floor beside her, and left Miss Gardner to sleep, he hoped, for another twelve hours at least.

There appeared to be sufficient ventila-

tion in the dark attic to keep her alive, and he locked the door behind him with a feeling of considerable satisfaction in a good job well done.

Then he went out to the garage, where he found the obliging Mirepoint had just finished cleaning his coat, and was hanging it in the air to get the smell of petrol out of it.

"A thousand thanks, Mirepoint. I am indeed obliged," he said gratefully. "Now I shall be able to appear at déjeuner more fittingly clothed for the presence of ladies."

Mirepoint smiled, with the superior yet reminiscent air of one who has also lived in Arcadia.

"Ah, la jeunesse, la jeunesse!" he murmured sympathetically. "It was indeed a pleasure, monsieur—no thanks are necessary," and he padded off back to his belated dish-washing with the innocent satisfaction of a Boy Scout who has done his day's good deed.

THERE was a suit of overalls in the garage which Carey then put on, and picking up an oily rag which lay near at hand, he proceeded to decorate as much of his person as was visible with enough grime to prove that he had been working on his engine for some time. Armed with a spanner and an oilcan, he betook himself to his plane, and with the most absorbed air in the world proceeded to tighten up one or two nuts.

Presently, as mechanics do, he became engrossed in his job, found one or two things that really needed doing, and was in consequence quite surprised when he heard the hum of the "old Renault," as the Vicomte brought her up the avenue and halted for Mirepoint.

Soon de Nonperdu was standing beside him, and Charles' air of one who stands back and surveys with satisfaction a good bit of work was not wholly assumed.

"Ah, Vicomte, I trust your trip has been successful?" he asked.

"Entirely," said de Nonperdu, "as far as its object was concerned, but the trip no. I fear the poor old Renault is indeed on her last legs, as you English say—or should it be tyres?" He laughed heartily at his own joke. "She gave me some little trouble on the road. Yes, an English Bentley, as I may have remarked before, would be an admirable substitute for this faithful old friend, who has, alas! had her day. I cannot tell you, my dear M. Carlos, with what admiration those cars fill me. Have you finished your repairs, my friend? Your appearance suggests they have been of an extensive nature. Yes? Then doubtless you would appreciate a wash. Shall we walk to the house together?"

He seemed in a most excellent humor, and talked amiably all the way to the chateau about his coveted Bentley.

"When you have removed the traces of your toil, M. Carlos," he said as they went indoors, "I shall be very obliged if you would join me in the workroom. I have a few words I should like to say to all of you. Nothing serious, you understand—just a little matter of our future arrangements."

CHAPTER 9 THE CHATEAU IS EMPTY

DE NONPERDU surveyed the little group of men whom he had gathered together in the workroom.

"Gentlemen," he began, "I have to inform you that as we are, I believe, within a few hours of bringing to a successful conclusion this affair of the Duchesse's necklace, I have decided that it will be in the interests of all of us that we should separate for a time, and when we resume our activities it will be in a different place. Whichever of these ladies who has honored my house with her presence proves to be the one who holds the rewards of your labors"—he bowed to Leblanc and Lenoir—

"the other one is therefore obviously a potential enemy. Now, whether she is a spy or working for herself, or on behalf of others, the fact that she has forced her way in here proves that someone beyond those whom we know to be directly concerned is interested in our affairs. I can, of course, undertake to deal effectively with the lady in question, but with her principals, seeing I do not know who they are, no. Therefore, as I say, I believe we shall do well to dislocate ourselves for a while and meet again when I have arranged fresh worlds for us to conquer. In another little house I have the good fortune to own, a less imposing one than this, it is true, but one which I fancy will prove equally convenient for our purpose. I will not trouble you, messieurs, at the moment, with its exact location, but when we take up our residence there I shall hope to have the pleasure of driving you myself in my new car—a Bentley."

He broke off and looked round the group as if waiting for comments or questions. None came, so he continued.

"Leblanc and Lenoir, I shall be obliged if you will meet me to-morrow morning at ten o'clock in the Cafe des Italiens in Lausanne. You know it, I am sure. We shall have a small financial transaction to make, and that seems a convenient place. Renaud and Sentier, I will write to you at the usual address in Paris. Should you not be there you will, I am sure, have made all arrangements for your letters to be forwarded. You, M. Carlos—he bowed to Charles, who wondered what was coming—"are a newcomer among us, but your knowledge and enterprise are far too valuable to be lost. I do trust that you feel inclined to continue working with us. Yes? I am glad. We shall have the little matter of the commission on those pictures to arrange, but as I have not yet heard for exactly what sum they were sold, I shall not be able to give you your share until I do. You agreed, I know, to our usual arrangements when you first joined us, so everything will be satisfactory. Suppose then, we agree to meet a week to-day in Montreux. Would you do me the honor of lunching with me there at the Hotel Splendide? That will be delightful. Well, gentlemen, I am greatly obliged to you all for your services and co-operation. I do trust that our future collaboration will be equally successful—and lucrative. And now, do you not think it would be a pleasant idea to ask the ladies to join us here? I hate to think of them boring themselves alone in their rooms while we might be enjoying the pleasure of their society."

Sentier asked, in rather a sullen voice, "But do you think it is safe?"

"Safe?" the Vicomte echoed. "Safe? But what danger can there be, Sentier?"

"Of their escaping."

"Oh, but no, no. With all of us here I do not think that can be considered a danger. If you would feel more satisfied suppose that we divide ourselves into two parties—there are six of us. Surely three men should be able to take charge of one woman. You, Sentier, Renaud, and I will be the warders of Mademoiselle the First—you see, I really must claim the host's privilege, and look after that one. I confess she is my favorite—and MM. Carlos, Leblanc, and Lenoir will be responsible for Mademoiselle the Second. Is not that an admirable arrangement? Then let us go now upstairs and liberate our prisoners."

SOMETHING seemed to have upset the other men, for as they went out of the room and upstairs, Charles heard them talking in low, angry tones among themselves. He was afraid they hadn't got over their panic of last night at the idea of there being a spy among them. However, he thought, they'll soon be reassured about that.

De Nonperdu told Leblanc where to find the key of Miss Gardner's room, and that if the lady said she was ready he could open the door and bring her downstairs. He himself was busy with Lesbia's key, and Carey, farther along the corridor, heard him asking if she would care to join the others.

While Leblanc was fitting the key in the lock Lesbia came out, smiling and assured, from her bedroom, and Charles heard her give a gay greeting to the Vicomte.

Meanwhile Leblanc was knocking, unanswered, at Miss Gardner's door. Louder and louder came his summons, and still all was silence within.

"M. le Vicomte," he called at last, "this lady sleeps like the dead. I can get no reply from her."

"Ah, let me try," he said impatiently, walking towards them, while Lenoir and Leblanc ranged themselves, an unobtrusive bodyguard, on either side of Lesbia.

He had no more success of course than his lieutenant.

"This is strange," he murmured. "The lady must indeed be a sound sleeper. Mademoiselle," he called to Lesbia, "would you be so obliging as to enter this lady's bedroom and awaken her? I cannot disturb her privacy. Would you request her to dress herself and prepare to join us downstairs?"

Lesbia, followed by her escort, came along the corridor to Miss Gardner's room. Leblanc threw the door open and she went in. Charles prayed that her acting would be equal to the occasion.

She stepped inside the room and walked up to the bed, and after a minute or so he heard her cry, "Vicomte, Vicomte, there is no one here! The room is empty. Come and see!"

With one impulse all the men pushed into the room. Very truly, as they could see, it was empty.

There was a chorus of exclamations, and then each man began to search the room, which was large and spacious, with many dark corners and hiding-places. Under the great four-post bed, behind the curtains, in the big armoire they hunted, talking excitedly.

Then "Her clothes are gone," Lesbia informed them.

"And her sheets," said Leblanc.

"Look!" cried Renaud. "It is plain to see she has escaped!"—and he pointed to the window.

That settled all doubt. There hung the rope of sheets dangling to the terrace. Quite obviously she had escaped.

"Then that, of course," said the Vicomte slowly, "settles our doubts. Were she the real Miss Gardner she would not have wished to escape. Only the false one, knowing the danger she was in, would not dare to stay."

"Thank the Lord!" said Charles to himself, "it's worked."

De Nonperdu was prowling around the room again, leaning out of the window, examining the bed.

"When did she go, I wonder?" he commented. "Ah! I see—after her petit déjeuner, for here is the tray empty. It must have been while I was out then, I must question Mirepoint." He was just going to pull the old-fashioned bell-rope that hung beside the bed when Mirepoint himself knocked and entered the room.

"Pardon, M. le Vicomte, this telegram has just arrived."

Nonperdu tore it open and then took a pencil from his pocket and wrote a few words on the envelope. Then he looked up with a smile on his face. "Our difficulties are now completely at an end on this score," he announced. "This telegram is from Dubouche, in code. It says when translated: 'Messenger tall, chestnut-haired, fair complexion, very distinguished. Our charming friend here is, I am very glad to say, the real Miss Gardner. Made-

moiselle, allow me to crave your pardon for ever having suspected you, to beg your forgiveness, and to implore you to overlook any inconvenience you may have been put to."

LESBIA gave them all a most radiant smile. "But, of course," she reassured them. "You couldn't do otherwise under the circumstances. You are all completely absolved. And now that we are all once more reconciled, shall I say, don't you think we ought to waste no time in searching for this absconding lady? It is hardly pleasant to feel that she may even now be setting the police on our track."

"Very true, indeed, mademoiselle. Your suggestion is excellent. Come, let us organise ourselves and start our search. One moment, Mirepoint, at what time did you bring the missing lady's breakfast?"

"At eight o'clock, M. le Vicomte."

"And you saw her take the tray?"

"As M. le Vicomte knows, I could not stand there and watch the lady in her dressing-room. I moved a few steps down the corridor, and when the tray was gone, a few minutes later, I looked the door again."

"And she could not possibly have got away then?"

"Impossible, M. le Vicomte."

"Very well, then, she was in her room, we know, at eight o'clock. She is not in it at eleven. We cannot tell how far she may have gone by this time. I fear that if we search the grounds and all the outhouses we shall have exhausted our possibilities. There will therefore remain no alternative but for us to leave the chateau as quickly as possible."

He marshalled his forces like a general preparing for battle and gave the five men detailed directions for their search of the grounds.

"I myself," he said, "will hold the fort here, with Mademoiselle. It is necessary that some one should be in the chateau in case of emergencies. Mirepoint will stay with me, and will prepare a meal for you when you return." He took Lesbia's arm and led her downstairs into the salon.

"From here," he said as he drew two chairs up to the open windows overlooking the terrace, "we can keep a look-out over a large part of the grounds, and at the same time enjoy a little conversation."

"But, Vicomte, are you not worried at all about this woman's escape?" Lesbia asked.

"You seem so very calm and untroubled."

"My dear lady, I do beg of you to let your mind be at ease. I assure you that whatever happens you shall have my protection. I have already made plans to circumvent any inconveniences which might arise. Trust me, I repeat, all will be well. Now, as time is short, I fear we must talk business. We have our arrangements to make, you and I, have we not? I was informing the gentlemen of our party just before this unfortunate contretemps occurred, that I have decided that we must all leave the chateau to-day. The necklace is finished and ready to hand over to you at a convenient moment."

"Oh, monsieur, is it really?" Lesbia interrupted him. "May I see it? Oh, how frightfully thrilling! Where is it? Do let me have a look at it!"

De Nonperdu patted her arm soothingly. "But what excitement, what enthusiasm! Ah, what it is to be young! Alas! my dear young friend, I cannot oblige you at the moment. For the present the necklace must remain where it is, in a very safe place where no one would ever think of looking for it, and where it is ready to leave this place with me at a moment's notice should the necessity occur. No, I feel you must, for the present, possess your soul in patience, but I assure you that before I ask you to give me the money for it, you shall see it and handle it, and I am confident you will be satisfied."

She sighed her disappointment. "Well, if

you say so, I suppose I must try to be patient; only I shall find it very difficult."

"It is a wonderful piece of work, I assure you, mademoiselle. Our Mr. Brown is getting full value for his money. And you—I do trust that you are being adequately remunerated for all your trouble?" He sounded quite concerned about it.

"Oh, yes," she assured him. "I feel perfectly satisfied about that, thank you." (She was thinking of Charles, and feeling that he was a sufficient reward for anything.) "But, Vicomte, how much exactly is Mr. Brown going to pay?"

FOR a moment he seemed startled. "How is it you do not know, mademoiselle? Have you not the money?" "Yes, but I've not seen it or counted it," she answered. "It was given to me in a sealed packet to deposit in Geneva until you were ready for it, and you are to have the counting of it yourself."

He laughed. "I see. Well, I have no doubt whatever that it will all be perfectly satisfactory. It is a large sum, but not too much when one takes into account all the risks that have been run, the labor entailed, and so on. So far I have mentioned it to no one, but to you I will do so for a very special reason I have, which you will learn later. I want you to bear it in mind and consider it carefully. You will come to understand why. The total amount is thirty-five thousand English pounds—that is eight hundred and seventy-five thousand Swiss francs, and my share, when all are paid, is half of that. It is, you will see, quite a competence and provides sufficient capital to start fresh work on a large scale. I am not one of those who squander money; I believe in letting it breed more. I do hope you agree with me. Now for our little affair, mademoiselle. The money, you say, is deposited in Geneva, the necklace is where I am. The two have to come together and be exchanged for one another. Now your idea was, I think—"

"That you in your car, and I in mine, should meet somewhere on what we might call neutral ground, and you will hand me the necklace and I will hand you the money."

"M'm. And you would be alone?"

"No," Lesbia was decided about that. "You will not misunderstand me, M. le Vicomte, when I remind you that I am a woman and you a man, and you have the advantage of me in strength. After all, business is business, and I cannot afford to let sentiment or politeness dictate to me in a matter of business. No, I should propose to bring with me the agent who holds the money for me."

De Nonperdu drummed his fingers on the arm of his chair for a moment; then, "That does not seem quite a fair arrangement," he said tentatively. "You are to have an escort, I none. A woman, as you say, you are, and the most charming of your sex, but nevertheless a woman's wits are as keen as a man's, and I think this arrangement would be all in your favor. You also understand, I am sure, that I am now speaking entirely as a business man and not as your devoted admirer." He bowed. "No, I think we must find some better way than that."

"But there could be no objection to your bringing an escort, M. le Vicomte," she assured him.

"But the gravest," he contradicted. "I have no one whom I can trust. Moreover, I am not anxious that anyone should see me count the money. I do not desire that any of my colleagues should know exactly what sum I receive, you understand? No, for the rest, we are in the same boat, you and I. You are to buy, I am to sell what—let us be frank—are stolen goods. Neither of us is anxious, I take it, that the facts should be known. No, the arrangement you suggest, is, forgive me, a thought crude. I have, I think, a better plan, and

one which has also the advantage of giving me more of your society."

"I am perfectly willing to listen to anything you suggest, Vicomte," she said amiably. "I am anxious to be entirely reasonable. The great point is that we should settle things amicably with satisfaction to us both—and, of course, to my employers. You realise that I am not a free agent?"

"But certainly, mademoiselle. I understand. Listen then; my suggestion is this. Let us meet to-night at eight o'clock in the restaurant of the Hotel des Bergues in Geneva. There we will dine, and you will give me the great pleasure of being your host. I shall indeed appreciate the honor of entertaining you in a fitting manner. Then, during the course of the meal, I shall hand you a parcel, you will hand me one. I will choose the table with care, so that we shall each have an opportunity to examine our parcels unobserved. You see, I trust, the advantages of this plan. Both of us will be encompassed about with a cloud of witnesses, as someone says—witnesses who will be entirely neutral. We shall have no fear of informers, but we shall also have no fear that either of us—I am speaking from a purely business standpoint of course—will try to double-cross. I believe, the phrase is, the other. To crown all, I shall have the infinite pleasure of having you as my guest in circumstances and surroundings which begin to be worthy of you. Do you agree? Indeed I must insist, dear mademoiselle, that you agree. The plan is altogether charming. I cannot take a refusal."

LESBIA saw that he meant what he said, that his words were to be taken at their face value. It was to be his plan or none. She affected to think for a moment before she answered him.

"Oh, yes, M. le Vicomte, I am delighted to accept your invitation to dine with you to-night at eight at the Hotel des Bergues in Geneva. Have I got it correctly?"

"Perfectly. You do me infinite honor, mademoiselle, and I cannot tell you with what pleasure I anticipate a charming evening. And now there is another matter I wished to speak to you about. You have not, by the way, seen any signs of activity in the grounds while we have been conversing? No? I fear they have failed to find her. What was I saying? Ah, yes! I wonder if you would mind telling me where the coachwork of your Bentley was built, and did you design it yourself? It is, I think, in every respect exactly what would satisfy me, and it—Yes, Mirepoint, what is it?"

"Luncheon is served, M. le Vicomte," the servant answered, "and two of the gentlemen have already come in."

"Alas!" de Nonperdu bewailed, "I fear our charming tete-a-tete is at an end, but only for the present—only for the present. It will be renewed, I hope, to-night under happier auspices."

Before their meal was half finished all five men had returned, having, as they assured the Vicomte, searched every inch of the grounds within the park wall with utter success. Lesbia thought Charles gave her the ghost of a wink as he added his lamentations to the rest.

"No traces of the wall having been climbed? No sign of the gates being opened?" Nonperdu queried.

"None whatever," they all assured him. "Not a footprint to be seen that told any tale."

"Then I think," said the Vicomte, rising, "that we should leave at once. All my preparations are made, and we understand our arrangements clearly, I think. MM. Leblanc and Lenoir, I shall have the pleasure of seeing you to-morrow. MM. Renaud and Sentier will hear from me again before long. M. Carlos I shall see a week to-day, and you and I, mademoiselle—he made a

profound bow to Lesbia—"you and I will meet to-night."

Lesbia smiled at them all. "I do hope I shall meet you all, gentlemen, again some day," she said sweetly. "It has been such a pleasure to make your acquaintance."

"Indeed I hope you will," Charles was emphatic. "The pleasure has been ours, mademoiselle."

"Now," said the Vicomte, "let us lose no time. M. Carlos, I wonder if you would be so obliging as to put MM. Sentier and Renaud over the frontier in your aeroplane? MM. Leblanc and Lenoir are remaining in Switzerland and have their Chevrolet. Mademoiselle has her own car, and so have I. If you will be so kind, I should like the party in the aeroplane to leave first, then Mademoiselle, then Leblanc and Lenoir, and I myself, the captain, will be the last to leave the ship."

"I think not," said Leblanc suddenly. The Vicomte turned on him in surprise. "I beg your pardon?"

"I said I think not," Leblanc repeated loudly.

"I fear I do not understand you."

"You understand well enough," Leblanc assured him. "This arrangement doesn't satisfy me—it doesn't satisfy any of us. You make the arrangements, we have no say in them, and we are to come and go as you order and take what you choose to give us—or nothing at all—and be thankful. It is not good enough."

"Perhaps you will explain more clearly?" De Nonperdu's voice was icy.

"Oh, yes, I'll explain. What I object to at present is this plan of yours about the money for the necklace. Your promise was that when you had been paid for it the money was to be divided up. The others were to receive a small share as usual, and Lenoir and I, who did the work, are to have an eighth each of the price. Well and good. But we have not yet been told what the price is, or, rather, we have been told by you. You said it was three hundred thousand Swiss francs. Well, Lenoir and I don't believe it—that's all. We know quite well you wouldn't run these risks for such a small amount. Nor are the others satisfied with their share. Nor do I care for your arrangements. We are to separate, you say: you are going to get Renaud and Sentier safely into France, then you arrange to meet us others in different places, while you—you alone, mind—you meet the lady to-night, get the money from her, and you are not returning to the chateau. We are not permitted to know your address; oh, no, you will communicate with us when you want us. What guarantees have we that we shall ever see the money? How do we know if you've spoken the truth about the amount? I am sure you have lied. No, you will have to manage better than that before we shall agree."

THE cruel eyes were unhooded again now and the bird of prey visible. "And may one ask what you suggest?" De Nonperdu's words were like chilled steel.

"One may," Leblanc was defiant, but afraid. That was obvious. "I suggest—No, the only plan I will agree to is that mademoiselle brings the money here, and that we may count it ourselves, and share it out."

"And do you imagine that mademoiselle would be such a fool as to do so? Do you imagine she would trust herself and the money to you?"

"Better to us than to you," Sentier growled unexpectedly. He had hitherto stood sullenly apart.

"Ah, you too, Sentier!" the Vicomte queried. "You agree with Leblanc?"

"Yes, I desire to say—"

"No, I do not wish to hear what you desire to say. I fancy I have heard nearly enough." He laughed coldly. "May I ask if any one of you gentlemen feels com-

petent to arrange our little affairs and take my place?"

"No," said Renaud. "We all grant you have the brains, you do the management; therefore it's reasonable you should have the largest share of the takings; but I agree with Leblanc—we've got to know the exact sum you're getting for this necklace. It's the biggest job we've done yet, and we ought to be making more out of it. Perhaps mademoiselle will tell us what she is paying you for it?"

"Mademoiselle will not." De Nonperdu was quiet but deadly certain. "Now I should like to make sure that I understand this affair properly. Correct me if I am wrong. You believe that I have had to you about the price—in any case you do not trust me to hand over the money—and lastly you wish that mademoiselle shall bring the money here that you may count it yourselves?"

"Not wish—insist," Leblanc stated.

"Insist—thank you. You insist that she brings it here. Now may I ask if you are all in agreement with Leblanc on this matter?"

A chorus of "Yes" came from four of the men, but Charles made no answer. De Nonperdu looked at him. "You, my dear Carlos," he said suavely, "are, I think, in the minority. Do I understand you are not associating yourself with these other gentlemen in their objections to my arrangements?"

"I have nothing at all to do with it," Charles said.

"I am so glad. Thank you. Now, gentlemen—he turned to the others—"one would like to know at whose suggestion these protests were made. One presumes Leblanc is anxious to assume leadership. Is that so, Leblanc?"

"I am content for you to lead us," Leblanc told him; "but yes, it is I who first suggested that we cannot trust you. Nor can we."

"Thank you." De Nonperdu quietly took a hand from his pocket, raised it, and before anyone had time to see the tiny pistol it held, shot Leblanc dead through the heart.

He fell heavily, and the others, with one horrified frightened rush, stood back from the body. Lesbia clutched her hands behind her back, digging the nails into her palms to keep back the dizziness she felt stealing over her. Charles moved a step nearer to her and stood on guard. That helped her.

The Vicomte smiled as he stood there waiting for the smoke to clear away. Then in a gay, mocking voice he asked, "Now is there any other gentleman who would like to express his dissatisfaction or to give me orders—to depose me, in short? What no one? No one else anxious to be a philanthropist, to sacrifice himself for the others? For you see, gentlemen, our late friend, M. Leblanc, has by his decease automatically enlarged the share of all the others. Is there no one else who wishes to follow his example? Do not hesitate to speak, I beg you. I am all anxiety to know what is in your minds."

There was a long pause while the Vicomte gazed unflinchingly with those bitter eyes at the men in front of him; then, "No one," he said at last. "That is all settled then. Let us get on with our departure. My instructions are just what they were before, except that Lenoir will go alone in the Chevrolet."

He walked to the fire-place, rang the bell, and waited.

WHEN the man came he pointed to the dead Leblanc, still lying on the floor. "Mirepoint, remove this," he said contemptuously. "It must be disposed of within half an hour."

"Bien, M. le Vicomte." The well-trained servant's answer came automatically, and he calmly picked up the body as though it

were the most everyday occurrence, slung it over his huge shoulder, and carried it out of the room.

Thereafter things moved quickly. De Nomerdu was more than ever anxious to get away from the chateau without loss of time, and the other men, now thoroughly cowed, carried out his orders like a platoon of soldiers. It was not very long before they were all speeding on their way.

Lesbia hated to see Charles go away without her, but she more than half guessed that he would be hovering about somewhere until he saw her on her way.

It was real joy to get into her car again, to feel the wheel under her hand, and to know that in a very few moments more she would be speeding for safety. She hardly realised herself, as yet, how great a strain she had been living under for the last forty-eight hours, but she well knew how glad she would be to get away from the chateau she had gone so blithely into only the day before yesterday. How much had been crowded into that short time, of adventure, of life, and now of death!

She tipped Mirepoint heavily and received his grateful thanks. He, she understood, was remaining on as caretaker until the chateau was let to its American tenant. Then she turned to the Vicomte, standing hat in hand by her, his own car nearby, ready to start. "Au revoir, mademoiselle," he said, as he bent over her hand. "I only live for this evening."

She hoped not too quickly she drew her hand away. De Nomerdu had just killed a man, and the memory of that was very vivid.

"Till to-night, Vicomte," she answered, and without another word she was gone down the avenue.

Overhead she heard the faint drone of an engine, which told her Charles was near. Just before she reached the gates she looked back, and saw dimly through the trees the Vicomte de Nomerdu still gazing after her as she left the Chateau a Vendre!

CHAPTER 10 THE CHIEF COMMISSIONER TAKES TEA

LESBIA had not driven more than a mile down the road before she was pulled up sharply by a man who stood there signalling her to stop.

"Are you Mademoiselle Cargill?" he asked her.

"Yes," she answered. "What do you want?"

"I am directed by the Prefet de Police in Geneva to accompany you to the Hotel de Ville there," he explained, "by the orders of M. Charles Carey."

"Oh!" said Lesbia, "you needn't bother. I shall be perfectly all right."

"Possibly, madame, but those are my orders. It was felt that it would be safer if I accompanied madame. One never knows what tricks these people may play, and this is a lonely road."

"Perhaps you're right," she conceded, and reluctantly allowed him to get into the car by her side.

She was sorry not to be alone, though there was a certain feeling of security in having this policeman with her. She had a great need to "busy her mind with quietness" before she got into the thick of the business again, but she hoped for the best; perhaps the detective wouldn't want to talk. Apparently he didn't, not much at any rate, and after a little polite conversation they both relapsed into silence, which they maintained until the streets of Geneva were reached.

She tried all the time she was driving to keep her mind busy on her job, to absorb herself in it, so that she might not think. When she reached her journey's end would be the time to relax, to disentangle this medley of thoughts and incidents that crowded in upon her tired brain. So she was almost rested, for the time, when they

reached the outskirts of the city and on her escort's directions made for the cathedral tower that crowned it. Presently he showed her where to turn, and the big car swung alongside the pillared courtyard of the Hotel de Ville.

"We are expected," the man told her. "They have telephoned M. le Prefet. If Madame will go straight up."

A door was opened as she neared it, and the Commissioner, dignified and military-looking, welcomed her. "Come in, I beg. It is Mademoiselle Cargill, is it not? It is a great relief that you have arrived safely. M. Carey had led me to expect that you might have been here this morning, and I have been all anxiety since noon. It has been a trying time for you, mademoiselle, and I am sure you are glad to be safely out of that chateau."

"Indeed, I am," she answered, sitting down on the chair he placed for her. "At the time I didn't notice it, but now I feel tired out."

"But that is not to be surprised at," he assured her. "We must make our business as brief as possible, that you may return to your hotel and get some rest. May I, by the way, offer you some tea? It may refresh you after your drive."

"What a very happy thought! You may indeed, M. le Prefet. I should be most grateful. China, if you please, and lemon. It is just what I need."

He gave the necessary orders and offered Lesbia a cigarette.

"M. Carey has not arrived?" she asked as she lit it.

"Not as yet, mademoiselle, but he should not be long now. He telephoned me from somewhere about an hour and a half ago that he was about to start for Geneva and hoped to be at the aerodrome by half-past four. I have sent a car there to pick him up, so I trust he will soon be here. Now, I am anxious to hear your story, mademoiselle. Will you tell it to me now, or do you prefer to wait until M. Carey arrives? Ah, here is your tea. Suppose you enjoy that in peace first, and then we will discuss these affairs at leisure."

"You will join me?" she asked, as she filled her cup.

"I thank you, no. It is a habit I have not acquired. I am glad to say. There would be so many times when I should be unable to indulge in it that it is as well I do not feel the need. Yes?" he broke off at the summons of the telephone bell and lifted the receiver. "Ah, yes; well, you may show him up, please."

"It was M. Charles Carey," he told her. "He is below now, and in one moment he will be with us. Yes, he has arrived. Come in, M. Carey, I beg. Here is Mademoiselle Cargill safely out of all her perils, you see, so your anxieties are relieved."

CHARLES hardly stopped for civilities in his haste to get to Lesbia's side. He took her hand and held it tightly for a moment.

"Oh, my dear," he said in English, "thank God you're safely out of that. I saw you start and told them to put a bobby in your car, but even then I didn't feel comfortable about you. That old blighter might have had some other beastly game he was playing, and I didn't enjoy the thought." He turned to the Commissioner, who was gazing open-eyed at them. "M. le Prefet," he said in French, "you shall be the first to hear our news. Mademoiselle Cargill and I are affianced. You must congratulate me."

The Chief was beaming. He advanced on them with hands outstretched and overwhelmed them with congratulations in the most Gallic manner. He kissed Lesbia's hand several times and Charles was sure he had a very narrow escape of being embraced himself.

"Ah, yes," he said at last, "I feel that I really should drink your healths. I believe, after all, mademoiselle, I will have a cup of that tea you offered me so kindly and I

refused. Pardon me a moment; I will fetch another cup and saucer."

He scurried out of the room, still beaming happily.

"The old dear," Lesbia said, "he's just done that to leave us alone. He really is positively avuncular, Charles."

"But I'm not," he told her, and before the Chief returned he had managed somehow to convince her that he was not. "Three minutes well employed," he murmured as the avuncular Commissioner returned with two cups and saucers.

"And now," said that benevolent gentleman as they all drank tea, "now perhaps you feel up to giving me some account of your adventures at the chateau, since yesterday. I think I know the facts up to last night. What has happened since? You know, M. Carey, that your Miss Gardner escaped from Pontarlier? There has been considerable trouble about it. They discovered about eight-thirty this morning that she was missing from the room in which they had left her. The poor fools were too scared to inform me right away, but wasted half the morning in looking for her, and then, only when they failed to trace her did they let me know."

"Yes," Charles laughed. "I certainly knew that she had escaped. She walked into the chateau about midnight last night and gave me the fright of my life. I thought I'd seen her safely out of the way for hours, and all my plans were temporarily ruined when she turned up."

"What's all this about?" Lesbia queried. "It's all new to me."

Charles gave her a hasty resume of his adventures at the frontier on the previous night. "So, you see," he concluded, "thinking I'd got her bottled up there, as safe as houses, you can guess what a knock I got when she marched in last night as cool as you please. However—he turned to the Chief—"It doesn't matter; as it happens, I've made my own arrangements about her. She's safe for the present, I hope."

Lesbia jumped up impulsively. "Oh, that poor woman!" she exclaimed. "Charles, I'd forgotten all about her. We must go and get her away at once, now the Vicomte's gone."

"My dear, how do you know he has gone?" he expostulated. "You may have seen him look as if he were going, you may have heard him say he was going, but that isn't the slightest proof he has gone. No, Miss Gardner must stay where she is until eight o'clock to-night. You needn't worry about her, though. She ought to be sleeping sweetly for another six hours at least, if Mrs. Washington K's physician is any good."

"Pardon, I could not quite follow that," the Commissioner interrupted. "I did not understand."

"Sorry," said Charles, and then in French he explained the situation, and told the story of Miss Gardner's second incarceration. "Mademoiselle is troubled about her," he finished, "but I was assuring her that the lady is unconscious of her discomfort, and must, in any case, remain where she is until we know for certain that de Nomerdu is certainly out of the chateau."

"Undoubtedly," the Prefet corroborated. "Your action, M. Carey, was very high-handed and unconstitutional, and I am now proceeding to forget everything which you have just told me except that the woman is still in the chateau. My police shall remove her as soon as we decide such a course of action is advisable. She is wanted by them, of course, on the count of her departure from the hotel at Pontarlier last night. And now let us hear what you have arranged with regard to this matter of receiving the jewels from de Nomerdu."

"MADEMOISELLE CARGILL must tell you about that," said Charles. "I was not present at the conference between her and the Vicomte. You must understand, M. le Prefet, that our

gentleman has a distinct weakness for mademoiselle, and seizes every opportunity for a *tête-à-tête* with her. I am not sure whether I have cause for jealousy or not. He's rather an engaging rascal, you know, in his own way."

"Yes, Charles," said Lesbia with mock gravity, "you have a very serious rival, and I may inform you that I have arranged to dine with him to-night."

"What!" they both exclaimed.

"Yes, at the Hotel des Bergues at 8 o'clock. I am to meet him at the restaurant. He will have engaged a table where we may be very private, he says, and there he will hand over the diamonds to me."

"I see." The Commissioner was thoughtful. "At eight o'clock you said, mademoiselle?"

"Yes."

"And you do not know, of course, at what juncture of your meal this exchange is to take place? Very well. Something must be arranged that will cover all eventualities. Ah, yes, I think I see—yes, yes. Listen, mademoiselle, if you please. I shall have several of my men at the Hotel des Bergues as waiters. It is an occupation at which some of them have had considerable practice, especially when we have delegates here to the League of Nations who require police protection. There is no fear of their giving themselves away by some stupid blunder. You will, if you please, arrive a little late for this so curious dinner-party, say, five minutes past eight. De Nomerdu, as host, and I take it an eager host, will be there beforehand and will be waiting in the foyer to receive you on your arrival. You will oblige me by greeting him English fashion with a handshake, if he will permit you. In any case, you will hold out your hand for that purpose, and when you do you will drop your handkerchief. That will assure my men, who will be watching, that it is de Nomerdu himself to whom you are speaking, and not one of your own friends. This is important, you understand, for none of the police have ever seen the gentleman, as far as we know. He has been very clever. Then, when you dine, one of my men will wait at your table. A moment or so before you think the transaction is likely to take place, you must ask your waiter for a glass of water. I will assure that there shall be none on the table. De Nomerdu will think you are being clever and getting the man out of the way. In reality your waiter will then conceal himself somewhere where he can observe everything that takes place. We thus obtain our witness."

"It seems mean somehow," Lesbia said regretfully, "but I suppose we must. I hate spyings and things behind your back."

"Lesbia, you've got a positive weakness for the man," Charles told her. "Have you forgotten poor Leblanc?"

"I believe I had, for the moment," she agreed, "though I don't know that he was so very much better than the Vicomte. However, go on, M. le Prefet."

The Commissioner took up his tale. "Your pity does you credit, mademoiselle, but justice comes before pity. Alas, when your dinner is over, you must arrange if you can that you leave the restaurant separately. We do not wish to have you mixed up in this affair more than we can help, and there may be unpleasantness. If de Nomerdu comes in a car, and leaves it outside the hotel, as diners usually do, I shall station a man beside it—by that time I shall know which car is his—who will arrest him as he enters it. It will be dark by that time, and the affair should be simple. We must not make our arrest inside the hotel, for there might easily be trouble. De Nomerdu is likely to be armed, and innocent guests of the hotel might be endangered. That I think accounts for everything?"

"All but one thing," Lesbia smiled. "You

do not expect me to provide the money myself, M. le Prefet?"

"Why, yes, of course, how stupid of me. The money—yes, the money. What is the exact sum to be, mademoiselle?"

She told him, thirty-five thousand pounds, in negotiable securities.

"Ah, yes, that is eight hundred and seventy-five thousand Swiss francs. Then the sum shall be paid over in Swiss Treasury Bonds. That will not be too easy, with so short a time at our disposal, but they can be produced. Yes, mademoiselle, they shall be delivered at your hotel at a quarter to eight. The messenger shall bring them up to your room, and I shall be greatly obliged if, when you have received them, you will ring up my office here and tell me personally that you have done so."

"AS you wish, M. le Prefet. And now, if I have done everything I can for you, I should like to go. I'm very tired, and I think this evening will be rather a strain. I should like to get some rest beforehand."

"By all means, mademoiselle. I will delay you no longer. To-morrow, when this affair is concluded, I hope I shall be able to convey to you some at least of my thanks for the brave part you have played, but now, I can see, it would be true gratitude to speed you on your way. Till to-morrow, then."

"One moment," Carey interrupted.

"What about me, Chief?"

"About you, monsieur? You mean—" "I mean that I cannot allow Mademoiselle Cargill out of my sight this evening. Until de Nomerdu is safe under lock and key she is in danger. I don't begin to trust him, you know. Heaven knows what dirty tricks he may be up to. There might be any sort of trouble this evening, and I don't like the risk of her being in it."

"Don't be silly, Charles," Lesbia spoke hotly. "I went into this affair for fun, to amuse myself, and I found myself tangled up in all sorts of things I'd never imagined could exist outside a novel. Well, I got into the thick of it, and I'm going to stay there till it's over. Don't be old-maidish, my dear; I'm perfectly capable of looking after myself."

"That's the one thing that it's perfectly certain you're not," he told her. "This is a nasty, dangerous game; you've just got out of one set of difficulties and here you are rushing headlong into another."

"Yes, but with my eyes open this time," she said decidedly. "Charles, I simply can't imagine what you're behaving like this for, changing round like a weathercock. Yesterday you yourself asked me to see this business through, and to-day you're objecting to my doing so. You can't have it both ways, you know."

"No, my dear, I see how stupid it must look to you. It seemed all right in theory yesterday, but now, when we're up against hard facts, it looks different somehow. You're such a bit of a thing to face up to that brute all alone. I can't forget what Leblanc got for simply opposing him, and supposing things went wrong to-night, supposing he found out you were tricking him, what do you suppose might—"

She broke in sharply, "Charles, don't be a darling idiot. I like you to be concerned about me, but you've got to be sensible. I've said I'll go through with this business, and I will. It's the first time anybody's given me a real job of work to do—a job that can't be done by anyone else—and I'm not going to throw up the sponge because you suddenly go and get scared."

"Well said, mademoiselle," the Commissioner applauded. He turned to Charles. "You don't suppose, monsieur, that I would agree to her doing this if I thought the danger were urgent. No, I can understand your anxiety, but I assure you that mademoiselle will be very adequately protected."

"My dear, we're both against you, you see. You'll have to give in," said Lesbia rising. "We've settled that point, so come along. The Commissioner doesn't want to have us here any longer. He has his work to do, and so have I. I shall be a long time dressing this evening, I assure you. It is an occasion, this, and I must do it justice."

The Commissioner bowed politely over Lesbia's hand. "You could not stay too long, mademoiselle," he told her; "but yes, I have work to do, as you say. My arrangements have all to be made."

"Well," Charles announced decidedly, "you must manage somehow so that I can be in the hotel to-night. I don't mind what you do with me, but I must be near enough to get to my fiancée at once should any trouble arise."

"That shall be arranged entirely to your satisfaction," said the Commissioner soothingly. "If you will go to the hotel by the back entrance at eight o'clock, and ask for the manager—no, I have a better way. You are staying at the Russie, are you not? Well, one of my men will call for you there at eight and will take you to a safe hiding-place in the Hotel des Bergues where you will be able to keep a watchful eye on Mademoiselle la Pincee. Alas! monsieur, I fear it must be jealousy that is making you so anxious."

He laughed heartily at his little joke as he said good-bye to the two of them. It was not often a commissioner of the police in Geneva had such a charming afternoon.

WHEN they got out to the car Lesbia caught Charles' arm.

"Will you drive?" she asked. "I'm simply feeling all in," and she sank limply into the seat beside him.

They drove in silence to the Hotel Beau Rivage, where she was staying, and when they got there Charles helped her out and asked, "Do you want me, child, or would you rather be left alone?"

"I want you badly," she told him. "I'm not feeling conversational, but I'd like to have you with me. I don't feel much like being left alone at present, Charles."

"Right!" he said. "I won't worry you. I'll just take the car round to the garage and get her filled up and all ready for you to-night, and then I'll come up."

She went into the hotel alone and up to her room. Her elderly maid was pleased to see her back, and the warm welcome she received cheered her.

"You're looking very tired, miss," she was informed severely. Soames was accustomed to speaking the stark truth, flattering or not. She had never realised her mistress was grown-up.

"I am tired, Soames," was Lesbia's answer. "I've been doing too much, I expect."

"Driving too fast, I expect, miss," was the uncompromising reply. "The best thing you can do is to go to bed this minute."

"I wish I could, but I'm dining out at eight, and it's rather an important affair. Soames, I've got to look my best. What can you do for me?"

"You'd best go to bed, all the same, but I suppose you won't. Where are you dining, miss?"

"At the Bergues."

"Oh, not far away. Then you've got an hour and a half, miss. Get out of those things then and put on something comfortable and go and lie down in the salon till I call you. What about a cup of tea now?"

Lesbia was getting out of her things as fast as she could. "No, no tea, thank you. I've just had some. Soames, Mr. Carey will be up here in a few minutes. I'll see him in the salon."

"You'd far better lie down quietly, as I said," the maid admonished severely.

"No, I shouldn't. I've got news for you, Soames—Mr. Carey and I are engaged."

"Well, I never, Miss. But you don't expect me to be surprised, do you? I've seen that coming on ever since we came

to Geneva. A nice young gentleman, too, and one who'll be master in his own home, I fancy, and just what you need, Miss Lesbia, if you'll excuse my saying so."

Lesbia got a laugh out of that, which did her a world of good. "Put out the new gold frock," she told Soames, as she went off into the salon. She lay down on the couch and let herself relax all over. She heard the door of the suite being opened and Charles' voice greeting the maid as she let him in. They spoke for a moment in low voices, and then Soames brought him into the room.

"Mr. Carey, Miss," she announced, "and don't you go letting her talk, sir. Tired out, that's what she is, and ought to be going to bed by rights. You make her lie there quietly until I call her, and then you can go off and get dressed yourself, for I make no doubts that it's you she's dining with to-night that's so important."

"I wish it were," said Charles longingly. "Lesbia, my darling, are you sure I'd better not go now?"

She gave him the answer he wanted, and he came and sat on the floor beside her low couch, his head against her, her hands in his, and there in silence and at peace they stayed, happiness enfolding them and shutting out everything in the world besides, until Soames disturbed them to say that Lesbia's bath was ready.

"And I need it," she admitted, stretching herself as she rose. "I haven't had one for two days. Oh! I do feel rested by that hour, Charles. You must go now, my dear, but come to me the first minute you can to-night. I'm nervous, you know, but don't worry about me, will you? I'll get through all right. I'm glad I know you're going to be near."

CHARLES went reluctantly, after making Lesbia promise a dozen times over that she would take care of herself, and telling her that he would certainly be with her within a few minutes after de Nonperdu left her that evening.

"It's hardly worth while taking the car out for that short distance, Soames," she said later, as she dressed. "I feel a different woman now, and I can just as well walk those few yards."

"You'll do nothing of the kind, Miss Lesbia," she was informed. "There's a nasty, tricky little breeze blowing and you'll get your hair all anyhow. Besides, I shouldn't be surprised myself if it rains before dark, and then where 'ud you be? That gold frock wouldn't be much to look at after a spot or two of rain, and I must say it would be a pity to spoil it, it suits you that well. You do pay for dressing, I will admit, Miss. I don't know as I've ever seen you look better than you do to-night." Her remarks were cut short by a knock at the door. She opened it and came back to her mistress in some excitement.

"The Commissioner of the Police wants to see you, Miss, as near as I can make out. If you're not dressed he'll wait."

"Take him into the other room and tell him I'll not be a minute."

She kept her word, and in less than a minute she had joined the Commissioner in the salon.

"Mademoiselle!" he exclaimed in heartfelt admiration, "it would be worth being arrested to dine with you this evening!"

Lesbia rewarded him with a beaming smile. "Monsieur, your compliments will go to my head, and then what use shall I be to you for to-night's affair? When this is over perhaps you will dine with me one night?"

"It will give me the greatest pleasure, mademoiselle. For the moment, however, I am here on business. Here"—and he handed her a heavily-sealed package—"is the money. I came myself, because I wanted to explain to you personally just what I have arranged about this. We are

not anxious, of course, to hand over to de Nonperdu real securities, for there is the ghost of a chance of his getting rid of them somehow before his arrest. Then where should we be? Nor, of course, would it be feasible to obtain so large an amount on such short notice. I have, however, obtained from the bank Swiss Government Bonds to the value of nine hundred thousand Swiss francs. These have, as a matter of fact, been cancelled, and are absolutely worthless, but that is not a thing which de Nonperdu will be able to see on a cursory glance. They are what he stipulated for—negotiable bonds—and should satisfy him entirely when he examines them. I have made the amount nine hundred thousand francs, instead of eight hundred and seventy-five thousand francs, the strict equivalent of thirty-five thousand pounds, so that he can have no reason for the slightest hesitation in accepting them. I am explaining this to you clearly, I hope, mademoiselle, so that you can have an answer ready should he ask you any questions."

"Thank you, Monsieur le Prefet, it's all perfectly clear."

"Splendid! Then I will delay you no longer. It is nearly eight, and you must start in a few minutes. You are not nervous, mademoiselle?"

"A little," she told him, "but it doesn't show, does it?"

"Not the least in the world. But there is no need for fear. You will be well protected. I have seen to that. Good night, mademoiselle, and good fortune attend you."

He bowed himself out of the room, and Lesbia spent her few remaining minutes in sitting quite quietly taking stock of herself. When at length she rose to go she was perfectly calm and entirely her own mistress. She saw her way quite clearly before her, and with the assurance in her heart that Charles would be near her the whole evening, she felt ready to face whatever might come.

Gathering up her bag and cloak, and throwing her wide scarf loosely over her left hand and arm to hide the parcel of bonds, she went gaily downstairs and out into the street, where her car, drawn up outside the hotel, was awaiting her.

CHAPTER II THE REACTIONS OF MONSIEUR LENOIR

AFTER Carey had left the chateau with Renaud and Sentier the Vicomte de Nonperdu, with as near an approach to sentiment as he permitted himself, watched Lesbia's progress down the drive and out of the gates. Then in a surprising moment of weakness he allowed himself to climb the steps to the terrace and stand by the parapet long enough to see her car turn into the road and presently be lost to sight between high hedges.

He sighed heavily, kissed his hand sentimentally in the direction of the invisible Bentley, and became his business-like self again.

"Now for Lenoir," he murmured, and went to look for him.

Lenoir was standing by his Chevrolet outside the courtyard, engaged in packing his effects into the dicky.

"Ah!" began the Vicomte cheerfully, "nearly ready to leave us, I see, my good Lenoir!"

He got no answer save a sullen grunt, so he tried again, for de Nonperdu was one of those masters who always believe in being on at least outwardly good terms with his workmen when possible.

"You have deserved your holiday, Lenoir," he purred, "and I hope you will have an enjoyable time. I shall miss your company, of course, but not for long, I hope,

As soon as you are rested I shall find more work for you—have no doubt of that."

But Lenoir ignored this friendly speech. With his back completely turned to the Vicomte he was noisily cranking up his car. When he had finished and the engine was running he got into the driving-seat, and with his hand on the wheel, his foot on the clutch, leant out and spoke to de Nonperdu.

"Leblanc had a wife in Paris," he vouchsafed sullenly.

"**I**NDEED?" The Vicomte was not particularly moved by the information. "Then the lady is now, I fear, a widow."

"I presume you will give her Leblanc's share?" The man's voice was very nearly menacing.

"You presume wrongly, my friend. I am no philanthropist. Besides, you know, I have no official knowledge of the alliance. Of course, if you have, and are satisfied that she really had a legal claim on our late friend's estate, I am sure you will make it your business to compensate her for the loss of her husband—out of your own share."

Lenoir thought he saw de Nonperdu's right hand moving towards his pocket, and he did not stay to make sure. With all possible speed he released the clutch and was down the drive before the Vicomte had finished smiling at the success of his manoeuvre.

"Alas! a coward," was his inward comment. "Letting I dare not wait upon I would." Pah! they are all the same, these others—as well, perhaps, or where should we be, I and my like? Some serve, some rule, and always have done and always will. What would you? It is life."

Cheerfully humming a little tune to himself he opened the door of the concierge's lodge. "Mirepoint," he called, "is the car all ready?"

"But absolutely, M. le Vicomte."

"You have not forgotten to press my dress-clothes as I instructed?"

"Alas! M. le Vicomte, there was no time. Your orders were to pack within the half-hour and have the car ready to start. It could not be done."

"Imbecile," his master snapped, "what I say I mean, and now you have to delay me further by unpacking again and pressing those clothes, fool that you are."

"If M. le Vicomte says so"—the big man seemed ludicrously frightened by his master's anger—"I go, I go"; and he ran to the car and brought back a suitcase.

At least half an hour was wasted in this outburst of sartorial enthusiasm, and then at last de Nonperdu was ready to start.

"You will stay here, Mirepoint," he ordered, "until to-morrow morning. Some time before noon I will telephone and give you your orders. Spend the rest of this afternoon in cleaning on the ground floor, so that the main rooms, at least, will be ready to be seen. Remove all traces of occupation from the place, and remember if the American or the agent asks you where I am, you last heard from me in Egypt, but you will forward any letters as soon as you have an address. That is all. I think, for now, in any case, as I say, you will hear from me in the morning."

A moment later, the Vicomte was on his way. He reached the gates and saw to his satisfaction that Lenoir had remembered to close them after him. He was half-way out of the car to open them when something or some one suddenly leapt on him and a hand was over his mouth before he could make a sound.

"Alas, my little Vicomte!" said Lenoir's voice, "we have not been so clever as we thought we were after all, have we?"

He had no time to say more, for de Nonperdu, the first surprise over, was fighting like a wild-cat. He was very wiry and surprisingly strong for his build, but Lenoir

was heavier, and had as well the advantage of being in hard manual training. When it came to a question of muscle, the diletante Vicomte was no match for the craftsman, and he never succeeded in freeing his hand for long enough to reach the pocket where his pistol was. For a moment or two the fight ebbed and flowed on the running-board of the car, and then, in a deadlock, the two men fell together on to the gravel of the drive, where they rolled and fought fiercely and silently until de Nomperru's strength began to wane. He made one more wild effort to reach his pistol, but the other anticipated him again. "Ah, no, I think not!" he heard Lenoir's voice saying and then there was a flash of steel and a searing, blinding agony in his arm, and for a time he ceased to feel anything.

When consciousness came gradually back to him a little later, he found that he had been thrown, hands and feet bound, across the front seat of the Renault. All around him was indescribable confusion. The car's cushions, their padding gaping through slashes and tears, lay on the drive, the tool-box had been emptied, and the mats were up, pockets ripped open, and he himself, his person, and his clothing had obviously been searched with particular thoroughness.

His first feeling was of the pain in his arm, but as his mind gradually cleared he remembered what had happened, and turned his head with difficulty to see where the author of this attack might be. He soon saw him. Lenoir, knife in hand, was frantically sitting up the lining of the car's hood, searching madly for something he couldn't find.

Apparently he either heard or saw the Vicomte's movement and abandoned his search. He climbed on to the back of the front seats and perched there like some ill-omened bird.

"Where have you hidden the necklace?" he asked menacingly.

De Nomperru didn't answer. "I think you'd better tell me," Lenoir said angrily. "I have a way of making you speak which you won't like. I can't waste any more time on this. Where is it?"

Still there was no answer.

"You need not pretend you can't speak," said Lenoir, jerking his prisoner roughly. "I saw you move just now; you're conscious all right. I've come for the necklace, and I'm going to have it. You thought you'd got rid of me, didn't you, but you couldn't see far enough along the road? I went out of sight, and then I came back on foot, and hid by the gate here. I knew you'd have to get out and open it, and I should have my chance. And now I'm going to have the necklace—the necklace that I made. And I'm going to take it to mademoiselle, not you, and I'm going to receive the money. And then I'm going to divide it on, half for myself and half for poor Leblanc's widow. And there'll be none left for the Vicomte de Nomperru. Now tell me where you've stowed it!"

There was no answer.

"Very well," growled Lenoir. "Now you shall have it," and with the point of his knife he made a long, delicate sweep down the side of Nomperru's face.

"Next time," he said, "it will be the other side and deeper, and then across the forehead, and so on. Your face will be a pretty sight if you don't tell me soon."

NOW the Vicomte was a brave man when it came to a fight, but he had his weaknesses, like others, and his courage wasn't proof against the threat of disfigurement. Pain he could have stood, but the chance of becoming an object of repulsion or ridicule, no. So before that searing knife could descend again he had made up his mind to speak. Besides, his agile brain had already made a plan which should neutralise the betrayal of his secret.

"Come now," said Lenoir's rough voice, "are you going to tell me or shall this make you speak?" the faint prick of the knife did away with all hesitation.

"I'll speak," said the victim faintly. "Take the knife away."

"I thought you'd feel like that. Well, where is it? Hurry. I can't spend all day here."

"Look behind the number plate at the back of the car."

Lenoir looked, and presently returned with a jeweller's case in his hands.

"Well, that's a good place, I will say," he grudgingly admitted. "I should never have thought of looking there. Now, where are you going to meet the lady? Come on, out with it."

The Vicomte had been expecting this question, and was prepared. He made considerable show of being unwilling to tell, but well before the knife could touch his face again he answered, with considerable reluctance.

"You know the old chateau at Nyon?"

"On the Geneva road? Yes."

"Well, Mademoiselle Gardner is to be there at six to-night, in the museum, up at the top of the chateau."

"Alone?"

"Yes."

"Will she give me the money all right, do you think?"

"Yes, if you've got the necklace."

"IT sounds easy," said Lenoir reflectively. "It's not much more than four yet."

He pushed the case into an inner pocket, and then with none too gentle hands turned de Nomperru over so that he lay on his face with his mouth pressed down on to the seat. Then he threw a rug over him, hiding him completely from view, and walked quickly away. De Nomperru was suffering very considerably. His arm seemed full of white-hot knives, his head ached and throbbed, and for a few minutes after Lenoir left him he could have made no effort had he dared to. Presently, however, the sense of impending suffocation drove him to desperation, and with infinite pain and labor he succeeded in turning over sufficiently to free his face from the rug, and took a deep breath.

That restored him a little, and he began to cast about for some way of escape. His mouth was free, but he dared not shout, for any help he could summon that way would only come from the road, and that wasn't a quarter from which he was anxious to attract attention. Besides, he would probably only waste his strength in shouting, for the passers-by down the lonely lane that ran this side of the chateau wall were very few and far between. He might shout for hours before anyone came by to hear him, and then the one who did might prove to be just one of the people he was least anxious to have know of his presence there. No, he must think of something better, and quickly too, before his strength gave out. This pain was frightful, and he didn't know how much longer he could endure it without fainting.

Lenoir had been brutal in trussing him up: there were ropes round him that cut into his flesh. That was still another score he would have to settle with the silver-smith, and de Nomperru was not a forgiving man.

Suddenly inspiration came to him. There was a certain signal that he used to sound on his horn when he was coming up the drive to the chateau, so that Mirepoint should know it was he and come out to put the car away.

If he could somehow manage to get to the horn and give the signal, there was quite a chance that Mirepoint might hear it and come to look for him. That was the only hope he could see, and if that failed he could think of no way out but to lie there until Lenoir came back, frustrated, from Nyon to do his worst.

Desperation gave him strength, and with an agonising effort he managed at last, after what seemed to him hours of torture, to twist himself so that with his teeth he could just reach the rubber bulb of the horn. In sharp, inclusive jerks he succeeded in giving the signal, and sank back exhausted to wait. Nearly fainting from what he had been through, he still by sheer will-power managed to hang on to the edge of consciousness. He waited what felt like hours and no one came, and then goaded once more by the horrors of what awaited him if he failed, he tried again. This time he was successful. Just at the moment when he felt he must give up all hope he heard footsteps running on the gravel and Mirepoint's voice anxiously inquiring what was wrong.

He didn't need to ask again when he had reached the car and without wasting a second on formalities that vast man took charge of the situation. His knife quickly cut the ropes that bound his master and then with incredible gentleness he lifted him on to the back seat of the car, where the Vicomte lapsed into semi-consciousness, while Mirepoint got into the driving-seat, turned the car, and drove back to the chateau.

When complete consciousness returned de Nomperru found himself lying on the floor of the concierge's lodge, a pillow under his head, his coat off, and Mirepoint kneeling beside him bandaging his wounded arm.

"And now," Mirepoint asked, as he fastened a bandage scientifically, "perhaps I may be informed who did this thing?"

"Lenoir," he was told, "and he will live to regret what he has done. But we will speak of him later. Tell me, Mirepoint," he asked anxiously, "what of the wound on my face?"

"A mere scratch, Monsieur le Vicomte. It has hardly bled at all. There is no danger there."

"Yes, fool, but will it show? Will there be a scar?"

"Oh, a mere nothing, M. le Vicomte. It will be healed in a week."

His master groaned. "What shall I look like?" he muttered. Then with an effort he remembered how much there yet remained to be done. "Mirepoint, we must waste no more time," he exclaimed. "Give me some bandage quickly and put this arm in a sling, till I can get to a doctor. Listen, Lenoir attacked me, stole the necklace from me, and then tortured me to find out where I was to meet mademoiselle and get the money."

He left out some of the details of the affair which might not have shown him in a too heroic light. There is no reason for deliberately providing one's valet with reasons for not thinking one a hero. "I told him I was to meet her at six in the old chateau at Nyon, in the museum there," he went on. "We must start at once—you must drive me, Mirepoint. I'm not fit yet to drive myself—and then when we get there we must deal with Lenoir as seems most expedient. The great thing is to get the necklace from him."

"We will go to a doctor on the way?" queried the man anxiously.

"If we have time we certainly will," his master assured him, "for I am infernally uncomfortable, and I must be fit by eight to-night."

NOT a word was spoken between them all the way, and until the car pulled up at the little village before Nyon, the Vicomte, with his eyes closed and lines of pain deepening on his face, lay back on the cushions on which Mirepoint had propped him.

But when they stopped he sat up a little and looked around him.

"What time is it?" he asked.

"Five-twenty, M. le Vicomte."

"Then drive me to the first doctor's you see. I must be made more comfortable before I can deal with this other matter."

It wasn't long before they found a sur-

gery, luckily with the doctor at home. Mirepoint helped his master inside, and when they came out, twenty minutes later, the Vicomte looked considerably relieved and more comfortable.

"Now we have ten minutes to make Nyon," he said, getting into the front seat beside Mirepoint. "I feel more capable of thinking now. That was a competent doctor. Now, I told Lenoir six o'clock, and he had time to spare for the journey, even in his car. Therefore he will have arrived at Nyon some short time ago, and will probably be so anxious to be on time that he will have been waiting in the museum since at least a quarter to six. He will therefore be both bored and nervous, Mirepoint, and will be dying to kill time, and calm his nerves, by looking at the relics the museum contains. Subconsciously he will be listening for mademoiselle's car to drive up from the village behind the chateau, and stop outside the museum. That is how I read his reactions. Therefore we, my friend, will leave our car on the road by the lake and will climb up the steps to the terrace which overlooks it, as though we were going to look at the view of the mountains. He will not be listening for the arrival of pedestrians and will therefore, in his state of mind, not hear them. We will go very quietly up the staircase, but very quietly, you understand, and our subsequent actions must depend on whereabouts in the museum we find him. There must, however, be no noise."

"But M. le Vicomte," the man objected, "supposing there are others in the museum?"

"Well, suppose there are. It is most unlikely at this time of night, but the only people who might visit it now are tourists, and they would undoubtedly be talking. In that case we should disappear until they left. It is quite simple. Only, Mirepoint, you understand that it is you who will have to deal with Lenoir? I am incapable; besides, he has already proved to me once to-day that he is stronger than I, and I am not anxious for a second demonstration. He will enjoy his encounter with you rather less, I fancy." He laughed vindictively. "You need not be galled, Mirepoint, but you must be silent. Am I understood?"

"Perfectly, M. le Vicomte; and now here we are. Shall I leave the car here?"

"Yes, I think so. She will be all ready to start again quickly."

The old chateau of Nyon is no longer private property, but belongs to the State, which uses part of it for municipal offices and the upper floor for a local museum. It stands half-way up a hill, above the lake of Geneva on the Swiss side, looking across the water to the serried ranks of the Savoy Alps. From the road which runs alongside the steamer landing-place, you climb by tortuous little lanes and flights of worn stone stairs to the terrace where once the owners of the chateau must have stood to survey the beauty spread all around this stronghold.

Nomperdu gave a little sigh as, leaning heavily on his servant's arm, he reached the terrace. "This is finer than the Chateau a Vendre," he said to Mirepoint enviously, "and has a better view. I should like to own it, but, alas! the State gets all the best things nowadays." He sighed and paused a moment to recover his breath. "I feel unpleasantly weak, my friend. Let us hope that you will not be in need of much assistance from me up there in the museum."

The chateau is built, as are most of that period, round a cobbled courtyard, which you enter through a great archway on the terrace which pierces the lake facade. Inside, around the walls, are grouped a collection of stone remains which for some reason have not been taken up to the museum. Mirepoint surveyed these with some interest as they entered the courtyard, and then calmly annexed a block of

stone which might have been the head of a small statue—it was about that size and shape—and carrying that in one huge hand as though it were a cricket ball he helped the Vicomte up the stairs.

ON the first landing they paused and listened intently. Hardly a sound came from the floor above—not a voice—but only the intermittent slur of dragging footsteps.

"Ah! what did I tell you? Lenoir examines the antiques," de Nomperdu whispered. "Let us go on."

"Can you manage these few stairs alone, monsieur?" his servant asked him. "If so I will go first, and you can follow slowly. It will be all over by the time you arrive."

The procession formed, Mirepoint leading with great, silent strides, the Vicomte following slowly and pantingly behind. Then, having reached his destination, the man ceased to hurry, and with one bound was in the museum. De Nomperdu stopped to listen, but there was very little to be heard: a low word from Mirepoint, a little stifled yelp from Lenoir, a thud, and then silence. Another second he stood and then finished his climb.

In the museum, surrounded by the exhibits stood the big servant, a look of conscious rectitude on his face, and on the floor lay Lenoir, quite still and white.

"Is he dead?" de Nomperdu asked.

"I think not," the other answered, stirring the body with his foot. "No, I think not. I did not hit him very hard. It was easy, monsieur; there he stood near the doorway as I entered, with his back to me. He heard my step and turned, and as he turned I hit him with this," and he displayed the stone he had purloined from below. "It was quicker than doing it with my hands," he explained apologetically, "and gave him less time to make a noise. It was all over very quickly."

De Nomperdu came and stooped over the body. "He will give us no more trouble," he said contemptuously. "Now for the necklace. It will be somewhere easily accessible, I am sure. He would wish to waste no time when Miss Gardner came. The inside pocket, I fancy is indicated. Ah, yes, here it is, as I thought. Simple, as you say, Mirepoint. It must stay in my pocket for the present, I fear; however, with you beside me, I think I need not be afraid. You are truly a tower of strength."

"I am glad, M. le Vicomte, that I am permitted to be of service. Now for this; do we leave it where it is?"

"Oh, yes, I think so," said the Vicomte, taking command. "Stay, lift him over here into this corner. There is no need to tie him up. Almost I wish there were, he tied me so very tightly; but it is better that it should suggest an accident when he is found—at first, at any rate. Take your own stone away, Mirepoint, and pull down this one as if it had fallen on him. Yes, that is good enough. The light will be dim in here when he is found. Now come quickly; we must take no risks."

Obediently carrying his weapon with him, Mirepoint hurried down the stairs, followed by his master. The stone safely hidden behind some larger ones in the courtyard, they got away as quickly as they could—across the terrace, down the stairs, through the lanes, and into the car by the water's edge.

"And now to Geneva!" De Nomperdu settled down beside his servant with a sigh of satisfaction. "That has delayed me, though, Mirepoint—that little affair. My plans cannot be carried out now, as I made them; there isn't time. Where shall I go to dress? An hotel I do not care for, an inn would have no bath, and I need one. Where then do you suggest, my friend?"

"If M. le Vicomte would pardon the suggestion, I have an aunt—oh, but of the most estimable. She has a flat in the Rue Chaparde, one of the new flats; it has a

bath. She would be greatly honored if M. le Vicomte would go there, and I can tell her a tale that will satisfy her. And she will not talk, that one—no, she never talks."

"A paragon!" de Nomperdu exclaimed. "Very well, Mirepoint, let us go to the flat of your estimable aunt, seeing you vouch for her bathroom and her silence. I leave it all to you, only we must get there by seven o'clock. Can you do it?"

"It shall be done."

It was done, and to spare, and by seven o'clock Mirepoint, with some very plausible tale, was introducing the Vicomte to his aunt who owned a bathroom, and before a quarter to eight the Vicomte was out of the flat again, dressed, bathed, with the weal across his face disguised as far as possible.

"You filled her up, Mirepoint?" he asked as he got into the car.

"Yes, she is all prepared, monsieur."

"Then get in beside me," his master ordered. "I shall drop you just before we come in sight of the Bergues. Remember you are to remain hidden somewhere where you can see the windows of the salle a manger till I come out. The rest of your instructions you know."

CHAPTER 12 M. LE VICOMTE DINES

THE Quai President Wilson had awakened to its evening activities as Lesbia drove along it. The street lamps were lit although it was not yet dusk, and from every hotel little lights reflected themselves faintly in the lightly-ruffled water of the lake.

As she got out of her car outside the Bergues she paused for just a second to look at Mont Blanc, dazzling and serene on the other side of the water, and then cool and prepared she made her way through the crowd of saunterers on the pavement and into the hotel. Inside the foyer she glanced around for familiar faces, but only for a second. Before she had time to recognise any one else the Vicomte de Nomperdu came forward, point device in full evening kit.

He was a noticeable figure in these surroundings, and Lesbia thought quickly that she had not often had a more distinguished-looking escort for an evening's amusement. Then, as he reached her, she held out her hand, dropping her handkerchief as she did so. He bent over her hand and kissed it before he retrieved her property, and then with the most obvious, but not offensive, admiration he surveyed her.

"Mademoiselle," he told her, "you do me almost too much honor. I cannot find words to express my gratification." He dropped his voice to a discreet tone. "Tell me, I implore you, but in confidence, the gown, is it not Lanvin?"

"But how did you guess?" she asked, astonished.

"Ah, even in my exile I have not forgotten too hopelessly, you see. Forgive me for asking, but I was so anxious to make sure that my eye had not lost its cunning. How I congratulate Lanvin! To design such a gown and to obtain such a wearer for it! An artistic triumph indeed. And now shall we dine? I have had the good fortune to obtain a table in the window where the pleasure of conversation and good food will be heightened by the pleasure of watching the lights fade over Mont Blanc. Alas! I cannot offer you my arm; I had an unfortunate accident in the car on the way to Geneva: my face, as you see, is slightly scratched—indeed, I must apologise for appearing in your presence so disfigured—and my arm is, I think, slightly sprained."

"I am so sorry," she commiserated, as they made their way to the restaurant. "I do hope the arm isn't very painful. I had not noticed the scratch on your face until you spoke of it."

"Truly, mademoiselle, truly?" he asked

eagerly. "What a relief! I have done my best with it, but I feared it was very conspicuous."

"Not the least in the world," she assured him; "but how did the accident happen? Was the car damaged?"

"Oh, but very slightly—nothing to speak of. The hood suffered most, I think, but the whole thing was trivial and entirely my own fault. A little error of judgment."

They were seated now at a table in the vast window-space of the restaurant. Lesbia had her back to the wall, and de Nonperdu, opposite her, was half hidden from the other diners by a huge tub of hydrangeas which stood between him and the next table.

"What a very nice corner you have chosen!" she congratulated him. "Oh, what heavenly roses!"

There was some cause for her exclamation, for the table was decorated with a lavishness which does not happen, even in the most exclusive hotel, without special orders.

"You like them?" he asked, gratified. "I do hope everything will please you as much. I regard the art of eating, mademoiselle, as one of the most important things of life. Indeed, I have made a study of it. I had thought out the menu for this little dinner of ours even before you had agreed to dine with me here, and had given orders for it in the hope that my plea would be successful, so that there might be no faintest excuse for any mistake. If it meets with your approval I shall regard that as yet another sign that I have not become altogether too impossible during my exile."

WHEN it came to conversation on general topics Lesbia found him a most amusing companion. He might, as he said, be an exile from his beloved Paris, but he had not allowed his mind to rust, and it took her all her time to keep up with him. His flashes of wit were mordant and incisive; he spurred her on to a duel of words she thoroughly enjoyed. "If he were not so abominably conceited," she thought, "a trifle pompous, he would be one of the most amusing people I have ever met. I keep forgetting that he's a thoroughly bad lot."

Time slipped by with incredible rapidity in this exchange of thrust and parry, and she was quite startled when she saw the waiters putting the dessert on the table.

"You have enjoyed the meal, I hope?" the Vicomte was saying.

"Alas! Vicomte, I must confess that I haven't paid it the attention that such wonderful food deserves. I know that it has been marvellous, but you have kept me so amused that I have been thinking more of what you were saying than what I was eating."

"Ah, what a compliment, dear lady! I cannot have deserved such praise." He broke off to glance round at the waiters, who had temporarily stood back from the table. "Is the moment coming now?" Lesbia wondered.

"And now, my dear mademoiselle," he continued, "let us talk of other things in the few moments that remain to us. The time grows late, the restaurant empties. I fear I must think of departure. Shall we —"

"One moment, M. le Vicomte," she interrupted him. "Might I have a cigarette, and a glass of water?"

"A glass of wine," he urged her, "of cognac."

"No, indeed, I would really rather have water." She turned in her chair. "Waiter, bring me a glass of water, please."

There was a pause before it came, and then she drank it gratefully.

"If you are ready," she told him, "shall we now make our exchange, Vicomte?"

"I am utterly and always at your disposal," he answered, bowing.

"Then I will drop my napkin," she said,

"and as you pick it up you will find your parcel with it. Will you give me mine at the same time?"

She did as she said, and in a flash of time, as it seemed to her, the deed was done.

She put the case on her knee and opened it. Yea, there was the Duchess' necklace in her hands at last. Thirty-five thousand pounds' worth of diamonds, for whose cold glitter theft and murder and cheating had been done. Somehow at this moment it seemed so utterly mad that these things should happen for the sake of those hard, white slopes. Suddenly she felt disgusted with the whole affair. It had ceased to be an adventure, a battle of wits between herself and de Nonperdu. She saw the thing clearly now as a sordid business between a thief who was also a murderer and the police, with herself as a spy, a go-between.

It had been all right as long as she was in the chateau, it was a game then—a grim game, between the spider and the fly; she was taking her risks, he his. Now her risk was negligible and she was betraying this man who trusted her, who honored her according to his lights, to his enemies, the police. A thief, a murderer he might be, but she wasn't playing a decent game. On a sudden impulse, which she never regretted, she leant across the table and interrupted his breaking of the seals of his package.

"Vicomte," she said in a low, urgent voice, "have you considered the risks you are running in being here?"

He looked up from his task. "They are worth it, mademoiselle," he told her.

"No, I'm serious. I do beg that you will be careful when you leave here; remember that you may have been followed, that your enemies may be waiting for you, that you are alone with no one to help you. I ask you earnestly to consider these things."

"Have no fear, mademoiselle. I have considered them," he boasted. "Were Geneva filled with my enemies I would still get away. Nevertheless, your warning and your care for me are most kind, and I am deeply grateful that you should trouble about my safety. Almost it leads me to hope —"

SHE could do no more. She realised, short of betraying Charles and the police, to whom she was also pledged. He had the packet open now, and was ready to examine its contents. She watched his face intently as he counted the bonds. All was well, she thought. He looked up. "It is correct, mademoiselle. I am satisfied. And you?"

"Yes," she said. "This necklace is even more beautiful than I had imagined. I do not think Mr. Brown will be dissatisfied."

"Ah!" he sighed, "to think of such beauty wasted, going to adorn a profiteer's wife. If it were but you, mademoiselle, who were going to wear it! You would adorn it by wearing it."

She thanked him for the compliment and shut the case. "I am afraid of this, Vicomte," she told him. "I shall be glad to get it out of my hands. It has caused trouble enough already."

"Everything worth while causes trouble, mademoiselle: trouble to get, trouble to keep, trouble to get rid of. It is the way of the world. And now, my dear lady, I must go. I have a long journey before me to-night, and my accident has shaken me more than I care to think."

She rose and held out her hand. "I will wait here till you have gone, Vicomte, for I can see through the window if you get away safely. You will remember what I have said, won't you? For my sake, be careful."

"I go, mademoiselle," he said, taking her hand. "My everlasting devotion and homage are yours. This is not the end. Believe me, we shall meet again."

He raised her hand to his lips and held it there a second, then almost before she had realised it he had gone.

She felt she couldn't sit down again, but stood by the window watching. She didn't

want to see him arrested, and yet she couldn't make herself look away.

She felt a hand on her arm, and turned. Charles stood behind her.

"Wait till they've got him, darling," he said, "and I'll take you away."

There was no answer, for she was watching intently, and in the light from the windows she saw the trim, upright figure of de Nonperdu come out of the door of the hotel.

"There's his car," Charles whispered, "drawn up by the kerb just behind yours. There's a man waiting on the other side of it."

She stifled a shudder, and then all other thoughts were driven away in her excitement at what was happening.

As the Vicomte walked deliberately, and without the least appearance of haste, down the steps, a man followed him out of the door of the hotel—a detective, obviously, with a hand outstretched to place on his shoulder.

Then things happened so quickly that they seemed like a cinematograph film fast unrolling before the watchers.

Before the detective could move his outstretched hand to arrest de Nonperdu, a huge figure detached itself from somewhere among the shadows, a heavy foot moved swiftly into the foreground, the detective tripped, slipped, and fell, unable to recover himself, and a vast, lumbering man was fighting fiercely with others who surrounded him.

"It's Mirepoint!" Lesbia cried. "He must have seen that man was going to stop the Vicomte!"

She pressed closer to the window. De Nonperdu was running now, but in the confusion caused by Mirepoint's intervention no one was close enough to him, or understood well enough what was happening, to stop him.

Lesbia clutched Charles in her excitement.

"Oh, look!" she cried. "Charles, he's not going to his car at all. What is he going to do? He's going to mine! He's in it, they haven't got him yet. Oh, he'll get away—I know he'll get away! Look, he's started her up! He's off! Oh, Charles, he's escaped! See, he's away down the road, and they've only just realised what has happened!"

Carey flung open the window and leaned out.

"Yes, he's well away," he confirmed. "Going hell for leather towards the League buildings. They're after him now, but in your car he's got the advantage. Look, he's turned the corner. He's out of sight, and the police are yards behind. They'll never catch him now, not in your car, and with the start he's got. Well, on the whole, I don't believe I'm sorry."

"I'm glad," Lesbia declared defiantly. "It was a beastly trick we were playing him, and in the end I hated it. I hope he escapes altogether."

"Little spitfire!" he said tenderly, drawing her back from the window as the pursuing car was lost to sight. "Are you always on the side of the under dog?"

"I'll tell you a secret," Charles," she answered. "I believe I am. But he'll not be an under dog long. He's a clever man."

"Forget him, darling," Charles said. "Let's think of ourselves, just for a little. When are we going to get married?"

"What a place to ask me to answer a question like that," Lesbia answered. "Can't you think of anything else to talk about until we get to my hotel, where," her eyes softened, "we can discuss it properly?"

Suddenly Charles burst out laughing. "Lesbia!" he cried joyfully, "I've only just realised! The Vicomte's got your Bentley after all!"

THE END.

(All characters in this novel are fictitious, and have no reference to any living person.)
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